THE J Nugent

BEAUTIES

OF THE

SPECTATORS, TATLERS,

AND

GUARDIANS,

Connected and Digested under

ALPHABETICAL HEADS.

In Two Volumes.

VOL. II.

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THE

THE BEAUTIES OF THE SPECTATORS, TATLERS, &c.

ELOQUENCE.

Will's Coffee-house, September 9.

THE Subject of the Diſcourſe this Evening was Eloquence and graceful Action. *Lyſander*, who is ſomething particular in his Way of Thinking and Speaking, told us, a Man could not be Eloquent without Action: For the Deportment of the Body, the Turn of the Eye, and an apt Sound to every Word that is uttered, muſt all conſpire to make an accompliſhed Speaker. Action in one that ſpeaks in publick, is the ſame Thing as a good Mien in ordinary Life. Thus, as a certain Inſenſibility in the Countenance recommends a Sentence of Humour and Jeſt, ſo it muſt be a very lively Conſciouſneſs that gives Grace to great Sentiments. The Jeſt is to be a Thing unexpected;

therefore your undeſigning Manner is a Beauty in Expreſſions of Mirth; but when you are to talk on a Set Subject, the more you are moved yourſelf, the more you will move others.

There is, ſaid he, a remarkable Example of that Kind. *Æſchines*, a famous Orator of Antiquity, had pleaded at *Athens* in a great Cauſe againſt *Demoſthenes*; but having loſt it, retired to *Rhodes*. Elequence was then the Quality moſt admired among Men, and the Magiſtrates of that Place having heard he had a Copy of the Speech of *Demoſthenes*, deſired him to repeat both their Pleadings. After his own, he recited alſo the Oration of his Antagoniſt, The People expreſſed their Admiration of both, but more of that of *Demoſthenes*. If you are, ſaid he, thus touched with hearing only what that great Orator ſaid, how would you have been affected had you ſeen him ſpeak? For he who hears *Demoſthenes* only, loſes much the better Part of the Oration. Certain it is, that they, who ſpeak gracefully, are very lamely repreſented in having their Speeches read or repeated by unskilful People; for there is ſomething native to each Man, ſo inherent to his Thoughts and Sentiments, which it is hardly poſſible for another to give a true Idea of. You may obſerve in common Talk, when a Sentence of any Man's is repeated, an Acquaintance of his ſhall immediately obſerve, *That is ſo like him, methinks I ſee how he looked when he ſaid it.*

But of all the People on the Earth, there are none who puzzle me ſo much as the Clergy of *Great-Britain*, who are, I believe, the moſt learned Body of Men now in the World; and yet this Art of ſpeaking, with the proper Ornaments of Voice and Geſture, is wholly neglected among them; and I'll engage, were a deaf Man to behold the greater Part of them preach, he would rather think they were reading the Contents only of ſome Diſcourſe they intended to make, than actually in the Body of an Oration, even when they are upon Matters of ſuch a Nature, as one would believe it were impoſſible to think of without Emotion.

I own there are Exceptions to this general Obſervation, and that the Dean we heard the other Day together,

ther, is an Orator. He has ſo much Regard to his Congregation, that he commits to his Memory what he is to ſay to them; and has ſo ſoft and graceful a Behaviour, that it muſt attract your Attention. His Perſon, it is to be confeſſed, is no ſmall Recommendation; but he is to be highly commended for not loſing that Advantage, and adding to the Propriety of Speech (which might paſs the Criticiſm of *Longinus*) an Action which would have been approved by *Demoſthenes*. He has a peculiar Force in his Way, and has many of his Audience who could not be intelligent Hearers of his Diſcourſe, were there not Explanation as well as Grace in his Action. This Art of his is uſed with the moſt exact and honeſt Skill: He never attempts your Paſſions till he has convinced your Reaſon. All the Objections which he can form, are laid open and diſperſed, before he uſes the leaſt Vehemence in his Sermon; but when he thinks he has your Head, he very ſoon wins your Heart; and never pretends to ſhew the Beauty of Holineſs, till he hath convinced you of the Truth of it.

Would every one of our Clergymen be thus careful to recommend Truth and Virtue in their proper Figures, and ſhew ſo much Concern for them as to give them all the additional Force they were able, it is not poſſible that Nonſenſe ſhould have ſo many Hearers as you find it has in Diſſenting Congregations, for no Reaſon in the World, but becauſe it is ſpoken *Extempore*: For ordinary Minds are wholly governed by their Eyes and Ears, and there is no Way to come at their Hearts, but by Power over their Imaginations.

There is my Friend and merry Companion *Daniel*: He knows a great deal better than he ſpeaks, and can form a proper Diſcourſe as well as any Orthodox Neighbour. But he knows very well, that to bawl out, my Beloved; and the Words Grace! Regeneration! Sanctification! A new Light! The Day! The Day! Ay, my Beloved, the Day! or rather the Night! The Night is coming! And Judgment will come, when we leaſt think of it! And ſo forth.——— He knows, to be vehement is the only Way to come at his Audience. *Daniel*, when he ſees my Friend *Greenhat* come in, can

give a good Hint, and cry out, This is only for the Saints! The Regenerated! By this Force of Action, though mixed with all the Incoherence and Ribaldry imaginable, *Daniel* can laugh at his Diocesan, and grow fat by voluntary Subscription, while the Parson of the Parish goes to Law for Half his Dues. *Daniel* will tell you, It is not the Shepherd, but the Sheep with the Bell, which the Flock follows.

Another Thing, very wonderful this learned Body should omit, is, Learning to read; which is a most necessary Part of Eloquence in one who is to serve at the Altar: For there is no Man but must be sensible, that the lazy Tone, and inarticulate Sound of our common Readers, depreciates the most proper Form of Words that were ever extant in any Nation or Language, to speak their own Wants, or his Power from whom we ask Relief.

There cannot be a greater Instance of the Power of Action than in little Parson *Dapper*, who is the common Relief to all the lazy Pulpits in Town. This smart Youth has a very good Memory, a quick Eye, and a clean Handkerchief. Thus equipped, he opens his Text, shuts his Book fairly, shews he has no Notes in his Bible, opens both Palms, and shews all is fair there too. Thus, with a decisive Air, my young Man goes on without Hesitation; and though from the Beginning to the End of his pretty Discourse he has not used one proper Gesture, yet at the Conclusion the Churchwarden pulls his Gloves from off his Head; *Pray, who is this extraordinary young Man?* Thus the Force of Action is such, that it is more prevalent, even when improper, than all the Reason and Argument in the World without it. This Gentleman concluded his Discourse by saying, I do not doubt but if our Preachers would learn to speak, and our Readers to read, within six Months Time, we should not have a Dissenter within a Mile of a Church in *Great-Britain.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 66.

EMILIA,

EMILIA, *her Character.*

Mr SPECTATOR,

'IF this Paper has the good Fortune to be honoured 'with a Place in your Writings, I ſhall be the more 'pleaſed, becauſe the Character of *Emilia* is not an ima-'ginary but a real one. I have induſtriouſly obſcured 'the whole by the Addition of one or two Circum-'ſtances of no Conſequence, that the Perſon it is drawn 'from might ſtill be concealed; and that the Writer of 'it might not be in the leaſt ſuſpected, and for ſome 'other Reaſons, I chooſe not to give it the Form of a 'Letter: But, if beſides the Faults of the Compoſition, 'there be any thing in it more proper for a Correſpon-'dent than the SPECTATOR himſelf to write, I ſubmit 'it to your better Judgment, to receive any other 'Model you think fit.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant.

There is nothing which gives one ſo pleaſing a proſpect of human Nature, as the Contemplation of Wiſdom and Beauty: The latter is the peculiar Portion of that Sex which is therefore called Fair; but the happy Concurrence of both theſe Excellencies in the ſame Perſon, is a Character too celeſtial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an over-weaning ſelf-ſufficient thing, careleſs of providing itſelf any more ſubſtantial Ornaments; nay ſo little does it conſult its own Intereſts, that it too often defeats itſelf by betraying that Innocence which renders it lovely and deſirable. As therefore Virtue makes a beautiful Woman appear more beautiful, ſo Beauty makes a virtuous Woman really more virtuous. Whilſt I am conſidering theſe two Perfections gloriouſly united in one Perſon, I cannot help repreſenting to my Mind the Image of *Emilia*.

Who ever beheld the charming *Emilia*, without feeling in his Breaſt at once the Glow of Love and the Tenderneſs of virtuous Friendſhip? The unſtudied Graces of her Behaviour, and the pleaſing Accents of her Tongue,

inſenſibly draw you on to wiſh for a nearer Enjoyment of them; but even her Smiles carry in them a ſilent Reproof to the Impu'ſes of licentious Love. Thus tho' the Attractives of her Beauty play almoſt irreſiſtibly upon you and create Deſire, you immediately ſtand corrected, not by the Severity but the Decency of her Virtue. That Sweetneſs and Good-humour which is ſo viſible in her Face, naturally diffuſes itſelf into every Word and Action: A Man muſt be a Savage, who, at the Sight of *Emilia*, is not more inclined to do her Good than gratify himſelf. Her Perſon, as it is thus ſtudiouſly embelliſhed by Nature, thus adorned with unpremeditated Graces, is a fit Lodging for a Maid ſo fair and lovely; there dwell rational Piety, modeſt Hope, and chearful Reſignation.

Many of the prevailing Paſſions of Mankind do undeſervedly paſs under the Name of Religion; which is thus made to expreſs itſelf in Action, according to the Nature of the Conſtitution in which it reſides: So that were we to make a Judgment from Appearances, one would imagine Religion in ſome is little better than Sullenneſs and Reſerve, in many Fear, in others the Deſpondings of a melancholy Complexion, in others the Formality of inſignificant unaffecting Obſervances, in others Severity, in others Oſtentation. In *Emilia* it is a Principle founded in Reaſon and enlivened with Hope; it does not break forth into irregular Fits and Sallies of Devotion, but is an uniform and conſiſtent Tenour of Action: It is ſtrict without Severity, compaſſionate without Weakneſs; it is the Perfection of that Good-humour which proceeds from the Underſtanding, not the Effects of an eaſy Conſtitution.

By a generous Sympathy in Nature, we feel ourſelves diſpoſed to mourn when any of our Fellow-Creatures are afflicted; but injured Innocence and Beauty in Diſtreſs, is an Object that carries in it ſomething inexpreſſibly moving: It ſoftens the moſt manly Heart with the tendereſt Senſations of Love and Compaſſion, 'till at length it confeſſes its Humanity, and flows out into Tears.

Were I to relate that part of *Emilia*'s Life which has given her an Opportunity of exerting the Heroiſm of Chriſtianity, it would make too ſad, too tender a Story:

But

But when I conſider her alone in the midſt of her Diſtreſſes, looking beyond this gloomy Vale of Affliction and Sorrow into the Joys of Heaven and Immortality, and when I ſee her in Converſation thoughtleſs and eaſy, as if ſhe were the moſt happy Creature in the World, I am tranſported with Admiration. Surely never did ſuch a Philoſophic Soul inhabit ſuch a beauteous Form! For Beauty is often made a Privilege againſt Thought and Reflection; it laughs at Wiſdom, and will not abide the Gravity of its Inſtructions.

Were I able to repreſent *Emilia*'s Virtues in their proper Colours and their due Proportions, Love or Flattery might perhaps be thought to have drawn the Picture larger than Life; but as this is but an imperfect Draught of ſo excellent a Character, and as I cannot, will not hope to have any Intereſt in her Perſon, all that I can ſay of her is but impartial Praiſe extorted from me by the prevailing Brightneſs of her Virtues. So rare a Pattern of Female Excellence ought not to be concealed, but ſhould be ſet out to the View and Imitation of the World; for how amiable does Virtue appear thus as it were made viſible to us in ſo fair an Example!

Honoria's Diſpoſition is of a very different Turn: Her Thoughts are wholly bent upon Conqueſt and arbitrary Power. That ſhe has ſome Wit and Beauty no Body denies, and therefore has the Eſteem of all her Acquaintance as a Woman of an agreeable Perſon and Converſation; but (whatever her Husband may think of it) that is not ſufficient for *Honoria*: She waves that Title to Reſpect as a mean Acquiſition, and demands Veneration in the Right of an Idol; for this Reaſon her natural Deſire of Life is continually checked with an inconſiſtent Fear of Wrinkles and old Age.

Emilia cannot be ſuppoſed ignorant of her perſonal Charms, tho' ſhe ſeems to be ſo; but ſhe will not hold her Happineſs upon ſo precarious a Tenure, whilſt her Mind is adorned with Beauties of a more exalted and laſting Nature. When in the full Bloom of Youth and Beauty we ſaw her ſurrounded with a Crowd of Adorers, ſhe took no Pleaſure in Slaughter and Deſtruction, gave no falſe deluding Hopes which might increaſe the Torments of her diſappointed Lovers; but having for ſome

Time given to the Decency of a Virgin Coyneſs, and examined the Merit of their ſeveral Pretenſions, ſhe at length gratified her own, by reſigning herſelf to the ardent Paſſion of *Bromius*. *Bremius* was then Maſter of many good Qualities and a moderate Fortune, which was ſoon after unexpectedly increaſed to a plentiful Eſtate. This for a good while proved his Misfortune, as it furniſhed his unexperienced Age with the Opportunities of evil Company and a ſenſual Life. He might have longer wandered in the Labyrinths of Vice and Folly, had not *Emilia*'s prudent Conduct won him over to the Government of his Reaſon. Her Ingenuity has been conſtantly employed in humanizing his Paſſions and refining his Pleaſures. She has ſhewed him by her own Example, that Virtue is conſiſtent with decent Freedoms and good Humour, or rather, that it cannot ſubſiſt without 'em. Her good Senſe readily inſtructed her, that a ſilent Example, and an eaſy unrepining Behaviour, will always be more perſuaſive than the Severity of Lectures and Admonitions; and that there is ſo much Pride interwoven into the Make of human Nature, that an obſtinate Man muſt only take the Hint from another, and then be left to adviſe and correct himſelf. Thus by an artful Train of Management and unſeen Perſuaſions, having at firſt brought him not to diſlike, and at length to be pleaſed with that which otherwiſe he would not have bore to hear of, ſhe then knew how to preſs and ſecure this Advantage, by approving it as his Thought, and ſeconding it as his Propoſal. By this Means ſhe has gained an Intereſt in ſome of his leading Paſſions, and made them acceſſary to his Reformation.

There is another Particular of *Emilia*'s Conduct which I can't forbear mentioning: To ſome perhaps it may at firſt ſight appear but a trifling inconſiderable Circumſtance; but, for my part, I think it highly worthy of Obſervation, and to be recommend to the Conſideration of the Fair Sex. I have often thought wrapping Gowns and dirty Linnen, with all that huddled Oeconomy of Dreſs which paſſes under the general Name of a Mob, the Bane of conjugal Love, and one of the readieſt means imaginable to alienate the Affection of an Husband, eſpecially a fond one. I have heard ſome Ladies,

who

who have been ſurpriſed by Company in ſuch a Diſhabille, apologize for it after this Manner; *Truly I am aſhamed to be caught in this Pickle; but my Huſband and I were ſitting all alone by ourſelves, and I did not expect to ſee ſuch good Company.*——This, by the way, is a fine Compliment to the good Man, which 'tis ten to one but he returns in dogged Anſwers and a churliſh Behaviour, without knowing what it is that puts him out of Humour.

Emilia's Obſervation teaches her, that as little Inadvertencies and Neglects caſt a Blemiſh upon a great Character; ſo the Neglect of Apparel, even among the moſt intimate Friends, does inſenſibly leſſen their Regards to each other, by creating a Familiarity too low and contemptible. She underſtands the Importance of thoſe Things which the Generality account Trifles; and conſiders every Thing as a Matter of Conſequence, that has the leaſt Tendency toward keeping up or abating the Affection of her Husband; him ſhe eſteems as a fit Object to employ her Ingenuity in pleaſing, becauſe he is to be pleaſed for Life.

By the Help of theſe, and a thouſand other nameleſs Arts, which 'tis eaſier for her to practiſe than for another to expreſs, by the Obſtinacy of her Goodneſs and unprovoked Submiſſion, in ſpite of all her Afflictions and ill Uſage, *Bromius* is become a Man of Senſe and a kind Husband, and *Emilia* a happy Wife.

Ye guardian Angels, to whoſe Care Heaven has intruſted its dear *Emilia*, guide her ſtill forward in the Paths of Virtue, defend her from the Inſolence and Wrongs of this undiſcerning World; at length when we muſt no more converſe with ſuch Purity on Earth, lead her gently hence, innocent and unreprovable, to a better Place, where by an eaſy Tranſition from what ſhe now is, ſhe may ſhine forth an Angel of Light. T.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 302.

ENGLISH, *Character of the*

THERE is nothing, ſays *Plato*, *ſo delightful, as the hearing or the ſpeaking of Truth.* For this Reaſon there is no Converſation ſo agreeable as that of the Man of Integrity, who hears without any Intention to betray, and ſpeaks without any Intention to deceive.

Among all the Accounts which are given of *Cato*, I do not remember one that more redounds to his Honour than the following Paſſage related by *Plutarch*. As an Advocate was pleading the Cauſe of his Client before one of the Prætors, he could only produce a ſingle Witneſs in a Point where the Law required the Teſtimony of two Perſons; upon which the Advocate inſiſted on the Integrity of that Perſon whom he had produced: but the Prætor told him, That where the Law required two Witneſſes he would not accept of one, tho' it were *Cato* himſelf. Such a Speech from a Perſon who ſat at the Head of a Court of Juſtice, while *Cato* was ſtill living, ſhews us more than a thouſand Examples, the high Reputation this great Man had gained among his Contemporaries upon the Account of his Sincerity.

When ſuch an inflexible Integrity is a little ſoftned and qualified by the Rules of Converſation and Good-breeding, there is not a more ſhining Virtue in the whole Catalogue of Social Duties. A Man however ought to take great care not to poliſh himſelf out of his Veracity, nor to refine his Behaviour to the Prejudice of his Virtue.

This Subject is exquiſitely treated in the moſt elegant Sermon of the great *Britiſh* Preacher. I ſhall beg leave to tranſcribe out of it two or three Sentences, as a proper Introduction to a very curious Letter, which I ſhall make the chief Entertainment of this Speculation.

'The old *Engliſh* Plainneſs and Sincerity, that generous Integrity of Nature, and Honeſty of Diſpoſition, 'which always argues true Greatneſs of Mind, and is 'uſually accompanied with undaunted Courage and Reſolution, is in a great Meaſure loſt among us.

'The Dialect of Converſation is now-a-days ſo ſwelled with Vanity and Compliment, and ſo ſurfeited (as

'I may ſay) of Expreſſions of Kindneſs and Reſpect, 'that if a Man that lived an Age or two ago, ſhould 'return into the World again, he would really want 'a Dictionary to help him to underſtand his own 'Language, and to know the true intrinſick Value of the 'Phraſe in faſhion; and would hardly, at firſt, believe 'at what a low Rate the higheſt Strains and Expreſſions 'of Kindneſs imaginable do commonly paſs in current 'Payment; and when he ſhould come to underſtand 'it, it would be a great while before he could bring 'himſelf, with a good Countenance and a good Con-'ſcience, to converſe with Men upon equal Terms and 'in their own Way.

I have by me a Letter which I look upon as a great Curioſity, and which may ſerve as an Exemplification to the foregoing Paſſage, cited out of this moſt excellent Prelate. It is ſaid to have been written in King *Charles* II's Reign by the Ambaſſador of *Bantam*, a little after his Arrival in *England*.

Maſter,

'THE People, where I now am, have Tongues 'further from their Hearts than from *London* to '*Bantam*, and thou knoweſt the Inhabitants of one 'of theſe Places do not know what is done in the other. 'They call thee and thy Subjects Barbarians, becauſe we 'ſpeak what we mean; and account themſelves a civi-'lized People, becauſe they ſpeak one thing and mean 'another: Truth they call Barbarity, and Falſhood 'Politeneſs. Upon my firſt landing, one who was ſent 'from the King of this Place to meet me, told me, '*That he was extremely ſorry for the Storm I had met 'with juſt before my Arrival.* I was troubled to hear him 'grieve and afflict himſelf upon my Account; but in 'leſs than a Quarter of an Hour he ſmiled, and was as 'merry as if nothing had happened. Another, who 'came with him, told me by my Interpreter, *He ſhould be 'glad to do me any Service that lay in his Power.* Up-'on which I deſir'd him to carry one of my Portman-'tuas for me; but inſtead of ſerving me according to 'his Promiſe, he laughed, and bid another do it. I 'lodged, the firſt Week, at the Houſe of one who de-

'ſired me *to think myſelf at home, and to conſider his Houſe as my own.* Accordingly, I the next Morning 'began to knock down one of the Walls of it, in order 'to let in the freſh Air, and had packed up ſome of 'the Houſhold Goods, of which I intended to have 'made thee a Preſent; but the falſe Varlet no ſooner 'ſaw me falling to Work, but he ſent Word to deſire 'me to give over, for he would have no ſuch Doings in 'his Houſe. I had not been long in this Nation, be-'fore I was told by one, for whom I had aſked a cer-'tain Favour from the Chief of the King's Servants, 'whom they here call the Lord-Treaſurer, That I had '*eternally obliged him.* I was ſo ſurpris'd at this Grati-'tude, that I could not forbear ſaying, what Service is 'there which one Man can do for another, that can 'oblige him to all Eternity! However, I only asked 'him, for my Reward, that he would lend me his eldeſt 'Daughter during my Stay in this Country; but I 'quickly found that he was as treacherous as the reſt of 'his Countrymen.

'At my firſt going to Court, one of the great Men 'almoſt put me out of Countenance, by asking *ten 'thouſand Pardons* of me for only treading by Accident 'upon my Toe. They call this kind of Lye a Com-'pliment; for when they are civil to a great Man, 'they tell him Untruths, for which thou wouldſt order 'any of thy Officers of State to receive a hundred Blows 'upon his Foot. I do not know how I ſhall negociate 'any thing with this People, ſince there is ſo little Credit 'to be given to them. When I go to ſee the King's 'Scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, tho' 'perhaps I ſaw him go into his Houſe almoſt the very 'Moment before. Thou wouldeſt fancy that the whole 'Nation are Phyſicians, for the firſt Queſtion they al-'ways ask me, is, *How I do:* I have this Queſtion 'put to me above a hundred times a Day. Nay, they are 'not only thus inquiſitive after my Health, but wiſh it 'in a more ſolemn Manner, with a full Glaſs in their 'Hands, every time I ſit with them at Table, tho' at 'the ſame time they would perſuade me to drink their 'Liquors in ſuch Quantities as I have found by Expe-'rience will make me ſick. They often pretend to

'pray

'pray for my Health alſo in the ſame Manner; but I 'have more Reaſon to expect it from the Goodneſs of 'thy Conſtitution, than the Sincerity of their Wiſhes. 'May thy Slave eſcape in Safety from this double-'tongued Race of Men, and live to lay himſelf once 'more at thy Feet in thy Royal City of *Bantam*.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 557.

ENGLISH *Language.*

I HAVE ſomewhere read of an eminent Perſon, who uſed in his private Offices of Devotion, to give Thanks to Heaven that he was born a *Frenchman*: For my own part, I look upon it as a peculiar Bleſſing that I was born an *Engliſhman*. Among many other Reaſons, I think myſelf very happy in my Country, as the *Language* of it is wonderfully adapted to a Man who is ſparing of his Words, and an Enemy to Loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good Fortune in this Particular, I ſhall communicate to the Publick my Speculations upon the *Engliſh* Tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious Readers.

The *Engliſh* delight in Silence more than any other *European* Nation, if the Remarks which are made on us by Foreigners are true. Our Diſcourſe is not kept up in Converſation, but falls into more Pauſes and Intervals than in our Neighbouring Countries; as it is obſerved, that the Matter of our Writings is thrown much cloſer together, and lies in a narrower Compaſs than is uſual in the Works of Foreign Authors: For, to favour our Natural Taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our Thoughts, we do it in the ſhorteſt way we are able, and give as quick a Birth to our Conceptions as poſſible.

This Humour ſhews itſelf in ſeveral Remarks that we may make upon the *Engliſh* Language. As firſt of all by its abounding in Monoſyllables, gives us an Opportunity of delivering our Thoughts in few Sounds. This indeed takes off from the Elegance of our Tongue, but at the ſame time expreſſes our Ideas in the readieſt manner, and conſequently anſwers the firſt Deſign of Speech

Speech better than the Multitude of Syllables, which make the Words of other Languages more Tunable and Sonorous. The Sound of our *Engliſh* Words are commonly like thoſe of String Muſick, ſhort and tranſient, which riſe and periſh upon a ſingle Touch; thoſe of other Languages are like the Notes of Wind Inſtruments, ſweet and ſwelling, and lengthen'd out into variety of Modulation.

In the next Place we may obſerve, that where the Words are not Monoſyllables, we often make them ſo, as much as lies in our Power, by our Rapidity of Pronunciation; as it generally happens in moſt of our long Words which are derived from the *Latin*, where we contract the Length of the Syllables that gives them a grave and ſolemn Air in their own Language, to make them the more proper for Diſpatch, and more conformable to the Genius of our Tongue. This we may find in a Multitude of Words, as *Liberty*, *Conſpiracy*, *Theatre*, *Orator*, &c.

The ſame natural Averſion to Loquacity has of late Years made a very conſiderable Alteration in our Language, by cloſing in one Syllable the Termination of our Præterperfect Tenſe, as in theſe Words, *drown'd*, *walk'd*, *arriv'd*, for *drowned*, *walked*, *arrived*, which has very much disfigured the Tongue, and turned a tenth part of our ſmootheſt Words into ſo many Cluſters of Conſonants. This is the more remarkable, becauſe the want of Vowels in our Language has been the general Complaint of our politeſt Authors, who nevertheleſs are the Men that have made theſe Retrenchments, and conſequently very much increaſed our former Scarcity.

This Reflexion on the Words that end in *ed*, I have heard in Converſation from one of the greateſt Genius's this Age has produced. I think we may add to the foregoing Obſervation, the Change which has happened in our Language, by the Abbreviation of ſeveral Words that are determinated in *eth*, by ſubſtituting an *s* in the room of the laſt Syllable, as in *drowns*, *walks*, *arrives*, and innumerable other Words, which in the Pronunciation of our Forefathers were *drowneth*, *walketh*, *ariveth*. This has wonderfully multiplied a Letter which was before too frequent in the *Engliſh* Tongue, and added

added to that *hiſſing* in our Language, which is taken ſo much notice of by Foreigners; but at the ſame time humours our Taciturnity, and eaſes us of many ſuperfluous Syllables.

I might here obſerve, that the ſame ſingle Letter on many occaſions does the Office of a whole Word, and repreſents the *His* and *Her* of our Forefathers. There is no doubt but the Ear of a Foreigner, which is the beſt Judge in this Caſe, would very much diſapprove of ſuch Innovations, which indeed we do ourſelves in ſome Meaſure, by retaining the old Termination in Writing, and in all the ſolemn Offices of our Religion.

As in the Inſtances I have given we have epitomized many of our peculiar Words to the Detriment of our Tongue, ſo on other Occaſions we have drawn two Words into one, which has likewiſe very much untuned our Language, and clogged it with Conſonants, as *mayn't*, *can't*, *ſhan't*, *won't*, and the like, for *may not*, *can not*, *ſhall not*, *will not*, &c.

It is perhaps this Humour of ſpeaking no more than we needs muſt, which has ſo miſerably curtailed ſome of our Words, that in familiar Writings and Converſations they often loſe all but their firſt Syllables, as in *mob. rep. pos. incog.* and the like; and as all ridiculous Words make their firſt Entry into a Language by familiar Phraſes, I dare not anſwer for theſe that they will not in time be looked upon as a Part of our Tongue. We ſee ſome of our Poets have been ſo indiſcreet as to imitate *Hudibras*'s Doggrel Expreſſions in their ſerious Compoſitions, by throwing out the Signs of our Subſtantives, which are eſſential to the *Engliſh* Language. Nay, this Humour of ſhortning our Language had once run ſo far, that ſome of our celebrated Authors, among whom we may reckon Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange* in particular, began to prune their Words of all ſuperfluous Letters, as they termed them, in order to adjuſt the Spelling to the Pronounciation; which would have confounded all our Etymologies, and have quite deſtroyed our Tongue.

We may here likewiſe obſerve that our proper Names, when familiarized in *Engliſh*, generally dwindle to Monoſyllables, whereas in other modern Languages they

they receive a ſofter Turn on this Occaſion, by the Addition of a new Syllable. *Nick* in *Italian* is *Nicolini*, *Jack* in *French* *Janot*; and ſo of the reſt.

There is another Particular in our Language which is a great Inſtance of our Frugality of Words, and that is the ſuppreſſing of ſeveral Particles which muſt be produced in other Tongues to make a Sentence intelligible: This often perplexes the beſt Writers, when they find the Relatives *whom*, *which*, or *they*, at their Mercy whether they may have Admiſſion or not; and will never be decided till we have ſomething like an Academy, that by the beſt Authorities and Rules drawn from the Analogy of Languages, ſhall ſettle all Controverſies between Grammar and Idiom.

I have only conſidered our Language as it ſhews the Genius and natural Temper of the *Engliſh*, which is modeſt, thoughtful and ſincere, and which perhaps may recommend the People, though it has ſpoiled the Tongue. We might perhaps carry the ſame Thought into other Languages, and deduce a great Part of what is peculiar to them from the Genius of the People who ſpeak them. It is certain, the light talkative Humour of the *French* has not a little infected their Tongue, which might be ſhewn by many Inſtances; as the Genius of the *Italians*, which is ſo much addicted to Muſick and Ceremony, has moulded all their Words and Phraſes to thoſe particular Uſes. The Stateline's and Gravity of the *Spaniards* ſhews itſelf to Perfection in the Solemnity of their Language, and the blunt honeſt Humour of the *Germans* ſounds better in the Roughneſs of the *High-Dutch*, than it would in a politer Tongue. C.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 165.

I have often wiſh'd, that as in our Conſtitution there are ſeveral Perſons whoſe Buſineſs it is to watch over our Laws, our Liberties and Commerce, certain Men might be ſet apart as Superintendents of our Language, to hinder any Words of a Foreign Coin from paſſing among us; and in particular to prohibit any *French* Phraſes from becoming current in this Kingdom, when thoſe of our own Stamp are altogether as valuable. The preſent War has ſo adulterated our Tongue with

ſtrange

ſtrange Words, that it would be impoſſible for one of our Great Grandfathers to know what his Poſterity have been doing, were he to read their Exploits in a Modern News Paper. Our Warriors are very induſtrious in propagating the *French* Language, at the ſame time that they are ſo gloriouſly ſucceſsful in b ating down their Power. Our Soldiers are Men of ſtrong Heads for Action, and perform ſuch Feats as they are not able to expreſs. They want Words in their own Tongue to tell us what it is they atchieve, and therefore ſend us over Accounts of their Performances in a Jargon of Phraſes, which they learn among their conquered Enemies. They ought however to be provided with Secretaries, and aſſiſted by our Foreign Miniſters, to tell their Story for them in plain *Engliſh*, and to let us know in our Mother-Tongue what it is our brave Country-Men are about. The *French* would indeed be in the right to publiſh the News of the preſent War in *Engliſh* Phraſe, and make their Campaigns unintelligible. Their People might flatter themſelves that Things are not ſo bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with Foreign Terms, and thrown into Shades and Obſcurity; but the *Engliſh* cannot be too clear in their Narrative of thoſe Actions which have rais'd their Country to a higher Pitch of Glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be ſtill the more admired the better they are explained.

For my part, by that time a Siege is carried on two or three Days, I am altogether loſt and bewildered in it, and meet with ſo many inexplicable Difficulties, that I ſcarce know which Side has the better of it, till I am informed by the Tower Guns that the Place is ſurrendred. I do indeed make ſome Allowances for this Part of the War, Fortifications having been foreign Inventions, and upon that Account abounding in foreign Terms. But when we have won Battles which may be deſcribed in our own Language, why are our Papers filled with ſo many unintelligible Exploits, and the *French* obliged to lend us a Part of their Tongue before we can know how they are conquered? They muſt be made acceſſary to their own Diſgrace, as the *Britons* were formerly ſo artificially wrought in the Curtain of the *Roman* Theatre, that they ſeemed to draw it up in order to give the

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Spectators an Opportunity of ſeeing their own Defeat celebrated upon the Stage: For ſo Mr. *Dryden* has tranſlated that Verſe in *Virgil:*

Purpurea intexti tollant aulæa Britanni.
Georg. 3. v. 25.

Which interwoven *Britons* ſeem to raiſe,
And ſhew the Triumph that their Shame diſplays.

The Hiſtories of all our former Wars are tranſmitted to us in our Vernacular Idiom, to uſe the Phraſe of a great modern Critick. I do not find, in any of our Chronicles, that *Edward* the Third ever reconnoitred the Enemy, tho' he often diſcovered the Poſture of the *French*, and as often vanquiſhed them in Battle. The *Black Prince* paſſed many a River without the Help of Pontoons, and filled a Ditch with Faggots as ſucceſsfully as the Generals of our Times do it with Faſcines. Our Commanders loſe half their Praiſe, and our People half their Joy, by means of thoſe hard Words and dark Expreſſions in which our News Papers do ſo much abound. I have ſeen many a prudent Citizen, after having read every Article, enquire of his next Neighbour what News the Mail had brought.

I remember in that remarkable Year when our Country was delivered from the greateſt Fears and Apprehenſions, and raiſed to the greateſt Height of Gladneſs it had ever felt ſince it was a Nation, I mean the Year of *Blenheim*, I had a Copy of a Letter ſent me out of the Country, which was written from a young Gentleman in the Army to his Father, a Man of good Eſtate and plain Senſe: As the Letter was very modiſhly chequered with this Modern Military Eloquence, I ſhall preſent my Reader with a Copy of it.

SIR,

'UPON the Junction of the *French* and *Bavarian* Armies they took Poſt behind a great Moraſs 'which they thought impracticable. Our General the 'next Day ſent a Party of Horſe to reconnoitre them 'from a little Hauteur, at about a Quarter of an 'Hour's Diſtance from the Army, who returned again

'to

'to the Camp unobſerved through ſeveral Defiles, in 'one of which they met with a Party of *French* that 'had been Marauding, and made them all Priſoners 'at Diſcretion. The Day after a Drum arrived at 'our Camp, with a Meſſage which he would commu-'nicate to none but the General; he was followed by 'a Trumpet, who they ſay behaved himſelf very ſau-'cily, with a Meſſage from the Duke of *Bavaria*. 'The next Morning our Army being divided into two 'Corps, made a Movement towards the Enemy: You 'will hear in the public Prints how we treated them, 'with the other Circumſtances of that glorious Day. 'I had the Good-fortune to be in that Regiment 'that puſhed the *Gens d'Armes*. Several *French* Batta-'lions, whom ſome ſay were a Corps de Reſerve, made 'a Shew of Reſiſtance; but it only proved a Gaſco-'nade, for upon our preparing to fill up a little Foſſé, 'in order to attack them, they beat the Chamade, 'and ſent us *Charte Blanche*. Their Commandant, 'with a great many other General Officers, and Troops 'without number, are made Priſoners of War, and 'will, I believe, give you a Viſit in *England*, the Car-'tel not being yet ſettled. Not queſtioning but theſe 'Particulars will be very welcome to you, I congra-'tulate you upon them, and am your moſt dutiful 'Son, *&c.*

The Father of the young Gentleman upon the Peruſal of the Letter found it contained great News, but could not gueſs what it was. He immediately communicated it to the Curate of the Pariſh, who upon the reading of it, being vexed to ſee any thing he could not underſtand, fell into a kind of a Paſſion, and told him that his Son had ſent him a Letter that was neither Fiſh, Fleſh, nor good Red-Herring. I wiſh, ſays he, the Captain may be *Compos Mentis*, he talks of a ſaucy Trumpet, and a Drum that carries Meſſages; then who is this *Charte Blanche?* He muſt either banter us, or he is out of his Senſes. The Father, who always looked upon the Curate as a learned Man, began to fret inwardly at his Son's Uſage, and producing a Letter which he had written to him about three Poſts before,

before, You ſee here, ſays he, when he writes for Money he knows how to ſpeak intelligibly enough; there is no Man in *England* can expreſs himſelf clearer, when he wants a new Furniture for his Horſe. In ſhort, the old Man was ſo puzzled upon the Point, that it might have fared ill with his Son, had he not ſeen all the Prints about three Days after filled with the ſame Terms of Art, and that *Charles* only writ like other Men. L.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 169.

SIR,

'I am an old Man retired from all Acquaintance with 'the Town, but what I have from your Papers (not the 'worſt Entertainment of my Solitude;) yet being ſtill 'a Well-wiſher to my Country, and the Common-'wealth of Learning, *(à qua confiteor nullam Ætatis 'meæ partem abhorruiſſe)* and hoping the plain Phraſe 'in Writing that was current in my younger Days would 'have laſted for my Time, I was ſtartled at the Pic-'ture of modern Politeneſs, (tranſmitted by your inge-'nious Correſpondent) and grieved to ſee our Sterling '*Engliſh* Language fallen into the Hands of *Clippers* and '*Coiners*. That mutilated Epiſtle, conſiſting of *Hippo*, '*Rep's*, and ſuch like enormous Curtailings, was a mor-'tifying Spectacle, but with the Reſerve of Comfort to 'find this and other Abuſes of our Mother Tongue, ſo 'pathetically complained of, and to the proper Perſon 'for redreſſing them, the Cenſor of *Great Britain*.

'He had before repreſented *the deplorable Ignorance 'that for ſeveral Years paſt has reigned amongſt our* En-'gliſh *Writers, the great Depravity of our Taſte, and 'continual Corruption of our Stile*. But, Sir, before you 'give yourſelf the Trouble of preſcribing Remedies 'for theſe Diſtempers (which you own will require the 'greateſt Care and Application) give me Leave (having 'long had my Eye upon theſe Miſchiefs, and Thoughts 'exerciſed about them) to mention what I humbly con-'ceive to be the Cauſe of them, and in your Friend '*Horace's* Words, *Quo fonte derivata clades in patriam 'populumque fluxit*.

'I take

'I take our corrupt Ways of Writing to proceed 'from the Miſtakes and wrong Meaſures in our com-'mon Methods of *Education*, which I always looked 'upon as one of our national Grievances, and a Sin-'gularity that renders us, no leſs than our Situation,

—— *Penitus toto diviſos orbe Britannos.*

'This puts me upon conſulting the moſt celebrated Cri-'tics on that Subject, to compare our Practice with 'their Precepts, and find where it was that we came 'ſhort or went wide.

'But after all, I found our Caſe required ſomething 'more than theſe Doctors had directed, and the princi-'pal Defect of our *Engliſh* Diſcipline to lie in the *Initi-'atory* Part, which although it needs the greateſt Care 'and Skill, is uſually left to the Conduct of thoſe blind 'Guides, *viz.* Chance and Ignorance.

'I ſhall trouble you but with a ſingle Inſtance, pur-'ſuant to what your ſagacious Friend has ſaid, That 'he *could furniſh you with a Catalogue of* Engliſh *Books, 'that would coſt you an hundred Pounds at firſt Hand, 'wherein you could not find ten Lines together of common* 'Grammar; which is a neceſſary Conſequence of our 'Miſmanagement in that Province.

'For can any thing be more abſurd than our Way of 'Proceeding in this Part of Literature? To puſh tender 'Wits into the intricate Mazes of Grammar, and a '*Latin* Grammar? To learn an unknown Art by an 'unknown Tongue? To carry them a dark round-a-'bout Way to let them in at a Back-door? Where-'by teaching them firſt the Grammar of their Mother 'Tongue (ſo eaſy to be learned) their Advance to the 'Grammars of *Latin* and *Greek* would be gradual and 'eaſy; but our precipitate Way of hurrying them over 'ſuch a *Gulph*, before we have built them a *Bridge* to 'it, is a Shock to their weak Underſtandings, which 'they ſeldom, or very late, recover. In the mean 'Time we wrong Nature, and ſlender Infants, who 'want neither Capacity nor Will to learn, till we put 'them upon Service beyond their Strength, and then 'indeed we baulk them.

'The

'The Liberal Arts and Sciences are all beautiful as 'the Graces; nor has *Grammar* (the ſevere Mother of 'all) ſo frightful a Face of her own; it is the *Vizard* 'put upon it that ſcares Children. She is made to ſpeak 'hard Words, that to them ſound like Conjuring. 'Let her talk intelligibly, and they will liſten to her.

'In this, I think, as on other Accounts, we ſhew 'ourſelves true *Britains*, always overlooking our natu-'ral Advantages. It has been the Practice of the wiſeſt 'Nations to learn their own Language by ſtated Rules, 'to avoid the Confuſion that would follow from leav-'ing it to vulgar Uſe. Our *Engliſh* Tongue (ſays a 'learned Man) is the moſt determinate in its Conſtruc-'tion, and reducible to the feweſt Rules; whatever 'Language has leſs Grammar in it, is not intelligible; 'and whatever has more, all that it has more is ſuper-'fluous; for which Reaſons he would have it made the 'Foundation of learning *Latin*, and all other Lan-'guages.

'To ſpeak and write without Abſurdity the Language 'of one's Country, is commendable in Perſons of all Sta-'tions, and to ſome indiſpenſably neceſſary; and to this 'Purpoſe I would recommend above all Things the having 'a *Grammar* of our Mother Tongue firſt taught in our 'Schools, which would facilitate our Youths learning their '*Latin* and *Greek Grammars*, with ſpare Time for Arith-'metic, Aſtronomy, Coſmography, Hiſtory, &c. that 'would make them paſs the Spring of their Life with 'Profit and Pleaſure, that is now miſerably ſpent in 'Grammatical Perplexities.

'But here, methinks, I ſee the Reader ſmile, and 'ready to aſk me (as the Lawyer did Sexton *Diego* on 'his bequeathing rich Legacies to the Poor of the Pa-'riſh, where are theſe mighty Sums to be raiſed?) 'where is there ſuch a *Grammar* to be had? I will not 'anſwer, as he did, Even where your Worſhip pleaſes. 'No, it is our good Fortune to have ſuch a *Gram-'mar* with Notes, now in the Preſs, and to be publiſh-'ed next Term.

'I hear it is a chargeable Work, and wiſh the Pub-'liſher to have Cuſtomers of all that have need of ſuch 'a Book; yet fancy that he cannot be ſuch a Sufferer, if

'it

'it is only bought by all that have more Need for it 'than they think they have.

'A certain Author brought a Poem to Mr. *Cowley*, 'for his Perusal and Judgment of the Performance, 'which he demanded at the next Visit with a Poet-ster's 'Assurance; and Mr. *Cowley*, with his usual Mo-'desty, desired that he would be pleased to look a 'little to the *Grammar* of it. To the Grammar of 'it! What do you mean, Sir, Would you send me to 'School again? Why Mr. ———, Would it do you 'any Harm?

'This put me on considering how this Voyage of 'Literature may be made with more Safety and Profit, 'Expedition and Delight; and at last, for compleating 'so good a Service, to request your Directions in so de-'plorable a Case; hoping that, as you have had Com-'passion on our over-grown Coxcombs in Concerns of 'less Consequence, you will exert your Charity towards 'Innocents, and vouchsafe to be Guardian to the Chil-'dren and Youth of *Great Britain* in this important 'Affair of *Education*, wherein Mistakes and wrong 'Measures have so often occasioned their Aversion to 'Books, that had otherwise proved the chief Orna-'ment and Pleasure of their Life. I am with sincerest 'Respect,

SIR,

Your, &c.

ENVY.

OBSERVING one Person behold another, who was an utter Stranger to him, with a Cast of his Eye, which, methought, expressed an Emotion of Heart very different from what could be raised by an Object so agreeable as the Gentleman he looked at, I began to consider, not without some secret Sorrow, the Condition of an Envious Man. Some have fancied that Envy has a certain magical Force in it, and that the Eyes of the Envious have by their Fascination blasted the Enjoyments of the Happy. Sir *Francis Bacon* says, Some have been so curious as to remark the Times

and

and Seaſons when the Stroke of an envious Eye is moſt effectually pernicious, and have obſerved that it has been when the Perſon envied has been in any Circumſtance of Glory and Triumph. At ſuch a time the Mind of the proſperous Man goes, as it were, abroad, among Things without him, and is more expoſed to the Malignity. But I ſhall not dwell upon Speculations ſo abſtracted as this, or repeat the many excellent Things which one might collect out of Authors upon this miſerable Affection; but keeping in the Road of common Life, conſider the Envious Man with relation to theſe three Heads, His Pains, His Reliefs, and His Happineſs.

The Envious Man is in Pain upon all Occaſions which ought to give him Pleaſure. The Reliſh of his Life is inverted; and the Objects which adminiſter the higheſt Satisfaction to thoſe who are exempt from this Paſſion, give the quickeſt Pangs to Perſons who are ſubject to it. All the Perfections of their Fellow-Creatures are odious: Youth, Beauty, Valour, and Wiſdom are Provocations of their Diſpleaſure. What a wretched and apoſtate State is this! To be offended with Excellence, and to hate a Man becauſe we approve him! The Condition of the Envious Man is the moſt emphatically miſerable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's Merit or Succeſs, but lives in a World wherein all Mankind are in a Plot againſt his Quiet, by ſtudying their own Happineſs and Advantage. *Will Proſper* is an honeſt Tale-bearer, he makes it his Buſineſs to join in Converſation with Envious Men. He points to ſuch an handſome young Fellow, and whiſpers that he is ſecretly married to a great Fortune: When they doubt, he adds Circumſtances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their Diſtreſs, by aſſuring 'em, that, to his Knowledge he has an Uncle will leave him ſome Thouſands. *Will* has many Arts of this kind to torture this ſort of Temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change Colour, and ſay faintly they wiſh ſuch a Piece of News is true, he has the Malice to ſpeak ſome good or other of every Man of their Acquaintance.

The Reliefs of the Envious Man are thoſe little Blemiſhes and Imperfections that diſcover themſelves in an illuſ-

illuſtrious Character. It is matter of great Conſolation to an Envious Perſon, when a Man of known Honour does a thing unworthy himſelf: Or when any Action which was well executed, upon better Information appears ſo altered in its Circumſtances, that the Fame of it is divided among many, inſtead of being attributed to One. This is a ſecret Satisfaction to theſe Malignants; for the Perſon whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own Condition as ſoon as his Merit is ſhared among others. I remember ſome Years ago there came out an excellent Poem without the Name of the Author. The little Wits, who were incapable of writing it, began to pull in Pieces the ſuppoſed Writer. When that would not do, they took great Pains to ſuppreſs the Opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next Refuge was to ſay it was overlooked by one Man, and many Pages wholly written by another. An honeſt Fellow, who ſat among a Cluſter of them in debate on this Subject, cried out, *Gentlemen, if you are ſure none of you your-ſelves had a Hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it.* But the moſt uſual Succour to the Envious, in Caſes of nameleſs Merit in this kind, is to keep the Property, if poſſible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the Reputation of it from falling upon any particular Perſon. You ſee an Envious Man clear up his Countenance if in the Relation of any Man's great Happineſs in one Point, you mention his Uneaſineſs in another. When he hears ſuch a one is very rich he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many Children. In a word, the only ſure Way to an Envious Man's Favour is not to deſerve it.

But if we conſider the Envious Man in Delight, it is like reading the Seat of a Giant in a Romance; the Magnificence of his Houſe conſiſts in the many Limbs of Men whom he has ſlain. If any who promiſed themſelves Succeſs in any uncommon Undertaking miſcarry in the Attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been Uſeful and Laudable, meets with Contempt and Deriſion, the Envious Man, under the Colour of

hating Vain-glory, can ſmile with an inward Wantonneſs of Heart at the ill Effect it may have upon an honeſt Ambition for the future.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 19.

It is the Buſineſs of Reaſon and Philoſophy to ſooth and allay the Paſſions of the Mind, or turn them to a vigorous Proſecution of what is dictated by the Underſtanding. In order to this good End, I would keep a watchful Eye upon the growing Inclinations of Youth, and be particularly careful to prevent their indulging themſelves in ſuch Sentiments as may imbitter their more advanced Age. I have now under Cure a young Gentleman, who lately communicated to me, that he was of all Men living the moſt miſerably envious. I deſired the Circumſtances of his Diſtemper; upon which, with a Sigh that would have moved the moſt inhuman Breaſt, 'Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſaid he, I am Nephew to a 'Gentleman of a very great Eſtate, to whoſe Favour 'I have a Couſin that has equal Pretenſions with myſelf. 'This Kinſman of mine is a young Man of the higheſt 'Merit imaginable, and has a Mind ſo tender and ſo 'generous, that I can obſerve he returns my Envy 'with Pity. He makes me, upon all Occaſions, the 'moſt obliging Condeſcenſions: And I cannot but take 'Notice of the Concern he is in to ſee my Life blaſted 'with this racking Paſſion, though it is againſt himſelf. 'In the preſence of my Uncle, when I am in the 'Room, he never ſpeaks ſo well as he is capable of, 'but always lowers his Talents and Accompliſhments 'out of Regard to me. What I beg of you, dear Sir, 'is to inſtruct me how to love him as I know he does 'me: And I beſeech you, if poſſible, to ſet my Heart 'right, that it may no longer be tormented where it 'ſhould be pleaſed, or hate a Man whom I cannot but 'approve.'

The Patient gave me this Account with ſuch Candour and Openneſs, that I conceived immediate Hopes of his Cure; becauſe in Diſeaſes of the Mind, the Perſon affected is half recovered when he is ſenſible of his Diſtemper. Sir, ſaid I, the Acknowledgment of your Kinſman's Merit is a very hopeful Symptom; for

for it is the Nature of Perſons afflicted with this Evil, when they are incurable, to pretend a Contempt of the Perſon envied, if they are taxed with that Weakneſs. A Man who is really envious, will not allow he is ſo; but upon ſuch an Accuſation is tormented with the Reflection, that to envy a Man is to allow him your Superior. But in your Caſe, when you examine the Bottom of your Heart, I am apt to think it is Avarice, which you miſtake for Envy. Were it not that you have both Expectations from the ſame Man, you would look upon your Couſin's Accompliſhments with Pleaſure. You that now conſider him as an Obſtacle to your Intereſt, would then behold him as an Ornament to your Family. I obſerved my Patient upon this Occaſion recover himſelf in ſome Meaſure; and he owned to me, that he hoped it was as I imagined; for that in all Places but where he was his Rival, he had Pleaſure in his Company. This was the firſt Diſcourſe we had upon this Malady; but I do not doubt but, after two or three more, I ſhall by juſt Degrees ſoften his Envy into Emulation.

Such an Envy as I have here deſcribed, may poſſibly creep into an ingenuous Mind: But the Envy which makes a Man uneaſy to himſelf and others is a certain Diſtortion and Perverſeneſs of Temper, that renders him unwilling to be pleaſed with any Thing without him that has either Beauty or Perfection in it. I look upon it as a Diſtemper in the Mind, (which I know no Moraliſt that has deſcribed in this Light) when a Man cannot diſcern any Thing which another is Maſter of that is agreeable. For which Reaſon I look upon the good-natured Man to be endowed with a certain diſcerning Faculty which the Envious are altogether deprived of. Shallow Wits, ſuperficial Critics, and conceited Fops, are with me ſo many blind Men in reſpect of Excellencies. They can behold nothing but Faults and Blemiſhes, and indeed ſee nothing that is worth ſeeing. Shew them a Poem, it is ſtuff; a Picture, it is Daubing. They find nothing in Architecture that is not irregular, or in Muſic that is not out of Tune. Theſe Men ſhould conſider, that it is their Envy which deforms every Thing, and that the Ug-

lineſs is not in the Object, but in the Eye. And as for nobler Minds, whoſe Merits are either not diſcovered, or are miſrepreſented by the envious Part of Mankind, they ſhould rather conſider their Defamers with Pity than Indignation. 'A Man cannot have an Idea of Perfection in another, which he was never ſenſible of in himſelf. Mr. *Lock* tells us, That upon asking a blind Man, what he thought Scarlet was? He anſwered, That he believed it was like the Sound of a Trumpet. He was forced to form his Conceptions of Idea's which he had not, by thoſe which he had. In the ſame Manner, ask an envious Man what he thinks of Virtue? He will call it Deſign; What of Good Nature? And he will term it Dulneſs. The Difference is, That as the Perſon before-mentioned was born blind, your envious Men have contracted the Diſtemper themſelves, and are troubled with a Sort of an acquired Blindneſs. Thus the Devil in *Milton*, though made an Angel of Light, could ſee nothing to pleaſe him even in Paradiſe, and hated our firſt Parents, though in their State of Innocence.

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 227.

ETERNITY.

WHEN I was at *Grand Cairo*, I picked up ſeveral Oriental Manuſcripts, which I have ſtill by me. Among others I met with one entitled, *The Viſions of Mirzah*, which I have read over with great Pleaſure. I intend to give it to the Public when I have no other Entertainment for them; and ſhall begin with the firſt Viſion, which I have tranſlated Word for Word as follows.

'ON the fifth Day of the Moon, which according to the Cuſtom of my Forefathers I always keep holy, after having waſhed myſelf, and offered up my Morning Devotions, I aſcended the high Hills of *Bagdat*, in order to paſs the reſt of the Day in Meditation and Prayer. As I was here airing myſelf on the Tops of the Mountains, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the Vanity of human Life; and

paſſing

'passing from one Thought to another, Surely, said I, 'Man is but a Shadow, and Life a Dream. Whilſt I 'was thus muſing, I caſt my Eyes towards the Sum-'mit of a Rock that was not far from me, where I 'diſcovered one in the Habit of a Shepherd, with a 'little muſical Inſtrument in his Hand. As I looked 'upon him he applied it to his Lips, and began to 'play upon it. The Sound of it was exceeding ſweet, 'and wrought into a Variety of Tunes that were in-'expreſſibly melodious, and altogether different from 'any thing I had ever heard: They put me in mind 'of thoſe heavenly Airs that are played to the de-'parted Souls of good Men upon their firſt Arri-'val in Paradiſe, to wear out the Impreſſions of the 'laſt Agonies, and qualify them for the Pleaſures 'of that happy Place. My Heart melted away in 'ſecret Raptures.

'I had been often told that the Rock before me was 'the Haunt of a Genius; and that ſeveral had been 'entertained with Muſick who had paſſed by it, but 'never heard that the Muſician had before made him-'ſelf viſible. When he had raiſed my Thoughts by 'thoſe tranſporting Airs which he played, to taſte the 'Pleaſures of his Converſation, as I looked upon him 'like one aſtoniſhed, he beckoned to me, and by the 'waving of his Hand directed me to approach the 'Place where he ſat. I drew near with that Reve-'rence which is due to a ſuperior Nature; and as my 'Heart was entirely ſubdued by the captivating Strains 'I had heard, I fell down at his Feet and wept. The 'Genius ſmiled upon me with a Look of Compaſſion 'and Affability that familiarized him to my Imagina-'tion, and at once diſpelled all the Fears and Appre-'henſions with which I approached him. He lifted 'me from the Ground, and taking me by the Hand, '*Mirzah*, ſaid he, I have heard thee in thy Soliloquies; 'follow me.

'He then led me to the higheſt Pinacle of the Rock, 'and placing me on the Top of it, Caſt thy Eyes Eaſt-'ward, ſaid he, and tell me what thou ſeeſt. I ſee, ſaid I, 'a huge Valley, and a prodigious Tide of Water rolling 'through it. The Valley that thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is

'the Vale of Miſery, and the Tide of Water that thou 'ſeeſt is Part of the great Tide of Eternity. What 'is the Reaſon, ſaid I, that the Tide I ſee riſes out of 'a thick Miſt at one End, and again loſes itſelf in a 'thick Miſt at the other? What thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, 'is that Portion of Eternity which is called Time, 'meaſured out by the Sun, and reaching from the Be-'ginning of the World to its Conſummation. Exa-'mine now, ſaid he, the Sea that is bounded with Dark-'neſs at both Ends, and tell me what thou diſcovereſt 'in it. I ſee a Bridge, ſaid I, ſtanding in the midſt of 'the Tide. The Bridge thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is human 'Life, conſider it attentively. Upon a more leiſure-'ly Survey of it, I found that it conſiſted of threeſcore 'and ten intire Arches, with ſeveral broken Arches, 'which added to thoſe that were intire, made up the 'Number about an hundred. As I was counting the 'Arches, the Genius told me that this Bridge conſiſt-'ed at firſt of a thouſand Arches; but that a great 'Flood ſwept away the reſt, and left the Bridge in 'the ruinous Condition I now beheld it: But tell me 'farther, ſaid he, what thou diſcovereſt on it. I ſee 'Multitudes of People paſſing over it, ſaid I, and a 'black Cloud hanging on each End of it. As I look-'ed more attentively, I ſaw ſeveral of the Paſſengers 'dropping through the Bridge into the great Tide that 'flowed underneath it; and upon farther Examination, 'perceived there were innumerable Trap-doors that lay 'concealed in the Bridge, which the Paſſengers no 'ſooner trod upon, but they fell through them into 'the Tide and immediately diſappeared. Theſe hid-'den Pit-falls were ſet very thick at the Entrance of 'the Bridge, ſo that Throngs of People no ſooner 'broke through the Cloud, but many of them fell in-'to them. They grew thinner towards the Middle, 'but multiplied and lay cloſer together towards the End 'of the Arches that were intire.

'There were indeed ſome Perſons, but their Num-'ber was very ſmall, that continued a kind of hob-'bling March on the broken Arches, but fell through 'one after another, being quite tired and ſpent with ſo 'long a Walk.

'I

'I paſſed ſome Time in the Contemplation of this 'wonderful Structure, and the great Variety of Objects 'which it preſented. My Heart was filled with a deep 'Melancholy to ſee ſeveral dropping unexpectedly in 'the midſt of Mirth and Jollity, and catching at every 'thing that ſtood by them to ſave themſelves. Some 'were looking up towards the Heavens in a thoughtful 'Poſture, and in the midſt of a Speculation ſtumbled 'and fell out of Sight. Multitudes were very buſy in 'the Purſuit of Bubbles that glittered in their Eyes and 'danced before them; but often when they thought 'themſelves within the reach of them their Footing 'failed and down they ſunk. In this Confuſion of Ob-'jects, I obſerved ſome with Scimetars in their Hands, 'and others with Urinals, who ran to and fro upon the 'Bridge, thruſting ſeveral Perſons on Trap-doors which 'did not ſeem to lie in their Way, and which they 'might have eſcaped had they not been thus forced up-'on them.

'The Genius ſeeing me indulge myſelf in this me-'lancholy Proſpect, told me I had dwelt long enough 'upon it: Take thine Eyes off the Bridge, ſaid he, and 'tell me if thou yet ſeeſt any thing thou doſt not com-'prehend. Upon looking up, What mean, ſaid I, thoſe 'great Flights of Birds that are perpetually hovering 'about the Bridge, and ſettling upon it from time to 'time? I ſee Vultures, Harpies, Ravens, Cormorants, 'and among many other feathered Creatures ſeveral 'little winged Boys, that perch in great Numbers upon 'the middle Arches. Theſe, ſaid the Genius, are Envy, 'Avarice, Superſtition, Deſpair, Love, with the like 'Cares and Paſſions that infeſt human Life.

'I here fetched a deep Sigh, Alas, ſaid I, Man was 'made in vain! How is he given away to Miſery and 'Mortality! tortured in Life, and ſwallowed up in 'Death! The Genius being moved with Compaſſion 'towards me, bid me quit ſo uncomfortable a Proſpect. 'Look no more, ſaid he, on Man in the firſt Stage of 'his Exiſtence, in his ſetting out for Eternity; but caſt 'thine Eye on that thick Miſt into which the Tide 'bears the ſeveral Generations of Mortals that fall into 'it. I directed my Sight as I was ordered, and (whether

'or no the good Genius ſtrengthened it with any ſuper-
'natural Force, or diſſipated Part of the Miſt that was
'before too thick for the Eye to penetrate) I ſaw the
'Valley opening at the farther End, and ſpreading forth
'into an immenſe Ocean, that had a huge Rock of
'Adamant running through the midſt of it, and divid-
'ing it into two equal Parts. The Clouds ſtill reſted
'on one Half of it, inſomuch that I could diſcover no-
'thing in it: But the other appeared to me a vaſt
'Ocean planted with innumerable Iſlands, that were
'covered with Fruits and Flowers, and interwoven with
'a thouſand little ſhining Seas that ran among them.
'I could ſee Perſons dreſſed in glorious Habits with
'Garlands upon their Heads, paſſing among the Trees,
'lying down by the Sides of Fountains, or reſting on
'Beds of Flowers; and could hear a confuſed Harmony
'of ſinging Birds, falling Waters, human Voices, and
'muſical Inſtruments. Gladneſs grew in me upon the
'Diſcovery of ſo delightful a Scene. I wiſhed for the
'Wings of an Eagle, that I might fly away to thoſe
'happy Seats; but the Genius told me there was no
'Paſſage to them, except through the Gates of Death
'that I ſaw opening every Moment upon the Bridge.
'The Iſlands, ſaid he, that lie ſo freſh and green before
'thee, and with which the whole Face of the Ocean
'appears ſpotted as far as thou canſt ſee, are more in
'Number than the Sands on the Sea-ſhore; there are
'Myriads of Iſlands behind thoſe which thou here diſ-
'covereſt, reaching farther than thine Eye, or even
'thine Imagination can extend itſelf. Theſe are the
'Manſions of good Men after Death, who according to
'the Degree and Kinds of Virtue in which they excel-
'led, are diſtributed among theſe ſeveral Iſlands, which
'abound with Pleaſure of different Kinds and Degrees,
'ſuitable to the Reliſhes and Perfections of thoſe who
'are ſettled in them; every Iſland is a Paradiſe accom-
'modated to its reſpective Inhabitants. Are not theſe,
'O *Mirzah*, Habitations worth contending for? Does
'Life appear miſerable, that gives thee Opportunities
'of earning ſuch a Reward? Is Death to be feared,
'that will convey thee to ſo happy an Exiſtence?
'Think not Man was made in vain, who has ſuch an

'Eter-

'Eternity reſerved for him. I gazed with inexpreſſible 'Pleaſure on theſe happy Iſlands. At length, ſaid I, 'ſhew me now, I beſeech thee, the Secrets that lie hid 'under thoſe dark Clouds which cover the Ocean on 'the other ſide of the Rock of Adamant. The Genius 'making me no Anſwer, I turned about to addreſs my-'ſelf to him a ſecond time, but I found that he had left 'me; I then turned again to the Viſion which I had 'been ſo long contemplating; but inſtead of the rolling 'Tide, the arched Bridge, and the happy Iſlands, I ſaw 'nothing but the long hollow Valley of *Bagdat*, with 'Oxen, Sheep, and Camels grazing upon the Sides of it.

The End of the firſt Viſion of Mirzah. C

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 159.

EXPENCES.

SOME ludicrous Schoolmen have put the Caſe, that if an Aſs were placed between two Bundles of Hay, which affected his Senſes equally on each Side, and tempted him in the very ſame Degree, whether it would be poſſible for him to eat of either. They generally determine this Queſtion to the Diſadvantage of the Aſs, who they ſay would ſtarve in the midſt of Plenty, as not having a ſingle Grain of Free-will to determine him more to the one than to the other. The Bundle of Hay on either Side ſtriking his Sight and Smell in the ſame Proportion, would keep him in a perpetual Suſpence, like the two Magnets, which Travellers have told us, are placed one of them in the Roof, and the other in the Floor of *Mahomet*'s Burying-place at *Mecca*, and by that means, ſay they, pull the Impoſtor's Iron Coffin with ſuch an equal Attraction, that it hangs in the Air between both of them. As for the Aſs's Behaviour in ſuch nice Circumſtances, whether he would ſtarve ſooner than violate his Neutrality to the two Bundles of Hay, I ſhall not preſume to determine; but only take notice of the Conduct of our own Species in the ſame Perplexity. When a Man has a mind to venture his Money in a Lottery, every Figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to ſucceed as any of its Fellows. They

all of them have the ſame Pretenſions to Good-luck, ſtand upon the ſame Foot of Competition, and no manner of Reaſon can be given why a Man ſhould prefer one to the other before the Lottery is drawn. In this Caſe therefore Caprice very often acts in the Place of Reaſon, and forms to itſelf ſome groundleſs imaginary Motive, where real and ſubſtantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning Man that is very well pleaſed to riſk his Good-fortune upon the Number 1711, becauſe it is the Year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a Tacker that would give a good deal for the Number 134. On the contrary, I have been told of a certain zealous Diſſenter, who being a great Enemy to Popery, and believing that bad Men are the moſt fortunate in this World, will lay two to one on the Number 666 againſt any other Number, becauſe, ſays he, it is the Number of the Beaſt. Several would prefer the Number 12000 before any other, as it is the Number of the Pounds in the great Prize. In ſhort, ſome are pleaſed to find their own Age in their Number; ſome that they have got a Number which makes a pretty Appearance in the Cyphers; and others, becauſe it is the ſame Number that ſucceeded in the laſt Lottery. Each of theſe, upon no other Grounds, thinks he ſtands faireſt for the great Lot, and that he is poſſeſſed of what may not be improperly called the *Golden Number*.

Theſe Principles of Election are the Paſtimes and Extravagancies of Human Reaſon, which is of ſo buſy a Nature, that it will be exerting itſelf in the meaneſt Trifles, and working even when it wants Materials. The wiſeſt of Men are ſometimes acted by ſuch unaccountable Motives, as the Life of the Fool and the Superſtitious is guided by nothing elſe.

I am ſurpriſed that none of the Fortune-tellers, or, as the *French* call them, the *Diſeurs de bonne Avanture*, who publiſh their Bills in every Quarter of the Town, have not turned our Lotteries to their Advantage: Did any of them ſet up for a Caſter of fortunate Figures, what might he not get by his pretended Diſcoveries and Predictions?

I remember among the Advertiſements in the *Poſt-Boy* of *September* the 27th, I was ſurpriſed to ſee the following one: *This*

This is to give Notice, That Ten Shillings over and above the Market-Price, will be given for the Ticket in 1500000 l. *Lottery,* No 132, *by* Nath. Cliff *at the Bible and three Crowns in Cheapside.*

This Advertiſement has given great Matter of Speculation to Coffee-Houſe Theoriſts. Mr. *Cliff*'s Principles and Converſation have been canvaſſed upon this Occaſion, and various Conjectures made why he ſhould thus ſet his Heart upon No 132. I have examined all the Powers in thoſe Numbers, broken them into Fractions, extracted the Square and Cube Root, divided and multiplied them all Ways, but could not arrive at the Secret till about three Days ago, when I received the following Letter from an unknown Hand, by which I find that Mr. *Nathaniel Cliff* is only the Agent, and not the Principal in this Advertiſement.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am the Perſon that lately advertiſed I would give 'ten Shillings more than the current Price for the 'Ticket No 132 in the Lottery now drawing; which 'is a Secret I have communicated to ſome Friends, 'who rally me inceſſantly upon that Account. You 'muſt know I have but one Ticket, for which Reaſon, 'and a certain Dream I have lately had more than 'once, I was reſolved it ſhould be the Number I moſt 'approved. I am ſo poſitive I have pitched upon the 'great Lot, that I could almoſt lay all I am worth of 'it. My Viſions are ſo frequent and ſtrong upon this 'Occaſion, that I have not only poſſeſſed the Lot, but 'diſpoſed of the Money which in all Probability it will 'ſell for. This Morning, in particular, I ſet up an 'Equipage which I look upon to be the gaieſt in the 'Town; the Liveries are very rich, but not gaudy. I 'ſhould be very glad to ſee a Speculation or two upon 'Lottery Subjects, in which you would oblige all Peo-'ple concern'd, and in particular

Your moſt humble Servant,

George Goſling.

'*P. S.* Dear SPEC, if I get the 12000 Pound, I'll 'make thee a handſome Preſent.

After having wiſhed my Correſpondent good Luck, and thanked him for his intended Kindneſs, I ſhall for this time diſmiſs the Subject of the Lottery, and only obſerve, that the greateſt Part of Mankind are in ſome Degree guilty of my Friend *Goſling*'s Extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future Proſpects, and become really expenſive while we are only rich in Poſſibility. We live up to our Expectations, not to our Poſſeſſions, and make a Figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We out-run our preſent Income, as not doubting to diſburſe ourſelves out of the Profits of ſome future Place, Project, or Reverſion that we have in view. It is through this Temper of Mind, which is ſo common among us, that we ſee Tradeſmen break, who have met with no Misfortunes in their Buſineſs; and Men of Eſtates reduced to Poverty, who have never ſuffered from Loſſes or Repairs, Tenants, Taxes, or Law-ſuits. In ſhort, it is this fooliſh ſanguine Temper, this depending upon contingent Futurities, that occaſions Romantick Generoſity, Chimerical Grandeur, ſenſeleſs Oſtentation, and generally ends in Beggary and Ruin. The Man, who will live above his preſent Circumſtances, is in great Danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the *Italian* Proverb runs, The Man who lives by Hope will die by Hunger.

It ſhould be an indiſpenſable Rule in Life, to contract our Deſires to our preſent Condition, and whatever may be our Expectations, to live within the Compaſs of what we actually poſſeſs. It will be time enough to enjoy an Eſtate when it comes into our Hands; but if we anticipate our good Fortune, we ſhall loſe the Pleaſure of it when it arrives, and may poſſibly never poſſeſs what we have ſo fooliſhly counted upon. L.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 191.

EXER-

EXERCISE.

THERE is a Story in the *Arabian Night's Tales*, of a King, who had long languiſhed under an ill Habit of Body, and had taken Abundance of Remedies to no Purpoſe; at length, ſays the Fable, a Phyſician cured him by the following Method: He took a hollow Ball of Wood, and filled it with ſeveral Drugs, after which he cloſed it up ſo artificially that nothing appeared, he likewiſe took a Mall, and after having hollowed the Handle and that Part which ſtrikes the Ball, he incloſed in them ſeveral Drugs after the ſame manner as in the Ball itſelf; he then ordered the Sultan to exerciſe himſelf early in the Morning with theſe *rightly prepared* Inſtruments, till ſuch Time as he ſhould ſweat. When, as the Story goes, the Virtue of the Medicaments perſpiring through the Wood had ſo good an Effect on the Sultan's Conſtitution, that they cured him of an Indiſpoſition which all the Compoſitions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This Eaſtern Allegory is finely contrived to ſhew us how beneficial Bodily Labour is to Health, and that Exerciſe is the moſt effectual Phyſic.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 195.

FAITH.

RELIGION may be conſidered under two general Heads. The firſt comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practiſe. By thoſe things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the Holy Writings, and which we could not have obtained the Knowledge of by the Light of Nature; by the things which we are to practiſe, I mean all thoſe Duties to which we are directed by Reaſon or Natural Religion. The firſt of theſe I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the Name of Faith, the ſecond by that of Morality.

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If we look into the more ſerious Part of Mankind, we find many who lay ſo great a Streſs upon Faith, that they neglect Morality; and many who build ſo much upon Morality, that they do not pay a due Regard to Faith. The perfect Man ſhould be defective in neither of theſe Particulars, as will be very evident to thoſe who conſider the Benefits which ariſe from each of them, and which I ſhall make the Subject of this Day's Paper.

Notwithſtanding this general Diviſion of Chriſtian Duty into Morality and Faith, and that they have both their peculiar Excellencies, the firſt has the Pre-eminence in ſeveral Reſpects.

Firſt, Becauſe the greateſt Part of Morality (as I have ſtated the Notion of it) is of a fixt Eternal Nature, and will endure when Faith ſhall fail, and be loſt in Conviction.

Secondly, Becauſe a Perſon may be qualified to do greater good to Mankind, and become more beneficial to the World, by Morality without Faith, than by Faith without Morality.

Thirdly, Becauſe Morality gives a greater Perfection to human Nature, by quieting the Mind, moderating the Paſſions, and advancing the Happineſs of every Man in his private Capacity.

Fourthly, Becauſe the Rule of Morality is much more certain than that of Faith, all the Civilized Nations of the World agreeing in the great Points of Morality, as much as they differ in thoſe of Faith.

Fifthly, Becauſe Infidelity is not of ſo malignant a Nature as Immorality; or to put the ſame Reaſon in another Light, becauſe it is generally owned, there may be Salvation for a virtuous Infidel, (particularly in the Caſe of Invincible Ignorance) but none for a vicious Believer.

Sixthly, Becauſe Faith ſeems to draw its principal, if not all its Excellency, from the Influence it has upon Morality; as we ſhall ſee more at large, if we conſider wherein conſiſts the Excellency of Faith, or the Belief of Revealed Religion; and this I think is,

Firſt, In explaining and carrying to greater Heights, ſeveral Points of Morality.

Secondly,

Secondly, In furniſhing new and ſtronger Motives to enforce the Practice of Morality.

Thirdly, In giving us more amiable Ideas of the Supreme Being, more endearing Notions of one another, and a truer State of ourſelves, both in regard to the Grandeur and Vileneſs of our Natures.

Fourthly, By ſhewing us the Blackneſs and Deformity of Vice, which in the Chriſtian Syſtem is ſo very great, that he who is poſſeſſed of all Perfection and the Sovereign Judge of it, is repreſented by ſeveral of our Divines as hating Sin to the ſame Degree that he loves the Sacred Perſon who was made the Propitiation of it.

Fifthly, In being the ordinary and preſcribed Method of making Morality effectual to Salvation.

I have only touched on theſe ſeveral Heads, which every one who is converſant in Diſcourſes of this Nature will eaſily enlarge upon in his own Thoughts, and draw Concluſions from them which may be uſeful to him in the Conduct of his Life. One I am ſure is ſo obvious, that he cannot miſs it, namely, that a Man cannot be perfect in his Scheme of Morality, who does not ſtrengthen and ſupport it with that of the Chriſtian Faith.

Beſides this, I ſhall lay down two or three other Maxims which I think we may deduce from what has been ſaid.

Firſt, That we ſhould be particularly cautious of making any thing an Article of Faith, which does not contribute to the Confirmation or Improvement of Morality.

Secondly, That no Article of Faith can be true and authentic, which weakens or ſubverts the practical Part of Religion, or what I have hitherto called Morality.

Thirdly, That the greateſt Friend of Morality, or Natural Religion, cannot poſſibly apprehend any Danger from embracing Chriſtianity, as it is preſerved pure and uncorrupt in the Doctrines of our National Church.

There is likewiſe another Maxim which I think may be drawn from the foregoing Conſiderations, which

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is this, that we ſhould, in all dubious Points, conſider any ill Conſequences that may ariſe from them, ſuppoſing they ſhould be erroneous, before we give up our Aſſent to them.

For Example, in that diſputable Point of Perſecuting Men for Conſcience Sake, beſides the imbittering their Minds with Hatred, Indignation, and all the Vehemence of Reſentment, and inſnaring them to profeſs what they do not believe; we cut them off from the Pleaſures and Advantages of Society, affect their Bodies, diſtreſs their Fortunes, hurt their Reputations, ruin their Families, make their Lives painful, or put an End to them. Sure when I ſee ſuch dreadful Conſequences riſing from a Principle, I would be as fully convinced of the Truth of it, as of a Mathematical Demonſtration, before I would venture to act upon it, or make it a Part of my Religion.

In this Caſe the Injury done our Neighbour is plain and evident; the Principle that puts us upon doing it, of a dubious and diſputable Nature. Morality ſeems highly violated by the one, and whether or no a Zeal for what a Man thinks the true Syſtem of Faith may juſtify it, is very uncertain. I cannot but think, if our Religion produces Charity as well as Zeal, it will not be for ſhewing itſelf by ſuch cruel Inſtances. But to conclude with the Words of an excellent Author, *We have juſt Religion enough to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.* C

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 459.

FALSHOOD.

WILL HONEYCOMB was complaining to me Yeſterday, that the Converſation of the Town is ſo altered of late Years, that a fine Gentleman is at a loſs for Matter to ſtart Diſcourſe, as well as unable to fall in with the Talk he generally meets with. WILL takes Notice, that there is now an Evil under the Sun which he ſuppoſes to be entirely new, becauſe not mentioned by any Satyriſt or Moraliſt in any Age: Men, ſaid he, grow Knaves ſooner than they ever did ſince the Creation of the World before. If you read the Tragedies

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of the laſt Age, you find the artful Men, and Perſons of Intrigue, are advanced very far in Years, and beyond the Pleaſures and Sallies of Youth; but now WILL obſerves that the Young have taken in the Vices of the Aged, and you ſhall have a Man of Five and Twenty crafty, falſe, and intriguing, not aſhamed to over-reach, cozen, and beguile. My Friend adds, that till about the latter end of King *Charles*'s Reign, there was not a Raſcal of any Eminence under Forty: In the Places of Reſort for Converſation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving Men's Fortunes, without regard to the Methods toward it. This is ſo faſhionable, that young Men form themſelves upon a certain Neglect of every thing that is candid, ſimple, and worthy of true Eſteem; and affect being yet worſe than they are, by acknowledging in their general Turn of Mind and Diſcourſe that they have not any remaining Value for true Honour and Honeſty; preferring the Capacity of being artful to gain their Ends, to the Merit of deſpiſing thoſe Ends when they come in Competition with their Honeſty. All this is due to the very ſilly Pride that generally prevails, of being valued for the Ability of carrying their Point; in a Word, from the Opinion that ſhallow and unexperienced People entertain of the ſhort-liv'd Force of Cunning. But I ſhall, before I enter upon the various Faces which Folly, covered with Artifice, puts on to impoſe upon the Unthinking, produce a great Authority for aſſerting, that nothing but Truth and Ingenuity has any laſting good Effect, even upon a Man's Fortune and Intereſt.

'Truth and Reality have all the Advantages of 'Appearances, and many more. If the Shew of 'any thing, be good for any thing, I am ſure 'Sincerity is better: For why does any Man diſſem-'ble, or ſeem to be that which he is not, but becauſe 'he thinks it good to have ſuch a Quality as he pre-'tends to? for to counterfeit and diſſemble, is to put 'on the Appearance of ſome real Excellency. Now 'the beſt way in the World for a Man to ſeem to be 'any thing, is really to be what he would ſeem to be. 'Beſides that it is many times as troubleſome to make 'good the Pretence of a good Quality as to have it;

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'and if a Man have it not, it is ten to one but he is 'diſcover'd to want it, and then all his Pains and La-'bour to ſeem to have it is loſt. There is ſomething 'unnatural in Painting, which a ſkilful Eye will eaſily 'diſcern from native Beauty and Complexion.

'It is hard to perſonate and act a Part long; for 'where Truth is not at the bottom, Nature will always 'be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and be-'tray herſelf one time or other. Therefore if any Man 'think it convenient to ſeem good, let him be ſo in-'deed, and then his Goodneſs will appear to every bo-'dy's Satisfaction; ſo that upon all Accounts Sincerity 'is true Wiſdom. Particularly as to the Affairs of this 'World, Integrity hath many Advantages over all the 'fine and artificial Ways of Diſſimulation and Deceit; 'it is much the plainer and eaſier, much the ſafer and 'more ſecure way of dealing in the World; it has leſs 'of Trouble and Difficulty, of Entanglement and Per-'plexity, of Danger and Hazard in it; it is the ſhorteſt 'and neareſt way to our End, carrying us thither in a 'ſtraight line, and will hold out and laſt longeſt. The 'Arts of Deceit and Cunning do continually grow 'weaker and leſs effectual and ſerviceable to them that 'uſe them; whereas Integrity gains Strength by uſe, 'and the more and longer any Man practiſeth it, the 'greater Service it does him, by confirming his Reputa-'tion, and encouraging thoſe with whom he hath to do, 'to repoſe the greateſt Truſt and Confidence in him, 'which is an unſpeakable Advantage in the Buſineſs 'and Affairs of Life.

'Truth is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs 'nothing to help it out; it is always near at Hand, and 'ſits upon our Lips, and is ready to drop out before we 'are aware; whereas a Lye is troubleſome, and ſets a 'Man's Invention upon the rack, and one Trick needs 'a great many more to make it good. It is like build-'ing upon a falſe Foundation, which continually ſtands 'in need of Props to ſhore it up, and proves at laſt 'more chargeable, than to have raiſed a ſubſtantial 'Building at firſt upon a true and ſolid Foundation; 'for Sincerity is firm and ſubſtantial, and there is no-'thing hollow and unſound in it, and becauſe it is plain

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'and open, fears no Diſcovery; of which the Crafty 'Man is always in dang-r, and when he thinks he 'walks in the dark, all his Pretences are ſo tranſparent 'that he that runs may read them; he is the laſt Man 'that finds himſelf to be found out, and whilſt he takes 'it for granted that he makes Fools of others, he ren-'ders himſelf ridiculous.

'Add to all this, that Sincerity is the moſt compen-'dious Wiſdom, and an excellent Inſtrument for the 'ſpeedy Diſpatch of Buſineſs; it creates Confidence in 'thoſe we have to deal with, ſaves the Labour of many 'Enquiries, and brings things to an Iſſue in few Words: 'It is like travelling in a plain beaten Road, which 'commonly brings a Man ſooner to his Journey's End 'than Bye-ways, in which Men often loſe themſelves. 'In a word, whatſoever Conveniencies may be thought 'to be in Falſhood and Diſſimulation, it is ſoon over; 'but the Inconvenience of it is perpetual, becauſe it 'brings a Man under an everlaſting Jealouſy and Suſpi-'cion, ſo that he is not believed when he ſpeaks Truth, 'nor truſted perhaps when he means honeſtly. When 'a Man has once forfeited the Reputation of his Inte-'grity, he is ſet faſt, and nothing will then ſerve his 'turn, neither Truth nor Falſhood.

'And I have often thought, that God hath in his 'great Wiſdom hid from Men of falſe and diſhoneſt 'Minds the wonderful Advantages of Truth and Inte-'grity to the Proſperity even of our worldly Affairs; 'theſe Men are ſo blinded by their Covetouſneſs and 'Ambition, that they cannot look beyond a preſent 'Advantage, nor forbear to ſeize upon it, tho' by Ways 'never ſo indirect; they cannot ſee ſo far as to the re-'moteſt Conſequences of a ſteady Integrity, and the vaſt 'Benefit and Advantages which it will bring a Man at 'laſt. Were but this ſort of Men wiſe and clear-ſighted 'enough to diſcern this, they would be honeſt out of 'very Knavery, not out of any Love to Honeſty and 'Virtue, but with a crafty Deſign to promote and ad-'vance more effectually their own Intereſts; and there-'fore the Juſtice of the Divine Providence hath hid this 'trueſt Point of Wiſdom from their Eyes, that bad Men 'might not be upon equal Terms with the Juſt and

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'Upright, and ſerve their own wicked Deſigns by 'honeſt and lawful Means.

'Indeed, if a Man were only to deal in the World 'for a Day, and ſhould never have occaſion to converſe 'more with Mankind, never more need their good 'Opinion or good Word, it were then no great Matter '(ſpeaking as to the Concernments of this World) if a 'Man ſpent his Reputation all at once, and ventur'd it 'at one Throw: But if he be to continue in the World 'and would have the Advantage of Converſation whilſt 'he is in it, let him make uſe of Truth and Sincerity 'in all his Words and Actions; for nothing but this 'will laſt and hold out to the end; all other Arts will 'fail, but Truth and Integrity will carry a Man through 'and bear him out to the laſt.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 552.

FAME.

THE Soul, conſidered abſtractedly from its Paſſions, is of a remiſs and ſedentary Nature, ſlow in its Reſolves, and languiſhing in its Executions. The Uſe therefore of the Paſſions is to ſtir it up, and to put it upon Action, to awaken the Underſtanding, to enforce the Will, and to make the whole Man more vigorous and attentive in the Proſecution of his Deſigns. As this is the End of the Paſſions in general, ſo it is particularly of Ambition, which puſhes the Soul to ſuch Actions as are apt to procure Honour and Reputation to the Actor. But if we carry our Reflections higher, we may diſcover farther Ends of Providence in implanting this Paſſion in Mankind.

It was neceſſary for the World, that Arts ſhould be invented and improved, Books written and tranſmitted to Poſterity, Nations conquered and civilized: Now ſince the proper and genuine Motives to theſe and the like great Actions, would only influence virtuous Minds; there would be but ſmall Improvements in the World, were there not ſome common Principle of Action working equally with all Men. And ſuch a Principle is Ambition or a Deſire of Fame, by which great Endowments

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are not ſuffered to lie idle and uſeleſs to the Publick, and many vicious Men, over-reached, as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural Inclinations in a glorious and laudable Courſe of Action. For we may farther obſerve, that Men of the greateſt Abilities are moſt fired with Ambition: And that on the contrary, mean and narrow Minds are the leaſt actuated by it; whether it be that a Man's Senſe of his own Incapacities makes him deſpair of coming at Fame, or that he has not enough Range of Thought to look out for any Good which does not more immediately relate to his Intereſt or Convenience, or that Providence, in the very Frame of his Soul, would not ſubject him to ſuch a Paſſion as would be uſeleſs to the World, and a Torment to himſelf.

Were not this Deſire of Fame very ſtrong, the Difficulty of obtaining it, and the Danger of loſing it when obtained, would be ſufficient to deter a Man from ſo vain a Purſuit.

How few are there who are furniſhed with Abilities ſufficient to recommend their Actions to the Admiration of the World, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt of Mankind? Providence for the moſt part ſets us upon a Level, and obſerves a kind of Proportion in its Diſpenſations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one Accompliſhment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and ſeems careful rather of preſerving every Perſon from being mean and deficient in his Qualifications, than of making any ſingle one eminent or extraordinary.

And among thoſe who are the moſt richly endowed by Nature, and accompliſhed by their own Induſtry, how few are there whoſe Virtues are not obſcured by the Ignorance, Prejudice or Envy of their Beholders? Some Men cannot diſcern between a noble and a mean Action. Others are apt to attribute them to ſome falſe End or Intention: and others purpoſely miſrepreſent or put a wrong Interpretation on them.

But the more to enforce this Conſideration, we may obſerve, that thoſe are generally moſt unſucceſsful in their Purſuit after Fame, who are moſt deſirous of obtain-

taining it. It is *Saluſt*'s Remark upon *Cato*, that the leſs he coveted Glory the more he acquired it.

Men take an ill-natur'd Pleaſure in croſſing our Inclinations, and diſappointing us in what our Hearts are moſt ſet upon. When therefore they have diſcovered the paſſionate Deſire of Fame in the Ambitious Man (as no Temper of Mind is more apt to ſhew itſelf) they become ſparing and reſerved in their Commendations, they envy him the Satisfaction of an Applauſe, and look on their Praiſes rather as a Kindneſs done to his Perſon, than as a Tribute paid to his Merit. Others who are free from this natural Perverſeneſs of Temper grow wary in their Praiſes of one, who ſets too great a Value on them, leſt they ſhould raiſe him too high in his own Imagination, and by conſequence remove him to a greater Diſtance from themſelves.

But farther, this Deſire of Fame naturally betrays the ambitious Man into ſuch Indecencies as are a leſſening to his Reputation. He is ſtill afraid leſt any of his Actions ſhould be thrown away in private, leſt his Deſerts ſhould be concealed from the Notice of the World, or receive any Diſadvantage from the Reports which others make of them. This often ſets him on empty Boaſts and Oſtentations of himſelf, and betrays him into vain fantaſtical Recitals of his own Performances: His Diſcourſe generally leans one Way, and, whatever is the Subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himſelf. Vanity is the natural Weakneſs of an ambitious Man, which expoſes him to the ſecret Scorn and Deriſion of thoſe he converſes with, and ruins the Character he is ſo induſtrious to advance by it. For tho' his Actions are never ſo glorious, they loſe their Luſtre when they are drawn at large, and ſet to ſhow by his own Hand; and as the World is more apt to find fault than to commend, the Boaſt will probably be cenſured, when the great Action that occaſioned it is forgotten.

Beſides, this very Deſire of Fame is looked on as a Meanneſs and Imperfection in the greateſt Character. A ſolid and ſubſtantial Greatneſs of Soul looks down with a generous Neglect on the Cenſures and Applauſes of the Multitude, and places a Man beyond the little Noiſe

Noiſe and Striſe of Tongues. Accordingly we find in ourſelves a ſecret Awe and Veneration for the Character of one who moves above us in a regular and illuſtrious Courſe of Virtue, without any regard to our good or ill Opinions of him, to our Reproaches or Commendations. As on the contrary it is uſual for us, when we would take off from the Fame and Reputation of an Action, to aſcribe it to Vain-Glory, and a Deſire of Fame in the Actor. Nor is this common Judgment and Opinion of Mankind ill founded: for certainly it denotes no great Bravery of Mind to be worked up to any noble Action by ſo ſelfiſh a Motive, and to do that out of a Deſire of Fame, which we could not be prompted to by a diſintereſted Love to Mankind, or by a generous Paſſion for the Glory of him that made us.

Thus is Fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by thoſe who thirſt after it, ſince moſt Men have ſo much either of Ill-nature, or of Warineſs, as not to gratify or ſooth the Vanity of the Ambitious Man, and ſince this very Thirſt after Fame naturally betrays him into ſuch Indecencies as are a leſſening to his Reputation, and is itſelf looked upon as a Weakneſs in the greateſt Characters.

In the next place, Fame is eaſily loſt, and as difficult to be preſerved as it was at firſt to be acquired. But this I ſhall make the Subject of a following Paper. C

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 256.

There are many Paſſions and Tempers of Mind which naturally diſpoſe us to depreſs and vilify the Merit of one riſing in the Eſteem of Mankind. All thoſe who made their Entrance into the World with the ſame Advantages, and were once looked on as his Equals, are apt to think the Fame of his Merits a Reflection on their own Indeſerts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the Scandal of ſome paſt Action, or derogate from the Worth of the preſent, that they may ſtill keep him on the ſame Level with themſelves. The like Kind of Conſideration often ſtirs up the Envy of ſuch as were once his Superiors, who think it a Detraction from their Merit to ſee another get ground upon them and overtake them in the Purſuits of Glory; and will there-

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fore endeavour to ſink his Reputation, that they may the better preſerve their own. Thoſe who were once his Equals envy and deſame him, becauſe they now ſee him their Superior; and thoſe who were once his Superiors, becauſe they look upon him as their Equal.

But farther, a Man, whoſe extraordinary Reputation thus lifts him up to the Notice and Obſervation of Mankind, draws a Multitude of Eyes upon him that will narrowly inſpect every Part of him, conſider him nicely in all Views, and not be a little pleaſed when they have taken him in the worſt and moſt diſadvantageous Light. There are many who find a Pleaſure in contradicting the common Reports of Fame, and in ſpreading abroad the Weakneſſes of an exalted Character. They publiſh their ill-natured Diſcoveries with a ſecret Pride, and applaud themſelves for the Singularity of their Judgment which has ſearched deeper than others, detected what the reſt of the World have overlooked, and found a Flaw in what the Generality of Mankind admires. Others there are who proclaim the Errors and Infirmities of a great Man with an inward Satisfaction and Complacency, if they diſcover none of the like Errors and Infirmities in themſelves; for while they are expoſing another's Weakneſſes, they are tacitly aiming at their own Commendations, who are not ſubject to the like Infirmities, and are apt to be tranſported with a ſecret kind of Vanity to ſee themſelves ſuperior in ſome reſpects to one of a ſublime and celebrated Reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more induſtrious in publiſhing the Blemiſhes of an extraordinary Reputation, than ſuch as lie open to the ſame Cenſures in their own Characters, as either hoping to excuſe their own Defects by the Authority of ſo high an Example, or raiſing an imaginary Applauſe to themſelves for reſembling a Perſon of an exalted Reputation, though in the blameable Parts of his Character. If all theſe ſecret Springs of Detraction fail, yet very often a vain Oſtentation of Wit ſets a Man on attacking an eſtabliſhed Name, and ſacrificing it to the Mirth and Laughter of thoſe about him. A Satire or a Libel on one of the common Stamp, never meets with that Reception and Approbation among its Readers, as what is aimed at a

Perſon

Perſon whoſe Merit places him upon an Eminence, and gives him a more conſpicuous Figure among Men. Whether it be that we think it ſhews greater Art to expoſe and turn to Ridicule a Man whoſe Character ſeems ſo improper a Subject for it, or that we are pleaſed, by ſome implicit kind of Revenge, to ſee him taken down and humbled in his Reputation, and in ſome meaſure reduced to our own Rank, who had ſo far raiſed himſelf above us in the Reports and Opinions of Mankind.

Thus we ſee how many dark and intricate Motives there are to Detraction and Defamation, and how many malicious Spies are ſearching into the Actions of a great Man, who is not always the beſt prepared for ſo narrow an Inſpection. For we may generally obſerve, that our Admiration of a famous Man leſſens upon our nearer Acquaintance with him; and that we ſeldom hear the Deſcription of a celebrated Perſon, without a Catalogue of ſome notorious Weakneſſes and Infirmities. The Reaſon may be, becauſe any little Slip is more conſpicuous and obſervable in his Conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the reſt of his Character, or becauſe it is impoſſible for a Man at the ſame time to be attentive to the more important Part of his Life, and to keep a watchful Eye over all the inconſiderable Circumſtances of his Behaviour and Converſation; or becauſe, as we have before obſerved, the ſame Temper of Mind which inclines us to a Deſire of Fame, naturally betrays us into ſuch Slips and Unwarineſſes as are not incident to Men of a contrary Diſpoſition.

After all it muſt be confeſs'd, that a noble and triumphant Merit often breaks through and diſſipates theſe little Spots and Sullies in its Reputation; but if by a miſtaken Purſuit after Fame, or through human Infirmity, any falſe Step be made in the more momentous Concerns of Life, the whole Scheme of ambitious Deſigns is broken and diſappointed. The ſmaller Stains and Blemiſhes may die away and diſappear amidſt the Brightneſs that ſurrounds them; but a Blot of a deeper Nature caſts a Shade on all the other Beauties, and darkens the whole Character. How difficult therefore is it to preſerve a great Name, when he that has ac-

quired it is ſo obnoxious to ſuch little Weakneſſes and Infirmities as are no ſmall Diminution to it when diſcovered, eſpecially when they are ſo induſtriouſly proclaimed, and aggravated by ſuch as were once his Superiors or Equals; by ſuch as would ſet to ſhow their Judgment or their Wit, and by ſuch as are guilty or innocent of the ſame Slips or Miſconducts in their own Behaviour?

But were there none of theſe Diſpoſitions in others to cenſure a famous Man, nor any ſuch Miſcarriages in himſelf, yet would he meet with no ſmall Trouble in keeping up his Reputation in all its Height and Splendor. There muſt be always a noble Train of Actions to preſerve his Fame in Life and Motion. For when it is once at a Stand, it naturally flags and languiſhes. Admiration is a very ſhort-liv'd Paſſion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its Object, unleſs it be ſtill fed with freſh Diſcoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual Succeſſion of Miracles riſing up to its View. And even the greateſt Actions of a celebrated Perſon labour under this Diſadvantage, that however ſurpriſing and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the Opinion that is conceived of him, tho' they might raiſe the Reputation of another, they are a Diminution to *his*.

One would think there ſhould be ſomething wonderfully pleaſing in the Poſſeſſion of Fame, that, notwithſtanding all theſe mortifying Conſiderations, can engage a Man in ſo deſperate a Purſuit; and yet if we conſider the little Happineſs that attends a great Character, and the Multitude of Diſquietudes to which the Deſire of it ſubjects an ambitious Mind, one would be ſtill the more ſurpriſed to ſee ſo many reſtleſs Candidates for Glory.

Ambition raiſes a ſecret Tumult in the Soul, it inflames the Mind, and puts it into a violent Hurry of Thought: It is ſtill reaching after an empty imaginary Good, that has not in it the Power to abate or ſatisfy it. Moſt other Things we long for can allay the Cravings of their proper Senſe, and for a while ſet the Appetite at reſt: But Fame is a Good ſo wholly foreign to our Natures, that we have no Faculty in the Soul adapt-

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ed to it, nor any Organ in the Body to reliſh it; an Object of Deſire placed out of the Poſſibility of Fruition. It may indeed fill the Mind for a while with a giddy kind of Pleaſure, but it is ſuch a Pleaſure as makes a Man reſtleſs and uneaſy under it; and which does not ſo much ſatisfy the preſent Thirſt, as it excites freſh Deſires, and ſets the Soul on new Enterpriſes. For how few ambitious Men are there, who have got as much Fame as they deſired, and whoſe Thirſt after it has not been as eager in the very Height of their Reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among Men? There is not any Circumſtance in *Cæſar*'s Character which gives me a greater Idea of him, than a Saying which *Cicero* tells us he frequently made uſe of in private Converſation, *That he was ſatisfied with his Share of Life and Fame, Se ſatis vel ad Naturam, vel ad Gloriam vixiſſe.* Many indeed have given over their Purſuits after Fame, but that has proceeded either from the Diſappointments they have met with in it, or from their Experience of the little Pleaſure which attends it, or from the better Informations or natural Coldneſs of Old Age; but ſeldom from a full Satisfaction and Acquieſcence in their preſent Enjoyments of it.

Nor is Fame only unſatisfying in itſelf, but the Deſire of it lays us open to many accidental Troubles which thoſe are free from who have no ſuch a tender Regard for it. How often is the ambitious Man caſt down and diſappointed, if he receives no Praiſe where he expected it? Nay, how often is he mortified with the very Praiſes he receives, if they do not riſe ſo high as he thinks they ought, which they ſeldom do unleſs increaſed by Flattery, ſince few Men have ſo good an Opinion of us as we have of ourſelves? But if the ambitious Man can be ſo much grieved even with Praiſe itſelf, how will he be able to bear up under Scandal and Defamation? For the ſame Temper of Mind which makes him deſire Fame, makes him hate Reproach. If he can be tranſported with the extraordinary Praiſes of Men, he will be as much dejected by their Cenſures. How little therefore is the Happineſs of an ambitious Man, who gives every one a Dominion over it, who thus ſubjects himſelf to the good or ill Speeches of

others, and puts it in the Power of every malicious Tongue to throw him into a Fit of Melancholy, and deſtroy his natural Reſt and Repoſe of Mind? Eſpecially when we conſider that the World is more apt to cenſure than applaud, and himſelf fuller of Imperfections than Virtues.

We may farther obſerve, that ſuch a Man will be more grieved for the Loſs of Fame, than he could have been pleaſed with the Enjoyment of it. For tho' the Preſence of this imaginary Good cannot make us happy, the Abſence of it may make us miſerable: Becauſe in the Enjoyment of an Object we only find that Share of Pleaſure which it is capable of giving us, but in the Loſs of it we do not proportion our Grief to the real Value it bears, but to the Value our Fancies and Imaginations ſet upon it.

So inconſiderable is the Satisfaction that Fame brings along with it, and ſo great the Diſquietudes, to which it makes us liable. The Deſire of it ſtirs up very uneaſy Motions in the Mind, and is rather inflamed than ſatisfied by the Preſence of the Thing deſired. The Enjoyment of it brings but very little Pleaſure, tho' the Loſs or Want of it be very ſenſible and afflicting; and even this little Happineſs is ſo very precarious, that it wholly depends on the Will of others. We are not only tortured by the Reproaches which are offered us, but are diſappointed by the Silence of Men when it is unexpected; and humbled even by their Praiſes. C

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 257.

That I might not loſe myſelf upon a Subject of ſo great Extent as that of Fame, I have treated it in a particular Order and Method. I have firſt of all conſidered the Reaſons why Providence may have implanted in our Mind ſuch a Principle of Action. I have in the next Place ſhewn from many Conſiderations, firſt, that Fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and eaſily loſt; Secondly, that it brings the ambitious Man very little Happineſs, but ſubjects him to much Uneaſineſs and Diſſatisfaction. I ſhall in the laſt Place ſhew, that it hinders us from obtaining an End which we have Abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with Fulneſs

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of Satisfaction. I need not tell my Reader, that I mean by this End that Happineſs which is reſerved for us in another World, which every one has Abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it Fulneſs of Joy and Pleaſures for evermore.

How the Purſuit after Fame may hinder us in the Attainment of this great End, I ſhall leave the Reader to collect from the three following Conſiderations.

Firſt, Becauſe the ſtrong Deſire of Fame breeds ſeveral vicious Habits in the Mind.

Secondly, Becauſe many of thoſe Actions, which are apt to procure Fame, are not in their Nature conducive to this our ultimate Happineſs.

Thirdly, Becauſe if we ſhould allow the ſame Actions to be the proper Inſtruments, both of acquiring Fame, and of procuring this Happineſs, they would nevertheleſs fail in the Attainment of this laſt End, if they proceeded from a Deſire of the firſt.

Theſe three Propoſitions are ſelf-evident to thoſe who are verſed in Speculations of Morality. For which Reaſon I ſhall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a Point of the ſame Nature, which may open to us a more uncommon Field of Speculation.

From what has already been obſerved, I think we may have a natural Concluſion, that it is the greateſt Folly to ſeek the Praiſe or Approbation of any Being, beſides the Supreme, and that for theſe two Reaſons; Becauſe no other Being can make a right Judgment of us, and eſteem us according to our Merits; and becauſe we can procure no conſiderable Benefit or Advantage from the Eſteem and Approbation of any other Being.

In the firſt Place, No other Being can make a right Judgment of us, and eſteem us according to our Merits. Created Beings ſee nothing but our Outſide, and can therefore only frame a Judgment of us from our exterior Actions and Behaviour; but how unfit theſe are to give us a right Notion of each other's Perfections, may appear from ſeveral Conſiderations. There are many Virtues, which in their own Nature are incapable of any outward Repreſentation: Many ſilent Perfections in the Soul of a good Man, which are great Ornaments to human Nature, but not able to diſcover themſelves to the

Knowledge of others; they are tranſacted in private, without Noiſe or Show, and are only viſible to the great Searcher of Hearts. What Actions can expreſs the intire Purity of Thought which refines and ſanctifies a virtuous Man? That ſecret Reſt and Contentedneſs of Mind, which gives him a perfect Enjoyment of his preſent Condition? That inward Pleaſure and Complacency, which he feels in doing Good? That Delight and Satisfaction which he takes in the Proſperity and Happineſs of another? Theſe and the like Virtues are the hidden Beauties of a Soul, the ſecret Graces which cannot be diſcovered by a mortal Eye, but make the Soul lovely and precious in his Sight, from whom no Secrets are concealed. Again, there are many Virtues which want an Opportunity of exerting and ſhewing themſelves in Actions. Every Virtue requires Time and Place, a proper Object, and a fit Conjuncture of Circumſtances, for the due Exerciſe of it. A State of Poverty obſcures all the Virtues of Liberality and Munificence. The Patience and Fortitude of a Martyr or Confeſſor lie concealed in the flouriſhing Times of Chriſtianity. Some Virtues are only ſeen in Affliction, and ſome in Proſperity; ſome in a private, and others in a publick Capacity. But the great Sovereign of the World beholds every Perfection in its Obſcurity, and not only ſees what we do, but what we would do. He views our Behaviour in every Concurrence of Affairs, and ſees us engaged in all the Poſſibilities of Action. He diſcovers the Martyr and Confeſſor without the Trial of Flames and Tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the Reward of Actions, which they had never the Opportunity of performing. Another Reaſon why Men cannot form a right Judgment of us is, becauſe the ſame Actions may be aimed at different Ends, and ariſe from quite contrary Principles. Actions are of ſo mixt a Nature, and ſo full of Circumſtances, that as Men pry into them more or leſs, or obſerve ſome Parts more than others, they take different Hints, and put contrary Interpretations on them; ſo that the ſame Actions may repreſent a Man as hypocritical and deſigning to one, which makes him appear a Saint or Hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the Soul through its outward Actions, often

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ſees it through a deceitful Medium, which is apt to diſcolour and pervert the Object: So that on this Account alſo, *he* is the only proper Judge of our Perfections, who does not gueſs at the Sincerity of our Intentions from the Goodneſs of our Actions, but weighs the Goodneſs of our Actions by the Sincerity of our Intentions.

But farther; it is impoſſible for outward Actions to repreſent the Perfections of the Soul, becauſe they can never ſhew the Strength of thoſe Principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate Expreſſions of our Virtues, and can only ſhew us what Habits are in the Soul, without diſcovering the Degree and Perfection of ſuch Habits. They are at beſt but weak Reſemblances of our Intentions, faint and imperfect Copies that may acquaint us with the general Deſign, but can never expreſs the Beauty and Life of the Original. But the great Judge of all the Earth knows every different State and Degree of human Improvement, from thoſe weak Stirrings and Tendencies of the Will which have not yet formed themſelves into regular Purpoſes and Deſigns, to the laſt intire Finiſhing and Conſummation of a good Habit. He beholds the firſt imperfect Rudiments of a Virtue in the Soul, and keeps a watchful Eye over it in all its Progreſs, 'till it has received every Grace it is capable of, and appears in its full Beauty and Perfection. Thus we ſee that none but the Supreme Being can eſteem us according to our proper Merits, ſince all others muſt judge of us from our outward Actions, which can never give them a juſt Eſtimate of us, ſince there are many Perfections of a Man which are not capable of appearing in Actions; many which, allowing no natural Incapacity of ſhewing themſelves, want an Opportunity of doing it; or ſhould they all meet with an Opportunity of appearing by Actions, yet thoſe Actions may be miſinterpreted, and applied to wrong Principles; or though they plainly diſcovered the Principles from whence they proceeded, they could never ſhew the Degree, Strength and Perfection of thoſe Principles.

And as the Supreme Being is the only proper Judge of our Perfections, ſo is he the only fit Rewarder of

them. This is a Conſideration that comes home to our Intereſt, as the other adapts itſelf to our Ambition. And what could the moſt aſpiring, or the moſt ſelfiſh Man deſire more, were he to form the Notion of a Being to whom he would recommend himſelf, than ſuch a Knowledge as can diſcover the leaſt Appearance of Perfection in him, and ſuch a Goodneſs as will proportion a Reward to it.

Let the ambitious Man therefore turn all his Deſire of Fame this Way; and, that he may propoſe to himſelf a Fame worthy of his Ambition, let him conſider that if he employs his Abilities to the beſt Advantage, the Time will come when the ſupreme Governor of the World, the great Judge of Mankind, who ſees every Degree of Perfection in others, and poſſeſſes all poſſible Perfection in himſelf, ſhall proclaim his Worth before Men and Angels, and pronounce to him in the Preſence of the whole Creation that beſt and moſt ſignificant of Applauſes, *Well done, thou good and faithful Servant, enter thou into thy Maſter's Joy.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 258.

FEAR *of* GOD.

LOOKING over the late Edition of Monſieur *Boileau*'s Works, I was very much pleaſed with the Article which he has added to his Notes on the Tranſlation of *Longinus*. He there tells us, that the Sublime in Writing riſes either from the Nobleneſs of the Thought, the Magnificence of the Words, or the harmonious and lively Turn of the Phraſe, and that the perfect Sublime ariſes from all theſe three in Conjunction together. He produces an Inſtance of this perfect Sublime in four Verſes from the *Athaliah* of Monſieur *Racine*. When *Abner*, one of the chief Officers of the Court, repreſents to *Joad* the High-Prieſt, that the Queen was incenſed againſt him, the High-Prieſt, not in the leaſt terrified at the News, returns this Anſwer:

Celui

Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçait auſſi des mechans arréter les complots.
Soumis avec reſpect à ſa volonté ſainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, & n'ai point d'autre crainte.

He who ruleth the Raging of the Sea, knows alſo how to check the Deſigns of the ungodly. I ſubmit myſelf with Reverence to his holy Will. O Abner, *I fear my God, and I fear none but him.* Such a Thought gives no leſs a Sublimity to Human Nature, than it does to good Writing. This Religious Fear, when it was produced by juſt Apprehenſions of a Divine Power, naturally overlooks all Human Greatneſs that ſtands in Competion with it, and extinguiſhes every other Terror that can ſettle itſelf in the Heart of Man; it leſſens and contracts the Figure of the moſt exalted Perſon: it diſarms the Tyrant and Executioner, and repreſents to our Minds the moſt enraged and the moſt powerful as altogether harmleſs and impotent.

There is no true Fortitude which is not founded upon this Fear, as there is no other Principle of ſo ſettled and fixed a Nature. Courage that grows from Conſtitution very often forſakes a Man when he has occaſion for it; and when it is only a kind of Inſtinct in the Soul breaks out on all Occaſions without Judgment or Diſcretion. That Courage which proceeds from the Senſe of our Duty, and from the Fear of offending him that made us, acts always in an uniform Manner, and according to the Dictates of right Reaſon.

What can the Man fear, who takes care in all his Actions to pleaſe a Being that is Omnipotent? A Being who is able to cruſh all his Adverſaries? A Being that can divert any Misfortune from befalling him, or turn any ſuch Misfortune to his Advantage? The Perſon who lives with this conſtant and habitual Regard to the great Superintendent of the World, is indeed ſure that no real Evil can come into his Lot. Bleſſings may appear under the Shape of Pains, Loſſes and Diſappointments, but let him have Patience, and he will ſee them in their proper Figures. Dangers may threaten

him, but he may reſt ſatisfied that they will either not reach him, or that if they do, they will be the Inſtruments of Good to him. In ſhort, he may look upon all Croſſes and Accidents, Sufferings and Afflictions, as Means which are made uſe of to bring him to Happineſs. This is even the worſt of that Man's Condition whoſe Mind is poſſeſſed with the habitual Fear of which I am now ſpeaking. But it very often happens, that thoſe which appear Evils in our own Eyes, appear alſo as ſuch to him who has Human Nature under his Care, in which Caſe they are certainly averted from the Perſon who has made himſelf, by this Virtue, an Object of Divine Favour. Hiſtories are full of Inſtances of this Nature, where Men of Virtue have had extraordinary Eſcapes out of ſuch Dangers as have incloſed them, and which have ſeemed inevitable.

There is no Example of this Kind in Pagan Hiſtory which more pleaſes me than that which is recorded in the Life of *Timoleon*. This extraordinary Man was famous for referring all his Succeſſes to Providence. *Cornelius Nepos* acquaints us that he had in his Houſe a private Chapel in which he uſed to pay his Devotions to the Goddeſs who repreſented Providence among the Heathens. I think no Man was ever more diſtinguiſhed, by the Deity whom he blindly worſhipped, than the great Perſon I am ſpeaking of in ſeveral Occurrences of his Life, but particularly in the following one which I ſhall relate out of *Plutarch*.

Three Perſons had entered into a Conſpiracy to aſſaſſinate *Timoleon* as he was offering up his Devotions in a certain Temple. In order to it they took their ſeveral Stands in the moſt convenient Places for their Purpoſe. As they were waiting for an Opportunity to put their Deſign in Execution, a Stranger having obſerved one of the Conſpirators, fell upon him and ſlew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their Plot had been diſcovered, threw themſelves at *Timoleon*'s Feet and confeſſed the whole Matter. This Stranger, upon Examination, was found to have underſtood nothing of the intended Aſſaſſination, but having ſeveral Years before had a Brother killed by the Conſpirator, whom

whom he here put to Death, and having till now ſought in vain for an Opportunity of Revenge, he chanced to meet the Murderer in the Temple, who had planted himſelf there for the above-mentioned Purpoſe. *Plutarch* cannot forbear on this Occaſion ſpeaking with a kind of Rapture on the Schemes of Providence, which, in this Particular, had ſo contrived it that the Stranger ſhould for ſo great a Space of Time, be debarr'd the Means of doing Juſtice to his Brother, till, by the ſame Blow that revenged the Death of one innocent Man, he preſerved the Life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a Man of *Timoleon*'s Religion ſhould have his Intrepidity and Firmneſs of Mind, or that he ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by ſuch a Deliverance as I have here related.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 117.

FORTITUDE.

IT is neceſſary to an eaſy and happy Life, to poſſeſs our Minds in ſuch a Manner as to be always well ſatisfied with our own Reflections. The Way to this State is to meaſure our Actions by our own Opinion, and not by that of the reſt of the World. The Senſe of other Men ought to prevail over us in Things of leſs Conſideration, but not in Concerns where Truth and Honour are engaged. When we look into the Bottom of Things, what at firſt appears a Paradox, is a plain Truth; and thoſe Profeſſions which for want of being duly weighed, ſeem to proceed from a Sort of romantic Philoſophy, and Ignorance of the World, after a little Reflection are ſo reaſonable, that it is direct Madneſs to walk by any other Rules. Thus to contradict our Deſires, and to conquer the Impulſes of our Ambition, if they do not fall in with what we in our inward Sentiments approve, is ſo much our Intereſt, and ſo abſolutely neceſſary to our real Happineſs, that to contemn all the Wealth and Power in the World, where they ſtand in Competition with a Man's Honour, is rather good Senſe than Greatneſs of Mind.

Did we conſider that the Mind of a Man is the Man himſelf, we ſhould think it the moſt unnatural Sort of Self-Murder to ſacrifice the Sentiment of the Soul to gratify the Appetites of the Body. Bleſs us! Is it poſſible, that when the Neceſſities of Life are ſupplied, a Man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful? When we meet a poor Wretch, urged with Hunger and Cold, asking an Alms, we are apt to think this a State we could rather ſtarve than ſubmit to? But yet how much more deſpicable is his Condition who is above Neceſſity, and yet ſhall reſign his Reaſon and his Integrity to purchaſe Superfluities? Theſe are both abject and common Beggars; but ſure it is leſs deſpicable to beg a Supply to a Man's Hunger than his Vanity. But Cuſtom and general Prepoſſeſſions have ſo far prevailed over an unthinking World, that thoſe neceſſitous Creatures who cannot reliſh Life without Applauſe, Attendance, and Equipage, are ſo far from making a contemptible Figure, that diſtreſſed Virtue is leſs eſteemed than ſucceſsful Vice. But if a Man's Appeal in Caſes that regard his Honour were made to his own Soul, there would be a Baſis and ſtanding Rule for our Conduct, and we ſhould always endeavour rather to be than appear Honourable. Mr. *Collier*, in his Eſſay on *Fortitude*, has treated this Subject with great Wit and Magnanimity. 'What, ſays 'he, can be more honourable than to have Courage 'enough to execute the Commands of Reaſon and Con'ſcience; to maintain the Dignity of our Nature, and 'the Station aſſigned us? To be Proof againſt Poverty, 'Pain, and Death itſelf? I mean ſo far as not to do 'any Thing that's ſcandalous or ſinful to avoid them? 'To ſtand Adverſity under all Shapes with Decency 'and Reſolution? To do this, is to be great above 'Title and Fortune. This argues the Soul of an hea'venly Extraction, and is worthy the Offſpring of the 'Deity.'

What a generous Ambition has this Man pointed to us? When Men have ſettled in themſelves a Conviction by ſuch noble Precepts, that there is nothing honourable that is not accompanied with Innocence; nothing mean but what has Guilt in it: I ſay, when they have

attained

attained thus much, though Poverty, Pain, and Death, may ſtill retain their Terrors, yet Riches, Pleaſures, and Honours, will eaſily loſe their Charms, if they ſtand between us and our Integrity.

What is here ſaid with Alluſion to Fortune and Fame, may as juſtly be applied to Wit and Beauty; for theſe latter are as adventitious as the other, and as little concern the Eſſence of the Soul. They are all laudable in the Man who poſſeſſes them only for the juſt Application of them. A bright Imagination, while it is ſubſervient to an honeſt and noble Soul, is a Faculty which makes a Man juſtly admired by Mankind, and furniſhes him with Reflections upon his own Actions, which add Delicates to the Feaſt of a good Conſcience: But when Wit deſcends to wait upon ſenſual Pleaſures, or promote the baſe Purpoſes of Ambition, it is then to be contemned in Proportion to its Excellence. If a Man will not reſolve to place the Foundation of his Happineſs in his own Mind, Life is a bewildered and unhappy State, incapable of Reſt or Tranquility. For to ſuch a one the general Applauſe of Valour, Wit, nay of Honeſty itſelf, can give him but a very feeble Comfort, ſince it is capable of being interrupted by any one who wants either Underſtanding or Good-Nature to ſee or acknowledge ſuch Excellencies. This Rule is ſo neceſſary, that one may very ſafely ſay, it is impoſſible to know any true Reliſh of our Being without it. Look about you in common Life among the ordinary Race of Mankind, and you will find Merit in every Kind is allowed only to thoſe who are in particular Diſtricts or Sets of Company: But ſince Men can have little Pleaſure in theſe Faculties which denominate them Perſons of Diſtinction, let them give up ſuch an empty Purſuit, and think nothing eſſential to Happineſs but what is in their own Power, the Capacity of reflecting with Pleaſure on their own Actions, however they are interpreted.

It is ſo evident a Truth, that it is only in our own Boſoms we are to ſearch for any Thing to make us happy, that it is, methinks, a Diſgrace to our Nature to talk of the taking our Meaſures from thence only as a Matter of Fortitude. When all is well there, the Viciſſitudes

ciſſitudes and Diſtinctions of Life are the meer Scenes of a Drama, and he will never act his Part well who has his Thoughts more fixed upon the Applauſe of the Audience than the Deſign of his Part.

The Life of a Man who acts with a ſteady Integrity, without valuing the Interpretation of his Actions, has but one uniform regular Path to move in, where he cannot meet Oppoſition, or fear Ambuſcade. On the other Side, the leaſt Deviation from the Rules of Honour introduces a Train of numberleſs Evils, and involves him in inexplicable Mazes. He that has entered into Guilt has bid adieu to Reſt, and every Criminal has his Share of the Miſery expreſſed ſo emphatically in the Tragedian;

Mackbeth *ſhall ſleep no more!*

It was with Deteſtation of any other Grandeur but the calm Command of his own Paſſion, that the excellent Mr. *Cowley* cries out with ſo much Juſtice;

If e'er Ambition did my Fancy cheat,
With any Thought ſo mean as to be great,
Continue, Heav'n, ſtill from me to remove
The humble Bleſſings of that Life I love.

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 251.

FREE-THINKERS.

IT is indeed a melancholy Reflection to conſider, That the *Britiſh* Nation, which is now at a greater Height of Glory for its Councils and Conqueſts, than it ever was before, ſhould diſtinguiſh itſelf by a certain Looſeneſs of Principles, and a Falling off from thoſe Schemes of Thinking, which conduce to the Happineſs and Perfection of human Nature. This Evil comes upon us from the Works of a few ſolemn Blockheads, that meet together with the Zeal and Seriouſneſs of Apoſtles, to extirpate common Senſe, and propagate Infidelity. Theſe are Wretches, who, without any Shew of Wit, Learning,

ing, or Reaſon, publiſh their crude Conceptions with an Ambition of appearing more wiſe than the reſt of Mankind, upon no other Pretence, than that of diſſenting from them. One gets by Heart a Catalogue of Title-Pages and Editions; and immediately to become conſpicuous, declares that he is an Unbeliever. Another knows how to write a Receipt, or cut up a Dog, and forthwith argues againſt the Immortality of the Soul. I have known many a little Wit, in the Oſtentation of his Parts, rally the Truth of the Scripture, who was not able to read a Chapter in it. Theſe poor Wretches talk Blaſphemy for want of Diſcourſe, and are rather the Objects of Scorn or Pity, than of our Indignation; but the grave Diſputant, that reads and writes, and ſpends all his Time in convincing himſelf and the World, that he is no better than a Brute, ought to be whipped out of a Government, as a Blot to a civil Society, and a Defamer of Mankind. I love to conſider an Infidel, whether diſtinguiſh'd by the Title of Deiſt, Atheiſt, or Free-Thinker, in three different Lights, in his Solitudes, his Afflictions, and his laſt Moments.

A wiſe Man that lives up to the Principles of Reaſon and Virtue, if one conſiders him in his Solitude, as taking in the Syſtem of the Univerſe, obſerving the mutual Dependence and Harmony, by which the whole Frame of it hangs together, beating down his Paſſions, or ſwelling his Thoughts with magnificent Ideas of Providence, makes a nobler Figure in the Eye of an intelligent Being, than the greateſt Conqueror amidſt all the Pomps and Solemnities of a Triumph. On the contrary, there is not a more ridiculous Animal than an Atheiſt in his Retirement. His Mind is incapable of Rapture or Elevation: He can only conſider himſelf as an inſignificant Figure in a Landſkip, and wandring up and down in a Field or Meadow, under the ſame Terms as the meaneſt Animals about him, and as ſubject to as total a Mortality as they, with this Aggravation, That he is the only one amongſt 'em who lies under the Apprehenſion of it.

In Diſtreſſes, he muſt be of all Creatures the moſt helpleſs and forlorn; he feels the whole Preſſure of a preſent Calamity, without being relieved by the Memory of any thing that is paſt, or the Proſpect of any thing that

that is to come. Annihilation is the greateſt Bleſſing that he propoſes to himſelf, and an Halter or a Piſtol the only Refuge he can fly to. But if you would behold one of thoſe gloomy Miſcreants in his pooreſt Figure, you muſt conſider him under the Terrors, or at the Approach of Death.

About thirty Years ago I was a Shipboard with one of theſe Vermin, when there aroſe a briſk Gale, which could frighten no Body but himſelf. Upon the Rowling of the Ship he fell upon his Knees, and confeſſed to the Chaplain, that he had been a vile Atheiſt, and had denied a Supreme Being ever ſince he came to his Eſtate. The good Man was aſtoniſhed, and a Report immediately ran through the Ship, That there was an Atheiſt upon the Upper-Deck. Several of the common Seamen, who had never heard the Word before, thought it had been ſome ſtrange Fiſh; but they were more ſurprized when they ſaw it was a Man, and heard out of his own Mouth, That he never believed till that Day that there was a God. As he lay in the Agonies of Confeſſion, one of the honeſt Tars whiſpered to the Boatſwain, that it would be a good Deed to heave him over-board. But we were now within Sight of Port, when of a ſudden the Wind fell, and the Penitent relapſed, begging all of us that were preſent, as we were Gentlemen, not to ſay any thing of what had paſſed.

He had not been aſhore above two Days, when one of the Company began to rally him upon his Devotion on Shipboard, which the other denied in ſo high Terms, that it produced the Lye on both Sides, and ended in a Duel. The Atheiſt was run through the Body, and after ſome Loſs of Blood, became as good a Chriſtian as he was at Sea, till he found that his Wound was not mortal. He is at preſent one of the Free-Thinkers of the Age, and now writing a Pamphlet againſt ſeveral receiv'd Opinions concerning the Exiſtence of Fairies.

As I have taken upon me to cenſure the Faults of the Age and Country which I live in, I ſhould have thought myſelf inexcuſable to have paſſed over this crying one, which is the Subject of my preſent Diſcourſe. I ſhall therefore from Time to Time give my Countrymen particular Cautions againſt this Diſtemper of the Mind,

Mind, that is almoſt become faſhionable, and by that Means more likely to ſpread. I have ſomewhere either read or heard a very memorable Sentence, That a Man would be a moſt inſupportable Monſter, ſhould he have the Faults that are incident to his Years, Conſtitution, Profeſſion, Family, Religion, Age, and Country; and yet every Man is in Danger of them all. For this Reaſon, as I am an old Man, I take particular Care to avoid being Covetous, and telling long Stories: As I am cholerick, I forbear not only Swearing, but all Interjections of Fretting, as Pugh! or Pith! and the like. As I am a Lay-man, I reſolve not to conceive an Averſion for a wiſe and a good Man, becauſe his Coat is of a different Colour from mine. As I am deſcended of the ancient Family of the *Bickerſtaffs*, I never call a Man of Merit an *Upſtart*. As a Proteſtant, I do not ſuffer my Zeal ſo far to tranſport me, as to name the Pope and the Devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate Age, I guard myſelf particularly againſt the Folly I have been now ſpeaking of. And as I am an *Engliſhman*, I am very cautious not to hate a Stranger, or deſpiſe a poor *Palatine*.

TATLER, Vol. II. No. 3.

Several Letters which I have lately received give me Information, That ſome well-diſpoſed Perſons have taken Offence at my uſing the Word Free-Thinker as a Term of Reproach. To ſet therefore this Matter in a clear Light, I muſt declare, That no One can have a greater Veneration than myſelf for the Free-Thinkers of Antiquity, who acted the ſame Part in thoſe Times, as the great Men of the Reformation did in ſeveral Nations of *Europe*, by exerting themſelves againſt the Idolatry and Superſtition of the Times in which they lived. It was by this noble Impulſe that *Socrates* and his Diſciples, as well as all the Philoſophers of Note in *Greece*, and *Cicero*, *Seneca*, with all the learned Men of *Rome*, endeavoured to enlighten their Contemporaries amidſt the Darkneſs and Ignorance in which the World was then ſunk and buried.

The great Points which theſe Free-Thinkers endeavoured to eſtabliſh and inculcate into the Minds of Men, were,

were, the Formation of the Univerſe, the Superintendency of Providence, the Perfection of the Divine Nature, the Immortality of the Soul, and the future State of Rewards and Puniſhments. They all complied with the Religion of their Country, as much as poſſible, in ſuch Particulars as did not contradict and pervert theſe great and fundamental Doctrines of Mankind. On the contrary, the Perſons who now ſet up for Free-Thinkers, are ſuch as endeavour by a little Traſh of Words and Sophiſtry, to weaken and deſtroy thoſe very Principles, for the Vindication of which, Freedom of Thought at firſt became laudable and heroick. Theſe Apoſtates from Reaſon and good Senſe, can look at the glorious Frame of Nature, without paying an Adoration to him that raiſed it; can conſider the great Revolutions in the Univerſe, without lifting up their Minds to that ſuperior Power which hath the Direction of it; can preſume to cenſure the Deity in his Ways towards Men; can level Mankind with the Beaſts that periſh; can extinguiſh in their own Minds all the pleaſing Hopes of a future State, and lull themſelves into a ſtupid Security againſt the Terrors of it. If one were to take the Word Prieſtcraft out of the Mouths of theſe ſhallow Monſters, they would be immediately ſtruck dumb. It is by the Help of this ſingle Term that they endeavour to diſappoint the good Works of the moſt learned and venerable Order of Men, and harden the Hearts of the Ignorant againſt the very Light of Nature, and the common received Notions of Mankind. We ought not to treat ſuch Miſcreants as theſe upon the Foot of fair Diſputants, but to pour out Contempt upon them, and ſpeak of them with Scorn and Infamy, as the Peſts of Society, the Revilers of human Nature, and the Blaſphemers of a Being, whom a good Man would rather die than hear diſhonoured. *Cicero*, after having mentioned the great Heroes of Knowledge that recommended this Divine Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul, calls thoſe ſmall Pretenders to Wiſdom who declared againſt it, certain *Minute* Philoſophers, uſing a Diminutive even of the Word *Little*, to expreſs the deſpicable Opinion he had of them. The Contempt he throws upon them in another Paſſage is yet more remarkable; where, to ſhew

the

the mean Thoughts he entertains of them, he declares, he would rather be in the Wrong with *Plato*, than in the Right with ſuch Company. There is indeed nothing in the World ſo ridiculous as one of theſe grave Philoſophical Free-Thinkers, that hath neither Paſſions nor Appetites to gratify, no Heats of Blood nor Vigour of Conſtitution that can turn his Syſtems of Infidelity to his Advantage, or raiſe Pleaſures out of them which are inconſiſtent with the Belief of an Hereafter. One that has neither Wit, Gallantry, Mirth or Youth to indulge by theſe Notions, but only a poor, joyleſs, uncomfortable Vanity of diſtinguiſhing himſelf from the reſt of Mankind, is rather to be regarded as a miſchievous Lunatick, than a miſtaken Philoſopher. A chaſte Infidel, a ſpeculative Libertine, is an Animal that I ſhould not believe to be in Nature, did I not ſometimes meet with theſe Species of Men, that plead for the Indulgence of their Paſſions in the Midſt of a ſevere ſtudious Life, and talk againſt the Immortality of the Soul over a Diſh of Coffee.

I would fain ask a *Minute* Philoſopher, What Good he propoſes to Mankind by the publiſhing of his Doctrines? Will they make a Man a better Citizen, or Father of a Family, a more endearing Husband, Friend or Son? Will they enlarge his public or private Virtues, or correct any of his Frailties or Vices? What is there either joyful or glorious in ſuch Opinions? Do they either refreſh or enlarge our Thoughts? Do they contribute to the Happineſs, or raiſe the Dignity of Human Nature? The only Good that I have ever heard pretended to, is, That they baniſh Terrors, and ſet the Mind at Eaſe. But whoſe Terrors do they baniſh? It is certain, if there were any Strength in their Arguments, they would give great Diſturbance to Minds that are influenced by Virtue, Honour and Morality, and take from us the only Comforts and Supports of Affliction, Sickneſs and old Age. The Minds therefore which they ſet at Eaſe, are only thoſe of impenitent Criminals and Malefactors, and which, to the Good of Mankind, ſhould be in perpetual Terror and Alarm.

I muſt confeſs, nothing is more uſual than for a Free-Thinker, in Proportion as the Inſolence of Scepticiſm is

abated

abated in him by Years and Knowledge, or humbled or beaten down by Sorrow or Sickneſs, to reconcile himſelf to the general Conceptions of reaſonable Creatures; ſo that we frequently ſee the Apoſtates turning from their Revolt towards the End of their Lives, and employing the Refuſe of their Parts in promoting thoſe Truths which they had before endeavoured to invalidate.

The Hiſtory of a Gentleman in *France* is very well known, who was ſo zealous a Promoter of Infidelity, that he had got together a ſelect Company of Diſciples, and travelled into all Parts of the Kingdom to make Converts. In the midſt of his fantaſtical Succeſs he fell ſick, and was reclaimed to ſuch a Senſe of his Condition, that after he had paſſed ſome Time in great Agonies and Horrors of Mind, he begged thoſe who had the Care of burying him, to dreſs his Body in the Habit of a Capuchin, that the Devil might not run away with it. And to do further Juſtice upon himſelf, deſired them to tie an Halter about his Neck, as a Mark of that ignominious Puniſhment, which in his own Thoughts he had ſo juſtly deſerved.

I would not have Perſecution ſo far diſgraced, as to wiſh theſe Vermin might be animadverted on by any legal Penalties; though I think it would be highly reaſonable, that thoſe few of them who die in the Profeſſions of their Infidelity, ſhould have ſuch Tokens of Infamy fixed upon them, as might diſtinguiſh thoſe Bodies which are given up by the Owners to Oblivion and Putrefaction, from thoſe which reſt in Hope, and ſhall riſe in Glory. But at the ſame Time that I am againſt doing them the Honour of the Notice of our Laws, which ought not to ſuppoſe there are ſuch Criminals in Being, I have often wondered, how they can be tolerated in any mixed Converſations, while they are venting theſe abſurd Opinions; and ſhould think, that if on any ſuch Occaſions, half a Dozen of the moſt robuſt Chriſtians in the Company would lead one of theſe Gentlemen to a Pump, or convey him into a Blanket, they would do very good Service both to Church and State. I do not know how the Laws ſtand in this Particular; but I hope, whatever Knocks, Bangs or Thumps, might be given with ſuch an honeſt Intention, would not be conſtrued

ſtrued as a Breach of the Peace. I dare ſay, they would not be returned by the Perſon who receives them; for whatever theſe Fools may ſay in the Vanity of their Hearts, they are too wiſe to riſque their Lives upon the Uncertainty of their Opinions.

When I was a young Man about this Town, I frequented the Ordinary of the *Black Horſe* in *Holbourn*, where the Perſon that uſually preſided at the Table was a rough old faſhioned Gentleman, who, according to the Cuſtoms of thoſe Times, had been the Major and Preacher of a Regiment. It happened one Day that a noiſy young Officer, bred in *France*, was venting ſome new-fangled Notions, and ſpeaking, in the Gaiety of his Humour, againſt the Diſpenſations of Providence. The Major at firſt only deſired him to talk more reſpectfully of one for whom all the Company had an Honour; but finding him run on in his Extravagance, began to reprimand him after a more ſerious Manner. Young Man, ſaid he, do not abuſe your Benefactor whilſt you are eating his Bread. Conſider whoſe Air you breathe, whoſe Preſence you are in, and who it is that gave you the Power of that very Speech which you make uſe of to his Dishonour. The young Fellow, who thought to turn Matters into a Jeſt, aſked him, if he was going to preach? But at the ſame Time deſired him to take Care what he ſaid when he ſpoke to a Man of Honour. A Man of Honour! ſays the Major; Thou art an Infidel and a Blaſphemer, and I ſhall uſe thee as ſuch. In ſhort, the Quarrel ran ſo high, that the Major was deſired to walk out. Upon their Coming into the Garden, the old Fellow adviſed his Antagoniſt to conſider the Place into which one Paſs might drive him; but finding him to grow upon him to a Degree of Scurrility, as believing the Advice proceeded from Fear; Sirrah, ſays he, if a Thunderbolt does not ſtrike thee dead before I come at thee, I ſhall not fail to chaſtiſe thee for thy Profaneneſs to thy Maker, and thy Sawcineſs to his Servant. Upon this he drew his Sword, and cried out with a loud Voice, *The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon*; which ſo terrified his Antagoniſt, that he was immediately diſarmed, and thrown upon his Knees. In this Poſture he begged his Life; but the Major refuſed

fuſed to grant it, before he had asked Pardon for his Offence in a ſhort extemporary Prayer which the old Gentleman dictated to him upon the Spot, and which his Proſelyte repeated after him in the Preſence of the whole Ordinary, that were now gathered about him in the Garden.

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 135.

It is uſual with Polemical Writers to object ill Deſigns to their Adverſaries. This turns their Argument into Satire, which inſtead of ſhewing an Error in the Underſtanding, tends only to expoſe the Morals of thoſe they write againſt. I ſhall not act after this manner with reſpect to the *Free-thinkers*. Virtue, and the Happineſs of Society, are the great Ends which all Men ought to promote, and ſome of that Sect would be thought to have at Heart above the reſt of Mankind. But ſuppoſing thoſe who make that Profeſſion to carry on a good Deſign in the Simplicity of their Hearts, and according to their beſt Knowledge, yet it is much to be feared, thoſe well-meaning Souls, while they endeavoured to recommend Virtue, have in reality been advancing the Intereſts of Vice, which as I take to proceed from their Ignorance of Human Nature, we may hope, when they become ſenſible of their Miſtake, they will, in conſequence of that beneficent Principle they pretend to act upon, reform their Practice for the future.

The Sages whom I have in my Eye ſpeak of Virtue as the moſt amiable Thing in the World; but at the ſame Time that they extol her Beauty, they take care to leſſen her Portion. Such innocent Creatures are they, and ſo great Strangers to the World, that they think this a likely Method to increaſe the Number of her Admirers.

Virtue has in herſelf the moſt engaging Charms; and Chriſtianity as it places her in the ſtrongeſt Light, and adorned with all her native Attractions, ſo it kindles a new Fire in the Soul, by adding to them the unutterable Rewards which attend her Votaries in an Eternal State. Or if there are Men of a Saturnine and heavy Complection, who are not eaſily lifted up by Hope,

Hope, there is the Proſpect of everlaſting Puniſhments to agitate their Souls, and frighten them into the Practice of Virtue and an Averſion from Vice.

Whereas your ſober *Free-thinkers* tell you, that Virtue indeed is beautiful, and Vice deformed; the former deſerves your Love, and the latter your Abhorrence; but then, it is for their own Sake, or on Account of the Good and Evil which immediately attend them, and are inſeparable from their reſpective Natures. As for the Immortality of the Soul, or Eternal Puniſhments and Rewards, thoſe are openly ridiculed, or rendered ſuſpicious by the moſt ſly and laboured Artifice.

I will not ſay, theſe Men act treacherouſly in the Cauſe of Virtue; but will any one deny, that they act fooliſhly, who pretend to advance the Intereſt of it by deſtroying or weakening the ſtrongeſt Motives to it, which are accommodated to all Capacities, and fitted to work on all Diſpoſitions, and enforcing thoſe alone which can affect only a generous and exalted Mind?

Surely *they* muſt be deſtitute of Paſſion themſelves, and unacquainted with the Force it hath on the Minds of others, who can imagine that the mere Beauty of Fortitude, Temperance, and Juſtice, is ſufficient to ſuſtain the Mind of Man in a ſevere Courſe of Self-denial againſt all the Temptations of preſent Profit and Senſuality.

It is my Opinion the *Free-thinkers* ſhould be treated as a Set of poor ignorant Creatures, that have not Senſe to diſcover the Excellency of Religion; it being evident thoſe Men are no Witches, nor likely to be guilty of any deep Deſign, who proclaim aloud to the World, that they have leſs Motives to Honeſty than the reſt of their Fellow-Subjects; who have all the Inducements to the Exerciſe of any Virtue which a *Free-thinker* can poſſibly have, and beſides the Expectation of never ending Happineſs or Miſery as the Conſequence of their Choice.

Are not Men actuated by their Paſſions, and are not Hope and Fear the moſt powerful of our Paſſions? and are there any Objects which can rouſe and awaken

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our Hopes and Fears, like thoſe Proſpects that warm and penetrate the Heart of a Chriſtian, but are not regarded by a *Free thinker?*

It is not only a clear Point, that a Chriſtian breaks through ſtronger Engagements whenever he ſurrenders himſelf to commit a criminal Action, and is ſtung with a ſharper Remorſe after it, than a *Free thinker*; but it ſhould even ſeem that a Man who believes no future State, would act a fooliſh Part in being thoroughly honeſt. For what Reaſon is there why ſuch a one ſhould poſtpone his own private Intereſt or Pleaſure to the doing his Duty? If a Chriſtian foregoes ſome preſent Advantage for the Sake of his Conſcience, he acts accountably, becauſe it is with a View of gaining ſome greater future Good. But he that, having no ſuch View, ſhould yet conſcientiouſly deny himſelf a preſent Good in any Incident where he may ſave Appearances, is altogether as ſtupid as he that would truſt him at ſuch a Juncture.

It will, perhaps, be ſaid, that Virtue is her own Reward, that a natural Gratification attends good Actions, which is alone ſufficient to excite Men to the Performance of them. But although there is nothing more lovely than Virtue, and the Practice of it is the ſureſt Way to ſolid, natural Happineſs, even in this Life; yet Titles, Eſtates, and fantaſtical Pleaſures, are more ardently ſought after by moſt Men, than the natural Gratifications of a reaſonable Mind; and it cannot be denied, that Virtue and Innocence are not always the readieſt Methods to attain that Sort of Happineſs. Beſides, the Fumes of Paſſion muſt be allayed, and Reaſon muſt burn brighter than ordinary, to enable Men to ſee and reliſh all the native Beauties and Delights of a virtuous Life. And though we ſhould grant our *Free-thinkers* to be a Set of refined Spirits, capable only of being enamoured of Virtue, yet what would become of the Bulk of Mankind who have groſs Underſtandings, but lively Senſes and ſtrong Paſſions? What a Deluge of Luſt, and Fraud, and Violence would in a little Time overflow the whole Nation, if theſe wiſe Advocates for Morality were univerſally hearkened to? Laſtly, Opportunities do ſometimes offer

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in which a Man may wickedly make his Fortune, or indulge a Pleaſure, without fear of Temporal Damage, either in Reputation, Health or Fortune. In ſuch Caſes what Reſtraint do they lie under who have no Regards beyond the Grave? the inward Compunctions of a wicked, as well as the Joys of an upright Mind, being grafted on the Senſe of another State.

The Thought, *that our Exiſtence terminates with this Life*, doth naturally check the Soul in any generous Purſuit, contract her Views, and fix them on temporary and ſelfiſh Ends. It dethrones the Reaſon, extinguiſhes all Noble and Heroick Sentiments, and ſubjects the Mind to the Slavery of every preſent Paſſion. The wiſe Heathens of Antiquity were not ignorant of this; hence they endeavoured by Fables and Conjectures, and the Glimmerings of Nature, to poſſeſs the Minds of Men with the Belief of a future State, which has been ſince brought to Light by the Goſpel, and is now moſt inconſiſtently decryed by a few weak Men, who would have us believe that they promote Virtue by turning Religion into Ridicule,

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 55.

FRIENDSHIP.

ONE would think that the larger the Company is in which we are engaged, the greater Variety of Thoughts and Subjects would be ſtarted in Diſcourſe; but inſtead of this, we find that Converſation is never ſo much ſtraitned and confined as in numerous Aſſemblies. When a Multitude meet together upon any Subject of Diſcourſe, their Debates are taken up chiefly with Forms and general Poſitions; nay, if we come into a more contracted Aſſembly of Men and Women, the Talk generally runs upon the Weather, Faſhions, News, and the like publick Topicks. In Proportion, as Converſation gets into Clubs and Knots of Friends, it deſcends into Particulars, and grows more free and communicative: But the moſt open, inſtructive, and unreſerved Diſcourſe, is that which paſſes between two Perſons who are familiar and intimate

Friends. On theſe Occaſions, a Man gives a Looſe to every Paſſion and every Thought that is uppermoſt, diſcovers his moſt retired Opinions of Perſons and Things, tries the Beauty and Strength of his Sentiments, and expoſes his whole Soul to the Examination of his Friend.

Tully was the firſt who obſerved, that Friendſhip improves Happineſs and abates Miſery, by the doubling of our Joy and dividing of our Grief; a Thought in which he hath been followed by all the Eſſayers upon Friendſhip, that have written ſince his Time. Sir *Francis Bacon* has finely deſcribed other Advantages, or, as he calls them, Fruits of Friendſhip; and indeed there is no Subject of Morality which has been better handled and more exhauſted than this. Among the ſeveral fine things which have been ſpoken of it, I ſhall beg leave to quote ſome out of a very ancient Author, whoſe Book would be regarded by our Modern Wits as one of the moſt ſhining Tracts of Morality that is extant, if it appeared under the Name of a *Confucius*, or of any celebrated *Grecian* Philoſopher: I mean the little Apocryphal Treatiſe entituled, *The Wiſdom of the Son of* Sirach. How finely has he deſcribed the Art of making Friends, by an obliging and affable Behaviour? And laid down that Precept which a late excellent Author has delivered as his own, 'That we ſhould 'have many Well-wiſhers, but few Friends.' *Sweet Language will multiply Friends; and a fair ſpeaking Tongue will increaſe kind Greetings. Be in Peace with many, nevertheleſs have but one Counſellor of a thouſand.* With what Prudence does he caution us in the Choice of our Friends? And with what Strokes of Nature (I could almoſt ſay of Humour) has he deſcribed the Behaviour of a treacherous and ſelf intereſted Friend? *If thou wouldſt get a Friend, prove him firſt, and be not haſty to credit him: For ſome Man is a Friend for his own Occaſion, and will not abide in the Day of thy Trouble. And there is a Friend, who being turned to Enmity and Strife, will diſcover thy Reproach.* Again, *Some Friend is a Companion at the Table, and will not continue in the Day of thy Affliction: But in thy Proſperity he will be as thyſelf, and will be bold over thy Servants. If thou be*

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brought low he will be againſt thee, and hide himſelf from thy Face. What can be more ſtrong and pointed than the following Verſe? *Separate thyſelf from thine Enemies, and take heed of thy Friends.* In the next Words he particularizes one of thoſe Fruits of Friendſhip which is deſcribed at length by the two famous Authors abovementioned, and falls into a general Elogium of Friendſhip, which is very juſt as well as very ſublime. *A faithful Friend is a ſtrong Defence; and he that hath found ſuch a one, hath found a Treaſure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful Friend, and his Excellency is unvaluable. A faithful Friend is the Medicine of Life; and they that fear the Lord ſhall find him. Whoſo feareth the Lord ſhall direct his Friendſhip aright; for as he is, ſo ſhall his Neighbour* (that is his Friend) *be alſo.* I do not remember to have met with any Saying that has pleaſed me more than that of a Friend's being the Medicine of Life, to expreſs the Efficacy of Friendſhip in healing the Pains and Anguiſh which naturally cleave to our Exiſtence in this World; and am wonderfully pleaſed with the Turn in the laſt Sentence, That a virtuous Man ſhall as a Bleſſing meet with a Friend who is as virtuous as himſelf. There is another Saying in the ſame Author, which would have been very much admired in an Heathen Writer; *Forſake not an old Friend, for the new is not comparable to him: A new Friend is as new Wine; when it is old thou ſhalt drink it with Pleaſure.* With what Strength of Alluſion, and Force of Thought, has he deſcribed the Breaches and Violations of Friendſhip? *Whoſo caſteth a Stone at the Birds frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his Friend, breaketh Friendſhip. Tho' thou draweſt a Sword at a Friend yet deſpair not, for there may be a returning to Favour: If thou haſt opened thy Mouth againſt thy Friend fear not, for there may be a Reconcilation; except for Upbraiding, or Pride, or diſcloſing of Secrets, or a treacherous Wound; for, for theſe things every Friend will depart.* We may obſerve in this and ſeveral other Precepts in this Author, thoſe little familiar Inſtances and Illuſtrations which are ſo much admired in the moral Writings of *Horace* and *Epictetus.* There are very beautiful Inſtances of this Nature in the following Paſſages, which are likewiſe written upon the ſame Sub-

ject: *Whoſo diſcovereth Secrets, loſeth his Credit, and ſhall never find a Friend to his Mind. Love thy Friend, and be faithful unto him; but if thou bewrayeſt his Secrets, follow no more after him: For as a Man hath deſtroyed his Enemy, ſo haſt thou loſt the Love of thy Friend; as one that letteth a Bird go out of his Hand, ſo haſt thou let thy Friend go, and ſhall not get him again: Follow after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a Roe eſcaped out of the Snare. As for a Wound it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be Reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth Secrets, is without Hope.*

Among the ſeveral Qualifications of a good Friend, this wiſe Man has very juſtly ſingled out Conſtancy and Faithfulneſs as the principal: To theſe, others have added Virtue, Knowledge, Diſcretion, Equality in Age and Fortune, and as *Cicero* calls it, *Morum Comitas*, a Pleaſantneſs of Temper. If I were to give my Opinion upon ſuch an exhauſted Subject, I ſhould join to theſe other Qualifications a certain Æquability or Evenneſs of Behaviour. A Man often contracts a Friendſhip with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a Year's Converſation; when on a ſudden ſome latent ill Humour breaks out upon him, which he never diſcovered or ſuſpected at his firſt entering into an Intimacy with him. There are ſeveral Perſons who in ſome certain Periods of their Lives are inexpreſſibly agreeable, and in others as odious and deteſtable. *Martial* has given us a very pretty Picture of one of this Species in the following Epigram:

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum poſſum vivere, nec ſine te. Epig. 47. l. 12.

In all thy Humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt ſuch a touchy, teſty, pleaſant Fellow;
Haſt ſo much Wit, and Mirth, and Spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a Man to be entangled in a Friendſhip with one, who by theſe Changes and Viciſſitudes of Humour is ſometimes amiable and ſometimes odious: And as moſt Men are at ſome Times in an admirable

mirable Frame and Diſpoſition of Mind, it ſhould be one of the greateſt Taſks of Wiſdom to keep ourſelves well when we are ſo, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable Part of our Character. C

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 68.

I intend the Paper for this Day as a looſe Eſſay upon *Friendſhip*, in which I ſhall throw my Obſervations together without any ſet Form, that I may avoid repeating what has been often ſaid on this Subject.

Friendſhip *is a ſtrong and habitual Inclination in two Perſons to promote the Good and Happineſs of one another.* Tho' the Pleaſures and Advantages of Friendſhip have been largely celebrated by the beſt moral Writers, and are conſidered by all as great Ingredients of human Happineſs, we very rarely meet with the Practice of this Virtue in the World.

Every Man is ready to give in a long Catalogue of thoſe Virtues and good Qualities he expects to find in the Perſon of a Friend, but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourſelves.

Love and Eſteem are the firſt Principles of Friendſhip, which always is imperfect where either of theſe two is wanting.

As, on the one hand, we are ſoon aſhamed of loving a Man whom we cannot eſteem; ſo, on the other, tho' we are truly ſenſible of a Man's Abilities, we can never raiſe ourſelves to the Warmths of Friendſhip, without an affectionate Good-will towards his Perſon.

Friendſhip immediately baniſhes Envy under all its Diſguiſes. A Man who can once doubt whether he ſhould rejoice in his Friend's being happier than himſelf, may depend upon it that he is an utter Stranger to this Virtue.

There is ſomething in Friendſhip ſo very great and noble, that in thoſe fictitious Stories which are invented to the Honour of any particular Perſon, the Authors have thought it as neceſſary to make their Hero a Friend as a Lover. *Achilles* has his *Patroclus*, and *Æneas* his *Achates*. In the firſt of theſe Inſtances we may obſerve, for the Reputation of the Subject I am treating

of, that *Greece* was almoſt ruin'd by the Hero's Love, but was preſerved by his Friendſhip.

The Character of *Achates* ſuggeſts to us an Obſervation we may often make on the Intimacies of great Men, who frequently chooſe their Companions rather for the Qualities of the Heart than thoſe of the Head, and prefer Fidelity in an eaſy inoffenſive complying Temper to thoſe Endowments which make a much greater Figure among Mankind. I do not remember that *Achates*, who is repreſented as the firſt Favourite, either gives his Advice, or ſtrikes a Blow thro' the whole *Æneid*.

A Friendſhip, which makes the leaſt Noiſe, is very often moſt uſeful; for which Reaſon I ſhould prefer a prudent Friend to a zealous one.

Atticus, one of the beſt Men of ancient *Rome*, was a very remarkable Inſtance of what I am here ſpeaking. This extraordinary Perſon, amidſt the Civil Wars of his Country, when he ſaw the Deſigns of all Parties equally tended to the Subverſion of Liberty, by conſtantly preſerving the Eſteem and Affection of both the Competitors, found Means to ſerve his Friends on either ſide: and while he ſent Money to young *Marius*, whoſe Father was declared an Enemy of the Commonwealth, he was himſelf one of *Sylla*'s chief Favourites, and always near that General.

During the War between *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, he ſtill maintained the ſame Conduct. After the Death of *Cæſar*, he ſent Money to *Brutus* in his Troubles, and and did a thouſand good Offices to *Antony*'s Wife and Friends when that Party ſeemed ruined. Laſtly, even in that bloody War between *Antony* and *Auguſtus*, *Atticus* ſtill kept his Place in both their Friendſhips; inſomuch that the firſt, ſays *Cornelius Nepos*, whenever he was abſent from *Rome* in any part of the Empire, writ punctually to him what he was doing, what he read, and whither he intended to go; and the latter gave him conſtantly an exact Account of all his Affairs.

A Likeneſs of Inclinations in every Particular is ſo far from being requiſite to form a Benevolence in two Minds towards each other, as it is generally imagined, that I believe we ſhall find ſome of the firmeſt Friend-

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ſhips to have been contracted between Perſons of different Humours; the Mind being often pleaſed with thoſe Perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own Accompliſhments. Beſides that a Man in ſome meaſure ſupplies his own Defects, and fancies himſelf at ſecond-hand poſſeſſed of thoſe good Qualities and Endowments, which are in the Poſſeſſion of him who in the Eye of the World is looked on as his *other ſelf*.

The moſt difficult Province in Friendſhip is the letting a Man ſee his Faults and Errors, which ſhould, if poſſible, be ſo contrived, that he may perceive our Advice is given him not ſo much to pleaſe ourſelves as for his own Advantage. The Reproaches therefore of a Friend ſhould always be ſtrictly juſt, and not too frequent.

The violent Deſire of pleaſing in the Perſon reproved, may otherwiſe change into a Deſpair of doing it, while he finds himſelf cenſur'd for Faults he is not conſcious of. A Mind that is ſoftened and humanized by Friendſhip, cannot bear frequent Reproaches; either it muſt quite ſink under the Oppreſſion, or abate conſiderably of the Value and Eſteem it had for him who beſtows them.

The proper Buſineſs of Friendſhip is to inſpire Life and Courage; and a Soul, thus ſupported, outdoes itſelf; whereas if it be unexpectedly deprived of theſe Succours, it droops and languiſhes.

We are in ſome meaſure more inexcuſable if we violate our Duties to a Friend, than to a Relation; ſince the former ariſe from a voluntary Choice, the latter from a Neceſſity to which we could not give our own Conſent.

As it has been ſaid on one ſide, that a Man ought not to break with a faulty Friend, that he may not expoſe the Weakneſs of his Choice; it will doubtleſs hold much ſtronger, with reſpect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided for having loſt ſo valuable a Treaſure which was once in his poſſeſſion. X

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 386.

FUTURE STATE.

THE Deſire of knowing future Events, is one of the ſtrongeſt Inclinations in the Mind of Man. Indeed an Ability of foreſeeing probable Accidents is what, in the Language of Men, is called Wiſdom and Prudence: But, not ſatisfied with the Light that Reaſon holds out, Mankind hath endeavoured to penetrate more compendiouſly into Futurity. Magick, Oracles, Omens, lucky Hours, and the various Arts of Superſtition owe their Riſe to this powerful Cauſe. As this Principle is founded in Self-Love, every Man is ſure to be ſolicitous in the firſt Place about his own Fortune, the Courſe of his Life, and the Time and Manner of his Death.

If we conſider that we are free Agents, we ſhall diſcover the Abſurdity of ſuch Enquiries. One of our Actions, which we might have performed or neglected, is the Cauſe of another that ſucceeds it, and ſo the whole Chain of Life is link'd together. Pain, Poverty, or Infamy, are the natural Product of vicious and imprudent Acts; as the contrary Bleſſings are of good ones; ſo that we cannot ſuppoſe our Lot to be determined without Impiety. A great Enhancement of Pleaſure ariſes from its being unexpected; and Pain is doubled by being foreſeen. Upon all theſe, and ſeveral other Accounts, we ought to reſt ſatisfied in this Portion beſtowed on us; to adore the Hand that hath fitted every Thing to our Nature, and hath not more diſplay'd his Goodneſs in our Knowledge than in our Ignorance.

It is not unworthy our Obſervation, that ſuperſtitious Enquiries into future Events prevail more or leſs, in proportion to the Improvement of Liberal Arts and uſeful Knowledge in the ſeveral Parts of the World. Accordingly we find, that magical Incantations remain in *Lapland*; in the more remote Parts of *Scotland* they have their Second-Sight, and ſeveral of our own Countrymen have ſeen abundance of Fairies. In *Aſia* this Credulity is ſtrong; and the greateſt Part of refined Learning there conſiſts in the Knowledge of Amulets, Taliſmans, occult Numbers, and the like.

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When I was at *Grand Cairo*, I fell into the Acquaintance of a good-natured Muſſelman, who promiſed me many good Offices, which he deſiged to do me when he became the Prime Miniſter, which was a Fortune beſtowed on his Imagination by a Doctor very deep in the curious Sciences. At his repeated Solicitations I went to learn my Deſtiny of this wonderful Sage. For a ſmall Sum I had his Promiſe, but was deſired to wait in a dark Apartment till he had run thro' the preparatory Ceremonies. Having a ſtrong Propenſity, even then, to Dreaming, I took a Nap upon the Sofa where I was placed, and had the following Viſion, the Particulars whereof I picked up the other Day among my Papers.

I found myſelf in an unbounded Plain, where methought the whole World, in ſeveral Habits and with different Tongues, was aſſembled. The Multitude glided ſwiftly along, and I found in myſelf a ſtrong Inclination to mingle in the Train. My Eyes quickly ſingled out ſome of the moſt ſplendid Figures. Several in rich Caftans and glittering Turbans buſtled through the Throng, and trampled over the Bodies of thoſe they threw down; till to my great Surpriſe I found that the great Pace they went only haſtened them to a Scaffold or a Bowſtring. Many beautiful Damſels on the other Side moved forward with great Gaiety; ſome danced till they fell all along; and others painted their Faces 'till they loſt their Noſes. A Tribe of Creatures with buſy Looks falling into a Fit of Laughter at the Misfortunes of the unhappy Ladies, I turn'd my Eyes upon them. They were each of them filling his Pockets with Gold and Jewels, and when there was no Room left for more, theſe Wretches looking round with Fear and Horror, pined away before my Face with Famine and Diſcontent.

This Proſpect of human Miſery ſtruck me dumb for ſome Minutes. Then it was that, to diſburden my Mind, I took Pen and Ink, and did every Thing that hath ſince happen'd under my Office of SPECTATOR. While I was employing myſelf for the Good of Mankind, I was ſurpriz'd to meet with very unſuitable Returns from my Fellow-Creatures. Never was poor Author ſo beſet with Pamphleteers, who ſometimes marched directly

againſt me, but often ſhot at me from ſtrong Bulwarks, or roſe up ſuddenly in Ambuſh. They were of all Characters and Capacities, ſome with Enſigns of Dignity, and others in Liveries; but what moſt ſurpriz'd me, was to ſee two or three in black Gowns among my Enemies. It was no ſmall Trouble to me, ſometimes to have a Man come up to me with an angry Face, and reproach me for having lampooned him, when I had never ſeen or heard of him in my Life. With the Ladies it was otherwiſe. Many became my Enemies for not being particularly pointed out; as there were others who reſented the Satire which they imagined I had directed againſt them. My great Comfort was in the Company of half a Dozen Friends, who, I found ſince, were the Club which I have ſo often mentioned in my Papers. I laughed often at Sir *Roger* in my Sleep, and was the more diverted with *Will Honeycomb*'s Gallantries, (when he afterwards became acquainted) becauſe I had foreſeen his Marriage with a Farmer's Daughter. The Regret which aroſe in my Mind upon the Death of my Companions, my Anxieties for the Publick, and the many Calamities ſtill fleeting before my Eyes, made me repent my Curioſity when the Magician entered the Room, and awakened me, by telling me (when it was too late) that he was juſt going to begin.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 604.

In Compaſſion to thoſe gloomy Mortals, who by their Unbelief are rendered incapable of feeling thoſe Impreſſions of Joy and Hope, which the Celebration of the late glorious Feſtival naturally leaves on the Mind of a Chriſtian, I ſhall in this Paper endeavour to evince that there are Grounds to expect a future State, without ſuppoſing in the Reader any Faith at all, not even the Belief of a Deity. Let the moſt ſtedfaſt Unbeliever open his Eyes, and take a Survey of the ſenſible World, and then ſay if there be not a Connexion, and Adjuſtment, and exact and conſtant Order diſcoverable in all the Parts of it. Whatever be the Cauſe, the thing itſelf is evident to all our Faculties. Look into the Animal Syſtem, the Paſſions, Senſes, and locomotive Powers;

Powers; is not the like Contrivance and Propriety obſervable in theſe two? Are they not fitted to certain Ends, and are they not by Nature directed to proper Objects.

Is it poſſible then that the ſmalleſt Bodies ſhould, by a Management ſuperior to the Wit of Man, be diſpoſed in the moſt excellent manner agreeable to their reſpective Natures; and yet the Spirits or Souls of Men be neglected, or managed by ſuch Rules as fall ſhort of Man's Underſtanding? Shall every other Paſſion be rightly placed by Nature, and ſhall that Appetite of Immortality, natural to all Mankind, be alone miſplaced, or deſigned to be fruſtrated? Shall the induſtrious Application of the inferior Animal Powers in the meaneſt Vocations be anſwered by the Ends we propoſe, and ſhall not the generous Efforts of a virtuous Mind be rewarded? In a word, Shall the Corporeal World be all Order and Harmony, the intellectual Diſcord and Confuſion? He who is Bigot enough to believe theſe things, muſt bid adieu to that natural Rule, of *Reaſoning from Analogy*; muſt run counter to that Maxim of common Senſe, *That Men ought to form their Judgments of things unexperienced from what they have experienced.*

If any thing looks like a Recompence of calamitous Virtue on this ſide the Grave, it is either an Aſſurance that thereby we obtain the Favour and Protection of Heaven, and ſhall, whatever befals us in this, in another Life meet with a juſt Return; or elſe that Applauſe and Reputation, which is thought to attend virtuous Actions. The former of theſe, our *Free thinkers*, out of their ſingular Wiſdom and Benevolence to Mankind, endeavour to eraſe from the Minds of Men. The latter can never be juſtly diſtributed in this Life, where ſo many ill actions are reputable, and ſo many good Actions diſeſteemed or miſinterpreted; where ſubtle Hypocriſy is placed in the moſt engaging Light, and modeſt Virtue lies concealed; where the Heart and the Soul are hid from the Eyes of Men, and the Eyes of Men are dimmed and vitiated. *Plato*'s Senſe in relation to this Point is contained in his *Gorgias*, where he introduces *Socrates* ſpeaking after this manner.

'It was in the Reign of *Saturn* provided by a Law, 'which the Gods have ſince continued down to this

'time, That they who had lived virtuouſly and piouſly 'upon Earth, ſhould after Death enjoy a Life full of 'Happineſs, in certain Iſlands appointed for the Habi'tation of the Bleſſed: But that ſuch as had lived 'wickedly ſhould go into the Receptacle of Damned 'Souls, named *Tartarus*, there to ſuffer the Puniſh'ments they deſerved. But in all the Reign of *Sa'turn*, and in the Beginning of the Reign of *Jove*, 'living Judges were appointed, by whom each Perſon 'was judged in his Life-time in the ſame Day on 'which he was to die. The Conſequence of which 'was, that they often paſſed wrong Judgments. *Pluto*, 'therefore, who preſided in *Tartarus*, and the Guar'dians of the Bleſſed Iſlands, finding that on the other 'Side many unfit Perſons were ſent to their reſpective 'Dominions, complained to *Jove*, who promiſed to 'redreſs the Evil. He added, the Reaſon of theſe un'juſt Proceedings are that Men are judged in the Body. 'Hence many conceal the Blemiſhes and Imperfecti'ons of their Minds by Beauty, Birth and Riches; not 'to mention, that at the time of Trial there are crowds 'of Witneſſes to atteſt their having lived well. Theſe 'things miſlead the Judges, who being themſelves alſo 'of the number of the Living, are ſurrounded each 'with his own Body, as with a Veil thrown over his 'Mind. For the future, therefore, it is my Intention 'that Men do not come on their Trial till after 'Death, when they ſhall appear before the Judge, diſ'robed of all their Corporeal Ornaments. The Judge 'himſelf too ſhall be a pure unveiled Spirit, beholding 'the very Soul, the naked Soul of the Party before 'him. With this View I have already conſtituted 'my Sons, *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*, Judges, who are 'Natives of *Aſia*; and *Æacus*, a Native of *Europe*. 'Theſe, after Death, ſhall hold their Court in a cer'tain Meadow, from which there are two Roads, lead'ing the one to *Tartarus*, the other to the Iſlands of '*the Bleſſed*."

From this, as from numberleſs other Paſſages of his Writings, may be ſeen *Plato*'s Opinion of a future State. A thing therefore in regard to us ſo comfortable, in itſelf ſo juſt and excellent, a thing ſo agreeable

to

to the Analogy of Nature, and ſo univerſally credited by all Orders and Ranks of Men, of all Nations and Ages, what is it that ſhould move a few Men to reject? Surely there muſt be ſomething of Prejudice in the caſe. I appeal to the ſecret Thoughts of a *Free-Thinker,* if he does not argue within himſelf after this Manner: The Senſes and Faculties I enjoy at preſent are viſibly deſigned to repair, or preſerve the Body from the Injuries it is liable to in its preſent Circumſtances. But in an Eternal State, where no Decays are to be repaired, no outward Injuries to be fenced againſt, where there are no Fleſh and Bones, Nerves or Blood-Veſſels, there will certainly be none of the Senſes; and that there ſhould be a State of Life without the Senſes is inconceivable.

But as this Manner of Reaſoning proceeds from a Poverty of Imagination, and Narrowneſs of Soul in thoſe that uſe it, I ſhall endeavour to remedy thoſe Defects, and open their Views, by laying before them a Caſe which, being naturally poſſible, may perhaps reconcile them to the belief of what is ſupernaturally revealed.

Let us ſuppoſe a Perſon blind and deaf from his Birth, who being grown to Man's Eſtate, is by the Dead Palſy, or ſome other Cauſe, deprived of his Feeling, Taſting, and Smelling, and at the ſame time has the Impediment of his Hearing removed, and the Film taken from his Eyes. What the five Senſes are to us, that the Touch, Taſte and Smell were to him. And any other ways of Perception of a more refined and extenſive Nature were to him as inconceivable, as to us thoſe are which will one Day be adapted to perceive thoſe things which *Eye hath not ſeen, nor Ear heard, neither hath it entered into the Heart of Man to conceive.* And it would be juſt as reaſonable in him to conclude, that the Loſs of thoſe three Senſes could not poſſibly be ſucceeded by any new Inlets of Perception; as in a Modern *Free-thinker* to imagine there can be no State of Life and Perception without the Senſes he enjoys at preſent. Let us further ſuppoſe the ſame Perſon's Eyes, at their firſt opening, to be ſtruck with a great Variety of the moſt gay and pleaſing Objects,

and

and his Ears with a melodious Concert of Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick: Behold him amazed, raviſhed, tranſported; and you have ſome diſtant Repreſentation, ſome faint and glimmering Idea of the ecſtatic State of the Soul in that Article in which ſhe emerges from this Sepulchre of Fleſh into Life and Immortality.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 27.

GAMING.

SIR,

'AS ſoon as you have ſet up your Unicorn, there 'is no Queſtion but the Ladies will make him 'puſh very furiouſly at the *Men*; for which Reaſon 'I think it is good to be before-hand with them, 'and make the Lion roar aloud at *Female* Irregularities. Among theſe, I wonder how their gaming 'has ſo long eſcaped your Notice. You who converſe with the ſober Family of the *Lizards*, are 'perhaps a Stanger to theſe Viragos; but what would 'you ſay, ſhould you ſee the *Sparkler* ſhaking her Elbow for a whole Night together, and thumping the 'Table with a Dice-Box? Or how would you like to 'hear the good Widow-Lady herſelf returning to 'her Houſe at Midnight, and alarming the whole 'Street with a moſt enormous Rap, after having ſat up 'till that Time at Crimp or Ombre? Sir, I am the Husband of one of theſe Female Gameſters, and a great 'Loſer by it both in my Reſt and my Pocket. As my 'Wife reads your Papers, one upon this Subject might 'be of Uſe both to her, and

Your humble Servant.

I ſhould ill deſerve the Name of *Guardian*, did I not caution all my fair Wards againſt a Practice which, when it runs to Exceſs, is the moſt ſhameful, but one, that the Female World can fall into. The ill Conſequences of it are more than can be contained in this Paper. However, that I may proceed in Method, I ſhall

ſhall conſider them, firſt, as they relate to the *Mind*. Secondly, as they relate to the *Body*.

Could we look into the Mind of a Female Gameſter, we ſhould ſee it full of nothing but *Trumps* and *Mattadores*. Her Slumbers are haunted with Kings, Queens, and Knaves. The Day lies heavy upon her 'till the Play-Seaſon returns, when for half a dozen Hours together all her Faculties are employed in Shuffling, Cutting, Dealing, and Sorting out a Pack of Cards, and no Ideas to be diſcovered in a Soul which calls itſelf rational, excepting little ſquare Figures of painted and ſpotted Paper. Was the Underſtanding, that Divine Part in our Compoſition, given for ſuch a Uſe? Is it thus that we improve the greateſt Talent Human Nature is endowed with? What would a ſuperior Being think, were he ſhewn this intellectual Faculty in a Female Gameſter, and at the ſame time told that it was by this ſhe was diſtinguiſhed from Brutes, and allied to Angels?

When our Women thus fill their Imagination with Pips and Counters, I cannot wonder at the Story I have lately heard of a new-born Child that was *marked* with the Five of Clubs.

Their *Paſſions* ſuffer no leſs by this Practice than their Underſtandings and Imaginations. What Hope and Fear, Joy and Anger, Sorrow and Diſcontent break out all at once in a fair Aſſembly upon ſo noble an Occaſion as that of turning up a Card? Who can conſider without a ſecret Indignation that all thoſe Affections of the Mind which ſhould be conſecrated to their Children, Husbands, and Parents, are thus vilely proſtituted and thrown away upon a Hand at Loo? For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I ſee a fine Woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from ſuch trivial Motives: When I behold the Face of an Angel agitated and diſcompoſed by the Heart of a Fury.

Our Minds are of ſuch a Make that they naturally give themſelves up to every Diverſion which they are much accuſtomed to, and we always find that Play, when followed with Aſſiduity, engroſſes the whole Woman. She quickly grows uneaſy in her own Family, takes

takes but little Pleaſure in all the domeſtic innocent Endearments of Life, and grows more fond of *Pam* than of her Husband. My Friend *Theophraſtus*, the beſt of Husbands and of Fathers, has often complained to me, with Tears in his Eyes, of the late Hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his Wife's Converſation. When ſhe returns to me with Joy in her Face, it does not ariſe, ſays he, from the Sight of her Husband, but from the good Luck ſhe has had at Cards. On the contrary, ſays he, if ſhe has been a Loſer I am doubly a Sufferer by it. She comes Home out of Humour, is angry with every Body, diſpleaſed with all I can do or ſay, and in Reality for no other Reaſon but becauſe ſhe has been throwing away my Eſtate. What charming Bedfellows and Companions for Life are Men likely to meet with that chooſe their Wives out of ſuch Women of Vogue and Faſhion? What a Race of Worthies, what Patriots, what Heroes muſt we expect from Mothers of this Make?

I come in the next Place to conſider the ill Conſequences which Gaming has on the *Bodies* of our Female Adventurers. It is ſo ordered that almoſt every Thing which corrupts the Soul decays the Body. The Beauties of the Face and Mind are generally deſtroyed by the ſame Means. This Conſideration ſhould have a particular Weight with the Female World, who were deſigned to pleaſe the Eye and attract the Regards of the other half of the Species. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine Face like the Vigils of the Card-Table, and thoſe cutting Paſſions which naturally attend them. Hollow Eyes, haggard Looks, and pale Complexions, are the natural Indications of a Female Gameſter. Her Morning Sleeps are not able to repair her Midnight Watchings. I have known a Woman carried off half dead from Baſſette, and have many a Time grieved to ſee a Perſon of Quality gliding by me in her Chair at Two o' Clock in the Morning, and looking like a Spectre amidſt a Glare of Flambeaux. In ſhort, I never knew a thorough-paced Female Gameſter hold her Beauty two Winters together.

But there is ſtill another Caſe in which the Body is more endangered than in the former. All Play-debts

muſt

muſt be paid in Specie, or by an Equivalent. The Man that plays beyond his Income pawns his Eſtate; the Woman muſt find out ſomething elſe to Mortgage when her Pin-money is gone: The Husband has his Lands to diſpoſe of, the Wife her Perſon. Now when the Female Body is once *Dipp'd*, if the Creditor be very importunate, I leave my Reader to conſider the Conſequences.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 120.

GENTLEMAN.

A Gentleman has writ to me out of the Country a very civil Letter, and ſaid Things which I ſuppreſs with great Violence to my Vanity. There are many Terms in my Narratives which he complains want explaining; and has therefore deſired, that, for the Benefit of my Country Readers, I would let him know what I mean by a *Gentleman*, a *Pretty Fellow*, a *Toaſt*, a *Coquet*, a *Critick*, a *Wit*, and other Appellations of thoſe now in the gayer World who are in Poſſeſſion of theſe ſeveral Characters; together with an Account of thoſe who unfortunately pretend to them. I ſhall begin with him we uſually call a *Gentleman*, or Man of Converſation.

It is generally thought, That Warmth of Imagination, quick Reliſh of Pleaſure, and a Manner of becoming it, are the moſt eſſential Qualities for forming this Sort of Man. But any one that is much in Company will obſerve, That the Height of good Breeding is ſhewn rather in never giving Offence, than in doing obliging Things. Thus he that never ſhocks you, though he is ſeldom entertaining, is more likely to keep your Favour, than he who often entertains, and ſometimes diſpleaſes you. The moſt neceſſary Talent therefore in a Man of Converſation, which we ordinarily intend by a fine Gentleman, is a good Judgment. He that has this Perfection, is Maſter of his Companion, without letting him ſee it; and has the ſame Advantage over Men of any other Qualifications whatſoever,

whatſoever, as one that can ſee would have over a blind Man of ten Times his Strength.

This is what makes *Sophronius* the Darling of all who converſe with him, and the moſt powerful with his Acquaintance of any Man in Town. By the Light of this Faculty he acts with great Eaſe and Freedom among the Men of Pleaſure, and acquits himſelf with Skill and Diſpatch among the Men of Buſineſs. All which he performs with ſuch Succeſs, that, with as much Diſcretion in Life as any Man ever had, he neither is, nor appears cunning. But if he does a good Office, as he ever does it with Readineſs and Alacrity, ſo he denies what he does not care to engage in, in a Manner that convinces you, that you ought not to have asked it. His Judgment is ſo good and unerring, and accompanied with ſo chearful a Spirit, that his Converſation is a continual Feaſt, at which he helps ſome, and is helped by others, in ſuch a Manner, that the Equality of Society is perfectly kept up, and every Man obliges as much as he is obliged: For it is the greateſt and juſteſt Skill in a Man of ſuperior Underſtanding, to know how to be on a Level with his Companions. This ſweet Diſpoſition runs through all the Actions of *Sophronius*, and makes his Company deſired by Women, without being envied by Men. *Sophronius* would be as juſt as he is, if there were no Law, and would be as diſcreet as he is, if there were no ſuch Thing as Calumny.

In Imitation of this agreeable Being, is made that Animal we call a *Pretty Fellow*; who being juſt able to find out, what makes *Sophronius* acceptable, is a natural Behaviour, in order to the ſame Reputation, makes his own an artificial One. *Jack Dimple* is his perfect Mimick whereby he is of Courſe the moſt unlike him of all Men living. *Sophronius* juſt now paſſed into the inner Room directly forward: *Jack* comes as faſt after as he can for the right and left Looking-Glaſs, in which he had but juſt approved himſelf by a Nod at each, and marched on. He will meditate within for half an Hour till he thinks he is not careleſs enough in his Air, and come back to the Mirror to recollect his Forgetfulneſs. TATLER, Vol. I. No. 21.

GOD.

GOD.

SIMONIDES being aſk'd by *Dionyſius* the Tyrant what God was, deſired a Day's time to conſider of it before he made his Reply. When the Day was expired, he deſired two Days; and afterwards, inſtead of returning his Anſwer, demanded ſtill double time to conſider of it. This great Poet and Philoſopher, the more he contemplated the Nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his Depth; and that he loſt himſelf in the Thought, inſtead of finding an End of it.

If we conſider the Idea which wiſe Men, by the Light of Reaſon, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to this; That he has in him all the Perfection of Spiritual Nature; and ſince we have no Notion of any kind of ſpiritual Perfections but what we diſcover in our own Souls, we join Infinitude to each kind of theſe Perfections, and what is a Faculty in an human Soul becomes an Attribute in God. *We* exiſt in Place and Time, the Divine Being fills the Immenſity of Space with his Preſence, and inhabits Eternity. *We* are poſſeſſed of a little Power and a little Knowledge, the Divine Being is Almighty and Omniſcient. In ſhort, by adding Infinity to any kind of Perfection we enjoy, and by joining all theſe different kinds of Perfections in one Being, we form our Idea of the great Sovereign of Nature.

Though every one who thinks muſt have made this Obſervation, I ſhall produce Mr. *Locke*'s Authority to the ſame purpoſe, out of his Eſſay on Human Underſtanding. 'If we examine the *Idea* we have of the incomprehenſible Supreme Being, we ſhall find, that we come by it the ſame way; and that the complex *Ideas* we have both of God and ſeparate Spirits, are made up of the ſimple *Ideas* we receive from *Reflection*, *e. g.* having from what we experiment in ourſelves, got the *Ideas* of Exiſtence and Duration, of Knowledge and Power, of Pleaſure and Happineſs, and of ſeveral other Qualities and Powers, which it is better to have than to be without; when we would frame an *Idea* the

'moſt

' moſt ſuitable we can to the Supreme Being, we enlarge
' every one of theſe with our *Idea* of Infinity; and ſo
' putting them together, make our Complex *Idea of God.*

It is not impoſſible that there may be many kinds of ſpiritual Perfection, beſides thoſe which are lodged in an human Soul; but it is impoſſible that we ſhould have Ideas of any kinds of Perfection, except thoſe of which we have ſome ſmall Rays and ſhort imperfect Strokes in ourſelves. It would be therefore a very high Preſumption to determine whether the Supreme Being has not many more Attributes than thoſe which enter into our Conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of Spiritual Perfection which is not marked out in an human Soul, it belongs in its Fulneſs to the Divine Nature.

Several eminent Philoſophers have imagined that the Soul, in her ſeparate State, may have new Faculties ſpringing up in her, which ſhe is not capable of exerting during her preſent Union with the Body; and whether theſe Faculties may not correſpond with other Attributes in the Divine Nature, and open to us hereafter new Matter of Wonder and Adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have ſaid before, we ought to acquieſce in, that the Sovereign Being, the great Author of Nature, has in him all poſſible Perfection, as well in *Kind* as in *Degree*; to ſpeak according to our Methods of conceiving. I ſhall only add under this Head, that when we have raiſed our Notion of this infinite Being as high as it is poſſible for the Mind of Man to go, it will fall infinitely ſhort of what he really is. *There is no End of his Greatneſs:* The moſt exalted Creature he has made, is only capable of adoring it, none but himſelf can comprehend it.

The Advice of the Son of *Sirach* is very juſt and ſublime in this Light. *By his Word all things conſiſt. We may ſpeak much, and yet come ſhort: Wherefore in ſum, he is all. How ſhall we be able to magnify him? For he is great above all his Works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous in his Power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can; for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your ſtrength, and be not weary; for you can never*

never go far enough. Who hath ſeen him, that he might tell us? And who can magnify him as he is? There are yet hid greater things than theſe be, for we have ſeen but a few of his Works.

I have here only conſidered the Supreme Being by the Light of Reaſon and Philoſophy. If we would ſee him in all the Wonders of his Mercy we muſt have recourſe to Revelation, which repreſents him to us, not only as infinitely Great and Glorious, but as infinitely Good and Juſt in his Diſpenſations towards Man. But as this is a Theory which falls under every one's Conſideration, tho' indeed it can never be ſufficiently conſidered, I ſhall here only take notice of that habitual Worſhip and Veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We ſhould often refreſh our Minds with the Thought of him, and annihilate ourſelves before him, in the Contemplation of our own Worthleſneſs, and of his tranſcendent Excellency and Perfection. This would imprint in our Minds ſuch a conſtant and uninterrupted Awe and Veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of inceſſant Prayer, and reaſonable Humiliation of the Soul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little Seeds of Pride, Vanity, and Self-conceit, which are apt to ſhoot up in the Minds of ſuch whoſe Thoughts turn more on thoſe comparative Advantages which they enjoy over ſome of their Fellow-Creatures, than on that infinite Diſtance which is placed between them and the Supreme Model of all Perfection. It would likewiſe quicken our Deſires and Endeavours of uniting ourſelves to him by all the Acts of Religion and Virtue.

Such an habitual Homage to the Supreme Being would, in a particular manner, baniſh from among us that prevailing Impiety of uſing his Name on the moſt trivial Occaſions.

I find the following paſſage in an excellent Sermon, preached at the Funeral of a Gentleman who was an Honour to his Country, and a more diligent as well as ſucceſsful Inquirer into the Works of Nature, than any other Nation has ever produced: 'He had the profoundeſt 'Veneration for the great God of Heaven and Earth

'that

'that I have ever obſerved in any Perſon. The very 'Name of God was never mentioned by him without a 'Pauſe, and a viſible Stop in his Diſcourſe; in which, 'one that knew him moſt particularly above twenty 'Years, has told me, that he was ſo exact, that he does 'not remember to have obſerved him once to fail in it.'

Every one knows the Veneration which was paid by the *Jews* to a Name ſo great, wonderful, and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious Diſcourſes. What can we then think of thoſe who make uſe of ſo tremendous a Name in the ordinary Expreſſions of their Anger, Mirth, and moſt impertinent Paſſions? Of thoſe who admit it into the moſt familiar Queſtions and Aſſertions, ludicrous Phraſes and Works of Humour? not to mention thoſe who violate it by ſolemn Perjuries? It would be an Affront to Reaſon to endeavour to ſet forth the Horror and Prophaneneſs of ſuch a Practice. The very mention of it expoſes it ſufficiently to thoſe in whom the Light of Nature, not to ſay Religion, is not utterly extinguiſhed. O

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 531.

SIR,

In your Paper of *Friday* the 9th Inſtant, you had Occaſion to conſider the Ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the ſame time, to ſhew, that as he is preſent to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the Modes and Parts of its Exiſtence; or, in other Words, that his Omniſcience and Omnipreſence are coexiſtent, and run together through the whole Infinitude of Space. This Conſideration might furniſh us with many Incentives to Devotion, and Motives to Morality; but as this Subject has been handled by ſeveral excellent Writers, I ſhall conſider it in a Light wherein I have not ſeen it placed by others.

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the Condition of an intellectual Being who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary Benefit or Advantage from this his Preſence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the Condition of an intellectual Being, who feels no other Effects from this his Preſence but ſuch as proceed from Divine Wrath and Indignation!

Thirdly,

Thirdly, How happy is the Condition of that intellectual Being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's Preſence from the ſecret Effects of his Mercy and Loving-kindneſs!

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the Condition of an intellectual Being, who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary Benefit or Advantage from this his Preſence! Every Particle of Matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which paſſes through it. The Heavens and the Earth, the Stars and Planets, move and gravitate by Virtue of this great Principle within them. All the dead Parts of Nature are invigorated by the Preſence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their reſpective Qualities. The ſeveral Inſtincts, in the brute Creation, do likewiſe operate and work towards the ſeveral Ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine Energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy Spirit, and is unattentive to his Preſence, receives none of thoſe Advantages from it, which are perfective of his Nature, and neceſſary to his Well-being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no Advantage to him. It is the ſame thing to a Man without Religion, as if there were no God in the World. It is indeed impoſſible for an infinite Being to remove himſelf from any of his Creatures; but tho' he cannot withdraw his Eſſence from us, which would argue an Imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the Joys and Conſolations of it. His Preſence may perhaps be neceſſary to ſupport us in our Exiſtence; but he may leave this our Exiſtence to itſelf, with regard to its Happineſs or Miſery. For, in this Senſe, he may caſt us away from his Preſence, and take his holy Spirit from us. This ſingle Conſideration one would think ſufficient to make us open our Hearts to all thoſe Infuſions of Joy and Gladneſs which are ſo near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; eſpecially when we conſider, *Secondly*, The deplorable Condition of an intellectual Being who feels no other Effects from his Maker's Preſence, but ſuch as proceed from Divine Wrath and Indignation!

We may aſſure ourſelves, that the great Author of Nature will not always be as one, who is indifferent to

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any of his Creatures. Thoſe who will not feel him in his Love, will be ſure at length to feel him in his Diſpleaſure. And how dreadful is the Condition of that Creature, who is only ſenſible of the Being of his Creator by what he ſuffers from him! He is as eſſentially preſent in Hell as in Heaven; but the Inhabitants of thoſe accurſed Places behold him only in his Wrath, and ſhrink within the Flames to conceal themſelves from him. It is not in the Power of Imagination to conceive the fearful Effects of Omnipotence incenſed.

But I ſhall only conſider the Wretchedneſs of an intellectual Being, who, in this Life, lies under the Diſpleaſure of him, that at all Times and in all Places is intimately united with him. He is able to diſquiet the Soul, and vex it in all its Faculties. He can hinder any of the greateſt Comforts of Life from refreſhing us, and give an Edge to every one of its ſlighteſt Calamities. Who then can bear the Thought of being an Out-caſt from his Preſence, that is, from the Comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its Terrors? How pathetick is that Expoſtulation of *Job*, when, for the Trial of his Patience, he was made to look upon himſelf in this deplorable Condition! *Why haſt thou ſet me as a Mark againſt thee, ſo that I am become a Burden to myſelf?* But *Thirdly*, how happy is the Condition of that intellectual Being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's Preſence from the ſecret Effects of his Mercy and Loving-kindneſs!

The Bleſſed in Heaven behold him Face to Face, that is, are as ſenſible of his Preſence as we are of the Preſence of any Perſon whom we look upon with our Eyes. There is doubtleſs a Faculty in Spirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our Senſes do material Objects; and there is no Queſtion but our Souls, when they are diſembodied, or placed in glorified Bodies, will by this Faculty, in whatever Part of Space they reſide, be always *ſenſible* of the Divine Preſence. We, who have this Veil of Fleſh ſtanding between us and the World of Spirits, muſt be content to know that the Spirit of God is preſent with us, by the Effects which he produceth in us. Our outward Senſes are too groſs to apprehend him; we may however taſte and ſee how gracious he is, by his Influence upon our Minds, by thoſe virtuous

Thoughts

Thoughts which he awakens in us, by thoſe ſecret Comforts and Refreſhments which he conveys into our Souls, and by thoſe raviſhing Joys and inward Satisfactions which are perpetually ſpringing up, and diffuſing themſelves among all the Thoughts of good Men. He is lodged in our very Eſſence, and is a Soul within the Soul to irradiate its Underſtanding, rectify its Will, purify its Paſſions, and enliven all the Powers of Man. How happy therefore is an intellectual Being, who, by Prayer and Meditation, by Virtue and good Works, opens this Communication between God and his own Soul! Though the whole Creation frowns upon him, and all Nature looks black about him, he has his Light and Support within him, that are able to cheer his Mind, and bear him up in the midſt of all thoſe Horrors which encompaſs him. He knows that his Helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing elſe can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midſt of Calumny or Contempt, he attends to that Being who whiſpers better things within his Soul, and whom he looks upon as his Defender, his Glory, and the Lifter-up of his Head. In his deepeſt Solitude and Retirements he knows that he is in Company with the greateſt of Beings; and perceives within himſelf ſuch real Senſations of his Preſence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the Converſation of his Creatures. Even in the Hour of Death, he conſiders the Pains of his Diſſolution to be nothing elſe but the breaking down of that Partition, which ſtands betwixt his Soul, and the Sight of that Being, who is always preſent with him, and is about to manifeſt itſelf to him in Fulneſs of Joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus ſenſible of our Maker's Preſence, from the ſecret Effects of his Mercy and Goodneſs, we muſt keep ſuch a Watch over all our Thoughts, that, in the Language of the Scripture, his Soul may have Pleaſure in us. We muſt take care not to grieve his holy Spirit, and endeavour to make the Meditations of our Hearts always acceptable in his Sight, that he may delight thus to reſide and dwell in us. The Light of Nature could direct *Seneca* to this Doctrine, in a very remarkable Paſſage among his Epiſtles; *Sacer*

ineſt in nobis Spiritus bonorum malorumque cuſtos, & obſervator, & quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita & ille nos. 'There is a holy Spirit reſiding in us, who watches 'and obſerves both good and evil Men, and will treat 'us after the ſame Manner that we treat him.' But I ſhall conclude this Diſcourſe with thoſe more emphatical Words in Divine Revelation, *If a Man love me, he will keep my Words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 571.

I had this Morning a very valuable and kind Preſent ſent me, of a tranſlated Work of a moſt excellent Foreign Writer, who makes a very conſiderable Figure in the Learned and Chriſtian World. It is entitled, *A Demonſtration of the Exiſtence, Wiſdom and Omnipotence of God*, drawn from the Knowledge of Nature, particularly of Man, and fitted to the meaneſt Capacity, by the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, Author of *Telemachus*, and Tranſlated from the *French* by the ſame Hand that *Engliſhed* that excellent Piece. This great Author, in the Writings which he has before produced, has manifeſted an Heart full of virtuous Sentiments, great Benevolence to Mankind, as well as a ſincere and fervent Piety towards his Creator. His Talents and Parts are a very great Good to the World, and it is a pleaſing Thing to behold the polite Arts ſubſervient to Religion, and recommending it from its natural Beauty. Looking over the Letters of my Correſpondents, I find one which celebrates this Treatiſe, and recommends it to my Readers.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'I think I have ſomewhere read, in the Writings of 'one whom I take to be a Friend of yours, a Say-'ing which ſtruck me very much, and as I remem-'ber it was to this Purpoſe: *The Exiſtence of a God 'is ſo far from being a Thing that wants to be prov-'ed, that I think it is the only Thing of which we are 'certain.* This is a ſprightly and juſt Expreſſion; 'however, I dare ſay, you will not be diſpleaſed that 'I put you in Mind of ſaying ſomething on the De-

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'monſtration of the Biſhop of *Cambray*. A Man of 'his Talents views all Things in a Light different 'from that in which ordinary Men ſee them, and the 'devout Diſpoſition of his Soul turns all thoſe Talents, 'to the Improvement of the Pleaſures of a good Life. 'His Stile clothes Philoſophy in a Dreſs almoſt Poe-'tick, and his Readers enjoy in full Perfection the Ad-'vantage, while they are reading him, of being what 'he is. The pleaſing Repreſentation of the Animal 'Powers in the beginning of his Work, and his Con-'ſideration of the Nature of Man with the Addition 'of Reaſon, in the ſubſequent Diſcourſe, impreſſes up-'on the Mind a ſtrong Satisfaction in itſelf, and Gra-'titude towards Him who beſtowed that Superiority 'over the Brute World. Theſe Thoughts had ſuch 'an Effect upon the Author himſelf, that he has end-'ed his Diſcourſe with a Prayer. This Adoration has 'a Sublimity in it, befitting his Character, and the 'Emotions of his Heart flow from Wiſdom and Know-'ledge. I thought it would be proper for a *Saturday*'s 'Paper, and have tranſlated it, to make you a Pre-'ſent of it. I have not, as the Tranſlator was oblig-'ed to do, confined myſelf to an exact Verſion from 'the Original, but have endeavoured to ſuppreſs the 'Spirit of it, by taking the Liberty to render his 'Thoughts in ſuch a way as I ſhould have uttered them 'if they had been my own. It has been obſerved, that 'the private Letters of great Men are the beſt Pictures 'of their Souls, but certainly their private Devotions 'would be ſtill more inſtructive, and I know not why 'they ſhould not be as curious and entertaining.

'If you inſert this Prayer, I know not but I may 'ſend you, for another Occaſion, one uſed by a very 'great Wit of the laſt Age, which has Alluſions to the 'Errors of a very wild Life, and I believe you will 'think is written with an uncommon Spirit. The 'Perſon whom I mean was an excellent Writer, and 'the Publication of this Prayer of his may be, perhaps, 'ſome kind of Antidote againſt the Infection in his 'other Writings. But this Supplication of the Biſhop 'has in it a more happy and untroubled Spirit; it is '(if that is not ſaying ſomething too fond) the Worſhip

'of an Angel concerned for thoſe who had fallen, but 'himſelf ſtill in the State of Glory and Innocence. The 'Book ends with an Act of Devotion, to this Effect:

'O my God, if the greater Number of Mankind 'do not diſcover Thee in that glorious Show of Na- 'ture which thou haſt placed before our Eyes, it is 'not becauſe Thou art far from every one of us; 'Thou art preſent to us more than any Object which 'we touch with our Hands; but our Senſes, and 'the Paſſions which they produce in us, turn our At- 'tention from Thee. Thy Light ſhines in the midſt 'of Darkneſs, but the Darkneſs comprehends it not. 'Thou, O Lord, doſt every where diſplay thyſelf. 'Thou ſhineſt in all thy Works, but art not regarded 'by heedleſs and unthinking Man. The whole Creation 'talks aloud of Thee, and echos with the Repetitions 'of thy Holy Name. But ſuch is our Inſenſibility, 'that we are deaf to the great and univerſal Voice of 'Nature. Thou art every where about us, and with- 'in us; but we wander from ourſelves, become Stran- 'gers to our own Souls, and do not apprehend thy 'Preſence. O thou who art the eternal Fountain of 'Light and Beauty, who art the Ancient of Days, 'without Beginning and without End; O Thou, who 'art the Life of all that truly live, thoſe can ne- 'ver fail to find Thee, who ſeek for Thee within them- 'ſelves. But alas, the very Gifts which Thou beſtoweſt 'upon us, do ſo employ our Thoughts, that they hinder 'us from perceiving the Hand which conveys them to us. 'We live by Thee, and yet we live without thinking on 'Thee, but O Lord, what is Life in the Ignorance of 'Thee? A dead unactive Piece of Matter, a Flower that 'withers, a River that glides away, a Palace that 'haſtens to its Ruin, a Picture made up of fading Co- 'lours, a Maſs of ſhining Ore, ſtrike our Imagina- 'tions, and make us ſenſible of their Exiſtence. We 'regard them as Objects capable of giving us Pleaſure, 'not conſidering that thou conveyeſt through them all 'the Pleaſure which we imagine they give us. Such 'vain empty Objects that are only the Shadows of 'Being, are proportioned to our low and groveling 'Thoughts. That Beauty which Thou haſt poured out

'on

'on thy Creation, is as a Veil which hides thee from
'our Eyes. As Thou art a Being too pure and exalted
'to paſs through our Senſes, Thou art not regarded by
'Men, who have debaſed their Nature, and have made
'themſelves like the Beaſts that periſh. So infatuated
'are they, that, notwithſtanding they know what is
'Wiſdom and Virtue, which have neither Sound, nor
'Colour, nor Smell, nor Taſte, nor Figure, nor any
'other ſenſible Quality, they can doubt of thy Exiſtence,
'becauſe thou art not apprehended by the groſſer Or-
'gans of Senſe. Wretches that we are! we conſider
'Shadows as Realities, and Truth as a Phantom. That
'which is Nothing is All to us, and that which is All
'appears to us Nothing. What do we ſee in all Nature
'but Thee, O my God! Thou, and only Thou, ap-
'peareſt in every thing. When I conſider Thee, O
'Lord, I am ſwallowed up and loſt in Contemplation of
'Thee. Every thing beſides Thee, even my own Ex-
'iſtence, vaniſhes and diſappears in the Contemplation
'of Thee. I am loſt to myſelf, and fall into nothing,
'when I think on Thee. The Man who does not ſee
'Thee, has beheld nothing; he who does not taſte Thee,
'has a Reliſh of nothing. His Being is vain, and his
'Life but a Dream. Set up Thyſelf, O Lord, ſet up
'Thyſelf that we may behold Thee. As Wax con-
'ſumes before the Fire, and as the Smoke is driven
'away, ſo let Thine Enemies vaniſh out of thy Preſence.
'How unhappy is that Soul who, without the Senſe of
'Thee, has no God, no Hope, no Comfort to ſupport
'him? but how happy the Man who ſearches, ſighs
'and thirſts after Thee! But he only is fully happy on
'whom Thou liſteſt up the Light of thy Countenance,
'whoſe Tears Thou haſt wiped away, and who enjoys
'in Thy Loving-kindneſs the Completion of all his
'Deſires. How long, how long, O Lord, ſhall I wait
'for that Day, when I ſhall poſſeſs, in thy Preſence,
'Fulneſs of Joy and Pleaſures for evermore? O my
'God, in this pleaſing Hope, my Bones rejoyce and cry
'out, Who is like unto Thee! My Heart melts away,
'and my Soul faints within me, when I look up to
'Thee who art the God of my Life, and my Portion
'to all Eternity. GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 69.

I will make no Apology for preferring this Letter, and the Extract following, to any thing elſe which I could poſſibly inſert.

SIR, *Cambridge, May* 31.

'You having been pleaſed to take notice of what you 'conceived excellent in ſome of our *Engliſh* Divines, I 'have here preſumed to ſend a Specimen, which, if I 'am not miſtaken, may, for Acuteneſs of Judgment, 'Ornament of Speech, and true Sublime, compare with 'any of the choiceſt Writings of the Ancient Fathers 'or Doctors of the Church, who lived neareſt to the 'Apoſtles Times. The Subject is no leſs than that of 'God himſelf; and the Deſign, beſides doing ſome 'Honour to our own Nation, is to ſhew, by a freſh Ex'ample, to what a Height and Strength of Thought a 'Perſon, who appears not to be by Nature endued with 'the quickeſt Parts, may arrive through a ſincere and 'ſteady Practice of the Chriſtian Religion, I mean, as 'taught and adminiſtred in the Church of *England:* 'Which will, at the ſame time, prove that the Force 'of Spiritual Aſſiſtance is not at all abated by length of 'Time, or the Iniquity of Mankind; but that if Men 'were not wanting to themſelves, and (as our excellent 'Author ſpeaks) could but be perſuaded to conform to 'our Church's Rules, they might ſtill live as the primi'tive Chriſtians did, and come ſhort of none of thoſe 'eminent Saints for Virtue and Holineſs. The Author 'from whom this Collection is made, is Biſhop *Beve'ridge,* Vol. 2. Serm. I. *Philotheus.*

In treating upon that Paſſage in the Book of *Exodus,* where *Moſes* being ordered to lead the Children of *Iſrael* out of *Egypt,* he aſked God what Name he ſhould mention Him by to that People, in order to diſpoſe them to obey Him; and GOD anſwered, *I Am that I Am*; and bade him tell them, *I Am hath ſent me unto you:* The admirable Author thus diſcourſes; 'GOD having been 'pleaſed to reveal himſelf to us under this Name or 'Title, *I Am that I Am,* He thereby ſuggeſts to us, 'that he would not have us apprehend of Him, as of 'any particular or limited Being, but as *a Being in gene-*

'*ral,*

'*ral*, or *the Being of all Beings*; who giveth *Being* to, 'and therefore exerciſeth Authority over all things in 'the World. He did not anſwer *Moſes*, I am the Great, 'the Living, the True, the Everlaſting God; he did not 'ſay, I am the Almighty Creator, Preſerver and Gover-'nor of the whole World, but *I Am that I Am:* Inti-'mating, that if *Moſes* deſired ſuch a Name of God as 'might fully deſcribe his Nature as in itſelf, that is a 'thing impoſſible, there being no Words to be found in 'any Language, whereby to expreſs the Glory of an 'infinite Being, eſpecially ſo as that finite Creatures 'ſhould be able fully to conceive it. Yet, however, in 'theſe Words He is pleaſed to acquaint us what kind of 'Thoughts he would have us entertain of him: Inſo-'much, that could we but rightly apprehend what is 'couch'd under and intended by them, we ſhould doubt-'leſs have as high and true Conceptions of God as it is 'poſſible for Creatures to have.—— The Anſwer given ſuggeſts farther to us theſe following Notions of the moſt High God. 'Firſt, that he is *one Being*, exiſting '*in and of himſelf:* His *Unity* is implied in that he ſaith 'I; his *Exiſtence* in that he ſaith, *I Am*; his *Exiſtence* '*in and of Himſelf*, in that he ſaith, *I Am that I Am*, 'that is, *I am in and of myſelf*, not receiving any thing 'from, nor depending upon any other——The ſame 'Expreſſion implies, that as *GOD is only One*, ſo that 'He is *a moſt pure and ſimple Being*; for here, we ſee, 'He admits nothing into the Manifeſtation of Himſelf 'but *pure Eſſence*, ſaying, *I Am that I Am*, that is, *Be-'ing itſelf*, without any Mixture, or Compoſition. And 'therefore we muſt not conceive of *GOD*, as made up 'of ſeveral Parts, or Faculties, or Ingredients, but only 'as *One*, who *is that He is*, and whatſoever *is in Him* 'is *Himſelf*: And although we read of ſeveral Properties 'attributed to him in Scripture, as *Wiſdom*, *Goodneſs*, '*Juſtice*, &c. we muſt not apprehend them to be ſeveral 'Powers, Habits or Qualities, as they are in us; for as 'they are in *GOD*, they are neither diſtinguiſhed from 'one another, nor from his *Nature* or *Eſſence*, in whom 'they are ſaid to be. In whom, I ſay, they are ſaid to 'be: For to ſpeak properly, they are not *in Him*, but 'are his *very Eſſence, or Nature itſelf*; which acting

' ſeverally upon ſeveral Objects, ſeems to us to act from ' ſeveral Properties or Perfections in Him; whereas all ' the Difference is only in our different Apprehenſions ' of the ſame thing. *GOD* in himſelf is a *moſt ſimple* ' *and pure Act*, and therefore cannot have any thing in ' Him but what is that *moſt ſimple and pure Act itſelf*; ' which ſeeing it bringeth upon every Creature what it ' deſerves, we conceive of it as of ſeveral Divine Per- ' fections in the ſame Almighty Being. Whereas *GOD*, ' whoſe Underſtanding is infinite as Himſelf, doth not ' apprehend himſelf under the diſtinct Notions of *Wiſ-* ' *dom*, or *Goodneſs*, or *Juſtice*, or the like, but only as ' *Jehovah*: And therefore, in this place, he doth not ' ſay, *I am Wiſe*, or *Juſt*, or *Good*, but ſimply, *I Am* ' *that I Am*.

Having thus offered at ſomething towards the Explication of the firſt of theſe Myſterious Sayings in the Anſwer *GOD* made to *Moſes*, when he deſigned to encourage him to lead his People out of *Egypt*, he proceeds to conſider the other, whereby *GOD* calls himſelf abſolutely *I AM*. Concerning which he takes notice, ' That though *I AM* be commonly a Verb of the firſt ' Perſon, yet it is here uſed as a Noun Subſtantive, or ' proper Name, and is the Nominative Caſe to another ' Verb of the third Perſon in theſe Words, *I Am hath* ' *ſent me unto you*. A ſtrange Expreſſion! But when ' *GOD* ſpeaks of himſelf, He cannot be confined to ' Grammar Rules, being infinitely above and beyond ' the reach of all Languages in the World. And there- ' fore it is no Wonder that when he would reveal Him- ' ſelf, He goes out of our common way of ſpeaking one ' to another, and expreſſeth Himſelf in a way peculiar ' to Himſelf, and ſuch as is ſuitable and proper to his ' own Nature and Glory.

' Hence therefore, as when He ſpeaks of *Himſelf* and ' his own *eternal Eſſence*, He ſaith, *I Am that I Am*; ' ſo when he ſpeaks of *Himſelf*, with Reference to his ' Creatures, and eſpecially to his People, He ſaith, *I* ' *Am*. He doth not ſay *I am their Light, their Life,* ' *their Guide, their Strength, or Tower*, but only *I Am:* ' He ſets as it were his Hand to a Blank, that his Peo- ' ple may write under it what they pleaſe that is good

' for

'for them. As if He ſhould ſay, *Are they weak? I* 'am *Strength. Are they poor? I am Riches. Are they* 'in *Trouble? I am Comfort. Are they ſick? I am Health.* 'Are *they dying? I am Life. Have they nothing? I am* 'all *Things.* I am *Wiſdom and Power,* I am *Juſtice* 'and *Mercy,* I am *Grace and Goodneſs,* I am *Glory,* 'Beauty, *Holineſs, Eminency, Supereminency, Perfection,* 'All-*ſufficiency, Eternity, Jehovah, I Am. Whatſoever is* 'ſuitable *to their Nature, or convenient for them in their* 'ſeveral *Conditions, that I Am: Whatſoever is amiable* 'in *itſelf, or deſireable unto them, that I Am: Whatſo-* 'ever *is pure and holy, whatſoever is great or pleaſant,* 'whatſoever *is good or needful to make Men happy, that I* 'Am. So that, in ſhort, *GOD* here repreſents himſelf 'unto us as an *Univerſal Good,* and leaves us to make 'the Application of it to ourſelves, according to our 'ſeveral Wants, Capacities and Deſires, by ſaying only 'in general, *I Am.*

Again, Pag. 27. he thus diſcourſes; 'There is more 'ſolid Joy and Comfort, more real Delight and Satis-'faction of Mind, in one ſingle Thought of *GOD,* 'rightly formed, than all the Riches, and Honours, and 'Pleaſures of this World, put them all together, are 'able to afford——— Let us then call in for all our 'ſcattered Thoughts from all things here below, and 'raiſe them up, and unite them all to the moſt High '*GOD*; apprehending Him under the Idea, Image, or 'Likeneſs of any thing elſe, but as infinitely greater, 'and higher, and better than all Things; as One exiſt-'ing *in* and *of Himſelf,* and giving Eſſence and Exiſtence 'to all things in the World beſides Himſelf; as One ſo '*Pure* and *Simple* that there is nothing in *Him* but *Him-'ſelf,* but *Eſſence* and *Being itſelf*; as One ſo *Infinite* 'and *Omnipotent,* that whereſoever any thing elſe is in 'the whole World, there *He* is, and beyond the World, 'where nothing elſe is, there all things are, becauſe *He* 'is there; as One ſo *Wiſe,* ſo *Knowing,* ſo *Omniſcient,* 'that He at this very Moment, and always, ſees what 'all the Angels are doing in Heaven; what all the 'Fowls are doing in the Air; what all the Fiſhes are 'doing in the Waters; what all the Devils are doing 'in Hell; what all the Men and Beaſts, and the very

'Inſects, are doing upon Earth; as One ſo *Powerful* 'and *Omnipotent*, that He can do whatſoever he will, 'only by Willing it ſhould be done; as One ſo *Great*, 'ſo *Good*, ſo *Glorious*, ſo *Immutable*, ſo *Tranſcendent*, ſo '*Infinite*, ſo *Incomprehenſible*, ſo *Eternal*, what ſhall I ſay? 'ſo *Jehovah*, that the more we think of Him, the 'more we admire Him, the more we adore Him, the 'more we love him, the more we may, and ought; our 'higheſt Conceptions of Him being as much beneath 'Him, as our greateſt Services come ſhort of what we 'owe Him.

'Seeing therefore we cannot think of God ſo highly 'as He is, let us think of Him as highly as we can: 'And for that end let us get above ourſelves, and above 'the World, and raiſe up our Thoughts higher, and 'higher, and higher ſtill, and when we have got them 'up as high as poſſibly we can, let us apprehend *a Being* 'infinitely higher than the higheſt of them; and then 'finding ourſelves at a loſs, amazed, confounded at ſuch 'an infinite height of infinite Perfections, let us fall 'down in humble and hearty Deſires to be freed from 'thoſe dark Priſons wherein we are now immured, that 'we may take our Flight into Eternity, and there (thro' 'the Merits of our ever-bleſſed Saviour) ſee this infinite 'Being *Face to Face*, and enjoy Him for ever.'

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 74.

GOOD-HUMOUR.

A Man advanced in Years that thinks fit to look back upon his former Life, and calls that only Life which was paſſed with Satisfaction and Enjoyment, excluding all Parts which were not pleaſant to him, will find himſelf very young, if not in his Infancy. Sickneſs, Ill-humour, and Idleneſs, will have robbed him of a great Share of that Space we ordinarily call our Life. It is therefore the Duty of every Man that would be true to himſelf, to obtain, if poſſible, a Diſpoſition to be pleaſed, and place himſelf in a conſtant Aptitude for the Satisfactions of his Being. Inſtead of this, you hardly ſee a Man who is not uneaſy in Proportion to his Advancement in the Arts of Life. An affected Delicacy is the

the common Improvement we meet with in thoſe who pretend to be refined above others: They do not aim at true Pleaſure themſelves, but turn their Thoughts upon obſerving the falſe Pleaſures of other Men. Such People are Valetudinarians in Society, and they ſhould no more come into Company than a ſick Man ſhould come into the Air: If a Man is too weak to bear what is a Refreſhment to Men in Health, he muſt ſtill keep his Chamber. When any one in Sir ROGER'S Company complains he is out of Order, he immediately calls for ſome Poſſet-drink for him; for which reaſon that ſort of People who are ever bewailing their Conſtitution in other Places are the chearfulleſt imaginable when he is preſent.

It is a wonderful thing that ſo many, and they not reckoned abſurd, ſhall entertain thoſe with whom they converſe by giving them the Hiſtory of their Pains and Aches; and imagine ſuch Narrations their Quota of the Converſation. This is of all other the meaneſt Help to Diſcourſe, and a Man muſt not think at all, or think himſelf very inſignificant, when he finds an Account of his Head-ach anſwer'd by another aſking what News in the laſt Mail? Mutual Good-humour is a Dreſs we ought to appear in wherever we meet, and we ſhould make no mention of what concerns ourſelves, without it be of Matters wherein our Friends ought to rejoyce: But indeed there are Crowds of People who put themſelves in no Method of pleaſing themſelves or others; ſuch are thoſe whom we uſually call indolent Perſons. Indolence is, methinks, an intermediate State between Pleaſure and Pain, and very much unbecoming any Part of our Life after we are out of the Nurſe's Arms. Such an Averſion to Labour creates a conſtant Wearineſs, and one would think ſhould make Exiſtence itſelf a Burden. The indolent Man deſcends from the Dignity of his Nature, and makes that Being which was Rational merely Vegetative: His Life conſiſts only in the mere Increaſe and Decay of a Body, which, with Relation to the reſt of the World, might as well have been uninformed, as the Habitation of a reaſonable Mind.

Of this kind is the Life of that extraordinary Couple *Harry Terſett* and his Lady. *Harry* was in the Days of his Celibacy one of thoſe pert Creatures who have much

Vivacity and little Underſtanding; Mrs. *Rebecca Quickly*, whom he married, had all that the Fire of Youth and a lively Manner could do towards making an agreeable Woman. Theſe two People of ſeeming Merit fell into each others Arms; and Paſſion being ſated, and no Reaſon or Good-Senſe in either to ſucceed it, their Life is now at a ſtand; their Meals are inſipid, and their Time tedious; their Fortune has placed them above Care, and their Loſs of Taſte reduced them below Diverſion. When we talk of theſe as Inſtances of Inexiſtence, we do not mean, that in order to live it is neceſſary we ſhould always be in jovial Crews, or crowned with Chaplets of Roſes, as the merry Fellows among the Ancients are deſcribed; but it is intended by conſidering theſe Contraries to Pleaſure, Indolence, and too much Delicacy, to ſhew that it is Prudence to preſerve a Diſpoſition in ourſelves to receive a certain Delight in all we hear and ſee.

This portable Quality of Good-humour ſeaſons all the Parts and Occurrences we meet with, in ſuch a manner, that there are no Moments loſt; but they all paſs with ſo much Satisfaction, that the heavieſt of Loads (when it is a Load) that of Time, is never felt by us. *Varilas* has this Quality to the higheſt Perfection, and communicates it wherever he appears: The Sad, the Merry, the Severe, the Melancholy, ſhew a new Chearfulneſs when he comes amongſt them. At the ſame time no one can repeat any thing that *Varilas* has ever ſaid that deſerves Repetition; but the Man has that innate Goodneſs of Temper, that he is welcome to every Body, becauſe every Man thinks he is ſo to him. He does not ſeem to contribute any thing to the Mirth of the Company; and yet upon Reflexion you find it all happened by his being there. I thought it was whimſically ſaid of a Gentleman, That if *Varilas* had Wit, it would be the beſt Wit in the World. It is certain, when a well-corrected lively Imagination and Good-breeding are added to a ſweet Diſpoſition, they qualify it to be one of the greateſt Bleſſings, as well as Pleaſures of Life.

Men would come into Company with ten times the Pleaſure they do, if they were ſure of hearing nothing which ſhould ſhock them, as well as expected what would

would pleaſe them. When we know every Perſon that is ſpoken of is repreſented by one who has no Ill-will, and every thing that is mentioned deſcribed by one that is apt to ſet it in the beſt Light, the Entertainment muſt be delicate, becauſe the Cook has nothing brought to his Hand but what is the moſt excellent in its Kind. Beautiful Pictures are the Entertainments of pure Minds, and Deformities of the corrupted. It is a Degree towards the Life of Angels, when we enjoy Converſation wherein there is nothing preſented but in its Excellence; and a Degree towards that of Dæmons, wherein nothing is ſhewn but in its Degeneracy.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 100.

GOOD-NATURE.

MAN is ſubject to innumerable Pains and Sorrows by the very Condition of Humanity, and yet, as if Nature had not ſown Evils enough in Life, we are continually adding Grief to Grief, and aggravating the common Calamity by our cruel Treatment of one another. Every Man's natural Weight of Afflictions is ſtill made more heavy by the Envy, Malice, Treachery, or Injuſtice of his Neighbour. At the ſame time that the Storm beats upon the whole Species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the Miſery of human Life might be extinguiſhed, would Men alleviate the general Curſe they lie under, by mutual Offices of Compaſſion, Benevolence and Humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in ourſelves and others, than that Diſpoſition of Mind which in our Language goes under the Title of Good-nature, and which I ſhall chooſe for the Subject of this Day's Speculation.

Good-nature is more agreeable in Converſation than Wit, and gives a certain Air to the Countenance which is more amiable than Beauty. It ſhows Virtue in the faireſt Light, takes off in ſome Meaſure from the Deformity of Vice, and makes even Folly and Impertinence ſupportable.

There is no Society or Converſation to be kept up in the World without Good-nature, or ſomething which muſt

muſt bear its Appearance, and ſupply its Place. For this Reaſon Mankind have been forced to invent a kind of Artificial Humanity, which is what we expreſs by the Word *Good-Breeding*. For if we examine thoroughly the Idea of what we call ſo, we ſhall find it to be nothing elſe but an Imitation and Mimickry of Good-nature, or, in other Terms, Affability, Complaiſance, and Eaſineſs of Temper reduced into an Art.

Theſe exterior Shows and Appearances of Humanity render a Man wonderfully popular and beloved when they are founded upon a real Good-nature; but without it are like Hypocriſy in Religion, or a bare Form of Holineſs, which, when it is diſcovered, makes a Man more deteſtable than profeſſed Impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us: Health, Proſperity and kind Treatment from the World are great Cheriſhers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of itſelf. It is one of the Bleſſings of a happy Conſtitution, which Education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon in the Life of his Imaginary Prince, whom he deſcribes as a Pattern for Real ones, is always celebrating the *Philanthropy* or Good-nature of his Hero, which he tells us he brought into the World with him, and gives many remarkable Inſtances of it in his Childhood, as well as in all the ſeveral Parts of his Life. Nay, on his Death-bed, he deſcribes him as being pleaſed, that while his Soul returned to him who made it, his Body ſhou'd incorporate with the great Mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to Mankind. For which Reaſon, he gives his Sons a poſitive Order not to enſhrine it in Gold or Silver, but to lay it in the Earth as ſoon as the Life was gone out of it.

An Inſtance of ſuch an Overflowing of Humanity, ſuch an exuberant Love to Mankind, could not have entered into the Imagination of a Writer, who had not a Soul filled with great Ideas, and a general Benevolence to Mankind.

In that celebrated Paſſage of *Salluſt*, where *Cæſar* and *Cato* are placed in ſuch beautiful, but oppoſite Lights; *Cæſar*'s Character is chiefly made up of Good-nature,

as it ſhewed itſelf in all its Forms towards his Friends or his Enemies, his Servants or Dependents, the Guilty or the Diſtreſſed. As for *Cato*'s Character, it is rather awful than amiable. Juſtice ſeems moſt agreeable to the Nature of God, and Mercy to that of a Man.

A Being who has nothing to pardon in himſelf, may reward every Man according to his Works; but he whoſe very beſt Actions muſt be ſeen with Grains of Allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate and forgiving. For this reaſon, among all the monſtrous Characters in human Nature, there is none ſo odious, nor indeed ſo exquiſitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid ſevere Temper in a Worthleſs Man.

This Part of Good-nature, however, which conſiſts in the pardoning and overlooking of Faults, is to be exerciſed only in doing ourſelves Juſtice, and that too in the ordinary Commerce and Occurrences of Life; for in the publick Adminiſtrations of Juſtice, Mercy to one may be Cruelty to others.

It is grown almoſt into a Maxim, that Good-natured Men are not always Men of the moſt Wit. This Obſervation, in my Opinion, has no Foundation in Nature. The greateſt Wits I have converſed with are Men eminent for their Humanity. I take therefore this Remark to have been occaſioned by two Reaſons. Firſt, Becauſe Ill-nature among ordinary Obſervers paſſes for Wit. A ſpiteful Saying gratifies ſo many little Paſſions in thoſe who hear it, that it generally meets with a good Reception. The Laugh riſes upon it, and the Man who utters it is looked upon as a ſhrewd Satiriſt. This may be one Reaſon, why a great many pleaſant Companions appear ſo ſupriſingly dull, when they have endeavoured to be merry in Print; the Publick being more juſt than private Clubs or Aſſemblies, in diſtinguiſhing between what is Wit and what is Ill-nature.

Another Reaſon why the Good-natured Man may ſometimes bring his Wit in Queſtion, is, perhaps, becauſe he is apt to be moved with Compaſſion for thoſe Misfortunes or Infirmities, which another would turn into Ridicule, and by that means gain the Reputation of a Wit. The Ill-natured Man, though but of equal Parts, gives himſelf a larger Field to expatiate in; he

expoſes

expoſes thoſe Failings in Human Nature which the other would caſt a Veil over, laughs at Vices which the other either excuſes or conceals, gives utterance to Reflexions which the other ſtifles, falls indifferently upon Friends or Enemies, expoſes the Perſon who has obliged him, and, in ſhort, ſticks at nothing that may eſtabliſh his Character of a Wit. It is no Wonder therefore he ſucceeds in it better than the Man of Humanity, as a Perſon who makes uſe of indirect Methods is more likely to grow Rich than the fair Trader. L.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 169.

In one of my laſt Week's Papers I treated of Good-nature, as it is the Effect of Conſtitution; I ſhall now ſpeak of it as it is a Moral Virtue. The firſt may make a Man eaſy in himſelf, and agreeable to others, but implies no Merit in him that is poſſeſſed of it. A Man is no more to be praiſed upon this Account, than becauſe he has a regular Pulſe or a good Digeſtion. This Good-nature however in the Conſtitution, which Mr. *Dryden* ſomewhere calls a *Milkineſs of Blood*, is an admirable Ground-work for the other. In order therefore to try our Good-nature, whether it ariſes from the Body or the Mind, whether it be founded in the Animal or Rational Part of our Nature; in a Word, whether it be ſuch as is entitled to any other Reward, beſides that ſecret Satisfaction and Contentment of Mind which is eſſential to it, and the kind Reception it procures us in the World, we muſt examine it by the following Rules.

Firſt, whether it acts with Steadineſs and Uniformity in Sickneſs and in Health, in Proſperity and in Adverſity; if otherwiſe, it is to be looked upon as nothing elſe but an Irradiation of the Mind from ſome new Supply of Spirits, or a more kindly Circulation of the Blood. Sir *Francis Bacon* mentions a cunning Soliciter, who would never aſk a Favour of a great Man before Dinner; but took care to prefer his Petition at a Time when the Party petitioned had his Mind free from Care, and his Appetites in good Humour. Such a tranſient temporary Good-nature as this, is not that *Philanthropy*, that Love of Mankind, which deſerves the Title of a Moral Virtue.

The

The next way of a Man's bringing his Good-nature to the Teſt, is, to conſider whether it operates according to the Rules of Reaſon and Duty: For if, notwithſtanding its general Benevolence to Mankind, it makes no Diſtinction between its Objects, if it exerts itſelf promiſcuouſly towards the Deſerving and Undeſerving, if it relieves alike the Idle and the Indigent, if it gives itſelf up to the firſt Petitioner, and lights upon any one rather by Accident than Choice, it may paſs for an amiable Inſtinct, but muſt not aſſume the Name of a Moral Virtue.

The third Trial of Good-nature will be, the examining ourſelves, whether or no we are able to exert it to our own Diſadvantage, and employ it on proper Objects, notwithſtanding any little Pain, Want or Inconvenience which may ariſe to ourſelves from it: In a Word, whether we are willing to riſk any Part of our Fortune, our Reputation, or Health, or Eaſe, for the Benefit of Mankind. Among all theſe Expreſſions of Good-nature, I ſhall ſingle out that which goes under the general Name of Charity, as it conſiſts in relieving the Indigent; that being a Trial of this Kind which offers itſelf to us almoſt at all Times, and in every Place.

I ſhould propoſe it as a Rule to every one who is provided with any Competency of Fortune more than ſufficient for the Neceſſaries of Life, to lay aſide a certain Proportion of his Income for the Uſe of the Poor. This I would look upon as an Offering to him who has a Right to the whole, for the Uſe of thoſe whom, in the Paſſage hereafter mentioned, he has deſcribed as his own Repreſentatives upon Earth. At the ſame time we ſhould manage our Charity with ſuch Prudence and Caution, that we may not hurt our own Friends or Relations, whilſt we are doing Good to thoſe who are Strangers to us.

This may poſſibly be explained better by an Example than by a Rule.

Eugenius is a Man of an univerſal Good-nature, and generous beyond the Extent of his Fortune; but withal ſo prudent, in the Oeconomy of his Affairs, that what goes out in Charity is made up by good Management.

Eugenius

Eugenius has what the World calls Two hundred Pounds a Year; but never values himſelf above Nineſcore, as not thinking he has a Right to the tenth Part, which he always appropriates to charitable Uſes. To this Sum he frequently makes other voluntary Additions, inſomuch that in a good Year, for ſuch he accounts thoſe in which he has been able to make greater Bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that Sum to the Sickly and Indigent. *Eugenius* preſcribes to himſelf many particular Days of Faſting and Abſtinence, in order to increaſe his private Bank of Charity, and ſets aſide what would be the current Expences of thoſe Times for the Uſe of the Poor. He often goes a-foot where his Buſineſs calls him, and at the End of his Walk has given a Shilling, which in his ordinary Methods of Expence would have gone for Coach-hire, to the firſt Neceſſitous Perſon that has fallen in his Way. I have known him, when he has been going to a Play or an Opera, divert the Money which was deſigned for that Purpoſe, upon an Object of Charity whom he has met with in the Street; and afterwards paſs his Evening in a Coffee-houſe, or at a Friend's Fire-Side, with much greater Satisfaction to himſelf than he could have received from the moſt exquiſite Entertainments of the Theatre. By theſe means he is generous, without impoveriſhing himſelf, and enjoys his Eſtate by making it the Property of others.

There are few Men ſo cramped in their private Affairs, who may not be charitable after this Manner, without any Diſadvantage to themſelves, or Prejudice to their Families. It is but ſometimes ſacraficing a Diverſion or Convenience to the Poor, and turning the uſual Courſe of our Expences into a better Channel. This is, I think, not only the moſt prudent and convenient, but the moſt meritorious Piece of Charity, which we can put in practice. By this Method we in ſome meaſure ſhare the Neceſſities of the Poor at the ſame time that we relieve them, and make ourſelves not only their Patrons, but their Fellow-ſufferers.

Sir *Thomas Brown*, in the laſt Part of his *Religio Medici*, in which he deſcribes his Charity in ſeveral Heroick Inſtances, and with a noble Heat of Sentiments, mentions that Verſe in the Proverbs of *Solomon*, *He that giveth*

giveth to the Poor, lendeth to the Lord: 'There is more 'Rhetorick in that one Sentence, ſays he, than in a Li-'brary of Sermons; and indeed if thoſe Sentences were 'underſtood by the Reader, with the ſame Emphaſis 'as they are delivered by the Author, we needed not 'thoſe Volumes of Inſtructions, but might be honeſt by 'an Epitome.'

This Paſſage in Scripture is indeed wonderfully perſuaſive; but I think the ſame Thought is carried much farther in the New Teſtament, where our Saviour tells us in a moſt pathetick Manner, that he ſhall hereafter regard the Clothing of the Naked, the Feeding of the Hungry, and the Viſiting of the Impriſoned, as Offices done to himſelf, and reward them accordingly. Purſuant to thoſe Paſſages in Holy Scripture, I have ſomewhere met with the Epitaph of a charitable Man, which has very much pleaſed me. I cannot recollect the Words, but the Senſe of it is to this Purpoſe; What I ſpent I loſt; what I poſſeſſed is left to others; what I gave away remains with me.

Since I am thus inſenſibly engaged in Sacred Writ, I cannot forbear making an Extract of ſeveral Paſſages which I have always read with great Delight in the Book of *Job*. It is the Account which that holy Man gives of his Behaviour in the Days of his Proſperity, and if conſidered only as a human Compoſition, is a finer Picture of a charitable and good-natured Man than is to be met with in any other Author.

Oh that I were as in Months paſt, as in the Days when God preſerved me: when his Candle ſhined upon my Head, and when by his light I walked through darkneſs: When the Almighty was yet with me: when my Children were about me: When I waſhed my Steps with butter, and the rock poured out rivers of Oil.

When the Ear heard me, then it bleſſed me; and when the Eye ſaw me, it gave witneſs to me. Becauſe I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherleſs, and him that had none to help him. The bleſſing of him that was ready to periſh came upon me, and I cauſed the Widow's Heart to ſing for joy. I was Eyes to the blind, and Feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor, and the cauſe which I knew not I ſearched out. Did not I weep for him

him that was in trouble? was not my Soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine Integrity. If I did deſpiſe the cauſe of my man-ſervant or of my maid-ſervant when they contended with me, What then ſhall I do when God riſeth up? and when he viſiteth, what ſhall I anſwer him? Did not he that made me in the womb, make him? and did not one faſhion us in the womb? If I have withheld the Poor from their deſire, or have cauſed the eyes of the Widow to fail, or have eaten my morſel myſelf alone, and the fatherleſs hath not eaten thereof: If I have ſeen any periſh for want of clothing, or any poor without covering: If his loins have not bleſſed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my ſheep: If I have lift up my hand againſt the fatherleſs, when I ſaw my Help in the gate; then let mine arm fall from my ſhoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone. If I have rejoiced at the deſtruction of him that hated me, or lift up myſelf when evil found him: (Neither have I ſuffered my mouth to ſin, by wiſhing a curſe to his ſoul.) The ſtranger did not lodge in the ſtreet; but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry againſt me, or that the furrows likewiſe thereof complain: If I have eaten the Fruits thereof without money, or have cauſed the Owners thereof to loſe their life; let thiſtles grow inſtead of wheat, and cockle inſtead of barley. L

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 177.

GOSPELS.

DR. *Tillotſon*, in his Diſcourſe concerning the *Danger of all known Sin, both from the Light of Nature and Revelation*, after having given us the Deſcription of the Laſt Day out of Holy Writ, has this remarkable Paſſage.

'I appeal to any Man, whether this be not a Repre-'ſentation of things very proper and ſuitable to *that* 'Great Day, wherein he who made the World ſhall 'come to judge it? And whether the Wit of Man 'ever deviſed any thing ſo awful, and ſo agreeable to 'the Majeſty of God, and the ſolemn Judgment of the

'whole

'whole World? The Deſcription which *Virgil* makes 'of the *Elyſian Fields*, and the *Infernal Regions*, how 'infinitely do they fall ſhort of the Majeſty of the 'Holy Scripture, and the Deſcription there made of '*Heaven* and *Hell*, and of *the Great and Terrible Day* '*of the Lord!* So that in Compariſon they are childiſh 'and trifling; and yet perhaps he had the moſt re-'gular and moſt govern'd Imagination of any Man 'that ever lived, and obſerved the greateſt Decorum 'in his Characters and Deſcriptions. But who can 'declare *the great things of God*, but *he to whom God* '*ſhall reveal them?*

This Obſervation was worthy a moſt Polite Man, and ought to be of Authority with all who are ſuch, ſo far as to examine whether he ſpoke that as a Man of a juſt Taſte and Judgment, or advanced it merely for the Service of his Doctrine as a Clergyman.

I am very confident whoever reads the Goſpels, with an Heart as much prepared in Favour of them as when he ſits down to *Virgil* or *Homer*, will find no Paſſage there which is not told with more natural Force than any Epiſode in either of thoſe Wits, which were the Chief of mere Mankind.

The laſt thing I read was the xxivth Chapter of St. *Luke*, which gives an Account of the Manner in which our Bleſſed Saviour, after his Reſurrection, joined with two Diſciples on the Way to *Emmaus*, as an ordinary Traveller, and took the Privilege as ſuch to inquire of them what occaſioned a Sadneſs he obſerved in their Countenances; or whether it was from any publick Cauſe? Their Wonder that any Man ſo near *Jeruſalem* ſhould be a Stranger to what had paſſed there; their Acknowledgment to one they met accidentally that they had believed in this Prophet; and that now, the Third Day after his Death, they were in Doubt as to their pleaſing Hope which occaſioned the Heavineſs he took notice of, are all repreſented in a Stile which Men of Letters call *the Great and Noble Simplicity*. The Attention of the Diſciples when he expounded the Scriptures concerning himſelf, his offering to take his Leave of them, their Fondneſs of his Stay, and the Manifeſtation of the great Gueſt whom they had entertained

while

while he was yet at Meat with them, are all Incidents which wonderfully pleaſe the Imagination of a Chriſtian Reader, and give to him ſomething of that Touch of Mind which the Brethren felt, when they ſaid one to another, *Did not our Hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the Way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?*

I am very far from pretending to treat theſe Matters as they deſerve; but I hope thoſe Gentlemen who are qualified for it, and called to it, will forgive me, and conſider that I ſpeak as a mere Secular Man, impartially conſidering the Effect which the Sacred Writings will have upon the Soul of an intelligent Reader; and it is ſome Argument, that a thing is the immediate Work of God, when it ſo infinitely tranſcends all the Labours of Man. When I look upon *Raphael*'s Picture of our Saviour appearing to his Diſciples after his Reſurrection, I cannot but think the juſt Diſpoſition of that Piece has in it the Force of many Volumes on the Subject: The Evangeliſts are eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by a paſſionate Zeal and Love which the Painter has thrown in their Faces; the Huddle Group of thoſe who ſtand moſt diſtant are admirable Repreſentations of Men abaſhed with their late Unbelief and Hardneſs of Heart. And ſuch Endeavours as this of *Raphael*, and of all Men not called to the Altar, are Collateral Helps not to be deſpiſed by the Miniſters of the Goſpel.

'Tis with this View that I preſume upon Subjects of this Kind, and Men may take up this Paper, and be catched by an Admonition under the Diſguiſe of a Diverſion.

All the Arts and Sciences ought to be employed in one Confederacy againſt the prevailing Torrent of Vice and Impiety; and it will be no ſmall Step in the Progreſs of Religion, if it is as evident as it ought to be, that he wants the beſt Taſte and beſt Senſe a Man can have, who is cold to the *Beauty of Holineſs*.

As for my part, when I have happened to attend the Corps of a Friend to his Interment, and have ſeen a graceful Man at the Entrance of a Church-yard, who became the Dignity of his Function, and aſſumed an Authority which is natural to Truth, pronounce *I am the*

the Reſurrection and the Life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet ſhall he live; and whoſoever liveth and believeth in me ſhall never die: I ſay, upon ſuch an Occaſion, the Retroſpect upon paſt Actions between the Deceaſed whom I followed and myſelf, together with the many little Circumſtances that ſtrike upon the Soul, and alternately give Grief and Conſolation, have vaniſhed like a Dream; and I have been relieved as by a Voice from Heaven, when the Solemnity has proceeded, and after a long Pauſe I again heard the Servant of God utter, *I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he ſhall ſtand at the latter Day upon the Earth; and though Worms deſtroy this Body, yet in my Fleſh ſhall I ſee God, whom I ſhall ſee for myſelf, and my Eyes ſhall behold, and not another.* How have I been raiſed above this World and all its Regards, and how well prepared to receive the next Sentence which the holy Man has ſpoken, *We brought nothing into this World, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, bleſſed be the Name of the Lord?*

There are I know Men of heavy Temper without Genius, who can read theſe Expreſſions of Scripture with as much Indifference as they do the reſt of theſe looſe Papers: However I will not deſpair but to bring Men of Wit into a Love and Admiration of Sacred Writings; and, as old as I am, I promiſe myſelf to ſee the Day when it ſhall be as much in Faſhion among Men of Politeneſs to admire a Rapture of St. *Paul*, as any fine Expreſſion in *Virgil* or *Horace*; and to ſee a well-dreſſed young Man produce an Evangeliſt out of his Pocket, and be no more out of Countenance than if it were a Claſſick printed by *Elzevir*.

It is a Gratitude that ought to be paid to Providence by Men of diſtinguiſhed Faculties, to praiſe and adore the Author of their Being with a Spirit ſuitable to thoſe Faculties, and rouſe ſlower Men by their Words, Actions, and Writings to a Participation of their Tranſports and Thankſgivings.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 22.

GOVERN-

GOVERNMENT.

I Look upon it as a peculiar Happineſs, that were I to chooſe of what Religion I would be, and under what Government I would live, I ſhould moſt certainly give the Preference to that Form of Religion and Government which is eſtabliſhed in my own Country. In this Point I think I am determined by Reaſon and Conviction; but if I ſhall be told that I am acted by Prejudice, I am ſure it is an honeſt Prejudice, it is a Prejudice that ariſes from the Love of my Country, and therefore ſuch an one as I will always indulge. I have in ſeveral Papers endeavoured to expreſs my Duty and Eſteem for the Church of *England*, and deſign this as an Eſſay upon the Civil Part of our Conſtitution, having often entertained myſelf with Reflexions on this Subject, which I have not met with in other Writers.

That Form of Government appears to me the moſt reaſonable, which is moſt conformable to the Equality that we find in human Nature, provided it be conſiſtent with publick Peace and Tranquility. This is what may properly be called Liberty, which exempts one Man from Subjection to another ſo far as the Order and Oeconomy of Government will permit.

Liberty ſhould reach every Individual of a People, as they all ſhare one common Nature; if it only ſpreads among particular Branches, there had better be none at all, ſince ſuch a Liberty only aggravates the Misfortune of thoſe who are depriv'd of it, by ſetting before them a diſagreeable Subject of Compariſon.

This Liberty is beſt preſerved where the Legiſlative Power is lodged in ſeveral Perſons, eſpecially if thoſe Perſons are of different Ranks and Intereſts; for where they are of the ſame Rank, and conſequently have an Intereſt to manage peculiar to that Rank, it differs but little from a Deſpotical Government in a ſingle Perſon. But the greateſt Security a People can have for their Liberty, is when the Legiſlative Power is in the Hands of Perſons ſo happily diſtinguiſhed, that by providing for the particular Intereſts of their ſeveral Ranks, they are pro-

providing for the whole Body of the People; or, in other Words, when there is no Part of the People that has not a common Intereſt with at leaſt one Part of the Legiſlators.

If there be but one Body of Legiſlators, it is no better than a Tyranny; if there are only two, there will want a caſting Voice, and one of them muſt at length be ſwallowed up by Diſputes and Contentions that will neceſſarily ariſe between them. Four would have the ſame Inconvenience as two, and a greater Number would cauſe too much Confuſion. I could never read a Paſſage in *Polybius*, and another in *Cicero*, to this Purpoſe, without a ſecret Pleaſure in applying it to the *Engliſh* Conſtitution, which it ſuits much better than the *Roman*. Both theſe great Authors give the Preeminence to a mixt Government, conſiſting of three Branches, the Regal, the Noble, and the Popular. They had doubtleſs in their Thoughts the Conſtitution of the *Roman* Commonwealth, in which the Conſul repreſented the King, the Senate the Nobles, and the Tribunes the People. This Diviſion of the three Powers in the *Roman* Conſtitution was by no means ſo diſtinct and natural, as it is in the *Engliſh* Form of Government. Among ſeveral Objections that might be made to it, I think the chief are thoſe that affect the Conſular Power, which had only the Ornaments without the Force of the Regal Authority. Their Number had not a caſting Voice in it; for which Reaſon, if one did not chance to be employed Abroad, while the other ſat at Home, the Publick Buſineſs was ſometimes at a Stand, while the Conſuls pulled two different Ways in it. Beſides, I do not find that the Conſuls had ever a Negative Voice in the paſſing of a Law, or Decree of Senate, ſo that indeed they were rather the chief Body of the Nobility, or the firſt Miniſters of State, than a diſtinct Branch of the Sovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as a Part, who are not a Part of the Legiſlature. Had the Conſuls been inveſted with the Regal Authority to as great a Degree as our Monarchs, there would never have been any Occaſions for a Dictatorſhip, which had in it the Power of all the three Orders, and ended in the Subverſion of the whole Conſtitution.

Such an Hiſtory as that of *Suetonius*, which gives us a Succeſſion of Abſolute Princes, is to me an unanſwerable Argument againſt Deſpotick Power. Where the Prince is a Man of Wiſdom and Virtue, it is indeed happy for his People that he is abſolute; but ſince in the common Run of Mankind, for one that is Wiſe and Good you find ten of a contrary Character, it is very dangerous for a Nation to ſtand to its Chance, or to have its publick Happineſs or Miſery depend on the Virtues or Vices of a ſingle Perſon. Look into the Hiſtory I have mentioned, or into any Series of Abſolute Princes, how many Tyrants muſt you read through, before you come to an Emperor that is ſupportable. But this is not all; an honeſt private Man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an abſolute Prince. Give a Man Power of doing what he pleaſes with Impunity, you extinguiſh his Fear, and conſequently overturn in him one of the great Pillars of Morality. This too we find confirmed by Matter of Fact. How many hopeful Heirs apparent to grand Empires, when in the Poſſeſſion of them, have become ſuch Monſters of Luſt and Cruelty as are a Reproach to Human Nature.

Some tell us we ought to make our Governments on Earth like that in Heaven, which, ſay they, is altogether Monarchical and Unlimited. Was Man like his Creator in Goodneſs and Juſtice, I ſhould be for following this great Model; but where Goodneſs and Juſtice are not eſſential to the Ruler, I would by no means put myſelf into his Hands to be diſpoſed of according to his particular Will and Pleaſure.

It is odd to conſider the Connexion between Deſpotic Government and Barbarity, and how the making of one Perſon more than Man, makes the reſt leſs. About nine Parts of the World in ten are in the loweſt State of Slavery, and conſequently ſunk in the moſt groſs and brutal Ignorance. *European* Slavery is indeed a State of Liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other three Diviſions of the World; and therefore it is no Wonder that thoſe who grovel under it have many Tracks of Light among them, of which the whole are deſtitute.

Riches

Riches and Plenty are the natural Fruits of Liberty, and where theſe abound, Learning and all the Liberal Arts will immediately lift up their Heads and flouriſh. As a Man muſt have no ſlaviſh Fears and Apprehenſions hanging upon his Mind, who will indulge the Flights of Fancy or Speculation, and puſh his Reſearches into all the abſtruſe Corners of Truth, ſo it is neceſſary for him to have about him a Competency of all the Conveniencies of Life.

The firſt thing every one looks after, is to provide himſelf with Neceſſaries. This Point will engroſs our Thoughts 'till it be ſatisfied. If this is taken care of to our Hands, we look out for Pleaſures and Amuſements; and among a great Number of idle People, there will be many whoſe Pleaſures will lie in Reading and Contemplation. Theſe are the two great Sources of Knowledge, and as Men grow wiſe they naturally love to communicate their Diſcoveries; and others ſeeing the Happineſs of ſuch a Learned Life, and improving by their Converſation, emulate, imitate, and ſurpaſs one another, till a Nation is filled with Races of wiſe and underſtanding Perſons. Eaſe and Plenty are therefore the great Cheriſhers of Knowledge; and as moſt of the Deſpotic Governments of the World have neither of them, they are naturally over-run with Ignorance and Barbarity. In *Europe*, indeed, notwithſtanding ſeveral of its Princes are abſolute, there are Men famous for Knowledge and Learning, but the Reaſon is becauſe the Subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the Prince not thinking fit to exert himſelf in his full Tyranny like the Princes of the Eaſtern Nations, leſt his Subjects ſhould be invited to new-mould their Conſtitution, having ſo many Proſpects of Liberty within their View. But in all Deſpotic Governments, tho' a particular Prince may favour Arts and Letters, there is a natural Degeneracy of Mankind, as you may obſerve from *Auguſtus*'s Reign, how the *Romans* loſt themſelves by Degrees 'till they fell to an Equality with the moſt barbarous Nations that ſurrounded them. Look upon *Greece* under its free States, and you would think its Inhabitants lived in diff rent Climates, and under different Heavens, from thoſe at preſent; ſo different are the

Genius's which are formed under *Turkiſh* Slavery, and *Grecian* Liberty.

Beſides Poverty and Want, there are other Reaſons that debaſe the Minds of Men, who live under Slavery, though I look on this as the Principal. This natural Tendency of Deſpotic Power to Ignorance and Barbarity, tho' not inſiſted on by others, is, I think, an unanſwerable Argument againſt that Form of Government, as it ſhews how repugnant it is to the Good of Mankind, and the Perfection of human Nature, which ought to be the great Ends of all Civil Inſtitutions. L

GRATITUDE.

THERE is not a more pleaſing Exercíſe of the Mind than Gratitude. It is accompanied with ſuch an inward Satisfaction, that the Duty is ſufficiently rewarded by the Performance It is not like the Practice of many other Virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with ſo much Pleaſure, that were there no poſitive Command which injoin'd it, nor any Recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous Mind would indulge in it, for the natural Gratification that accompanies it.

If Gratitude is due from Man to Man, how much more from Man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us thoſe Bounties which proceed more immediately from his Hand, but even thoſe Benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every Bleſſing we enjoy, by what Means ſoever it may be derived upon us, is the Gift of him who is the great Author of Good, and Father of Mercies.

If Gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleaſing Senſation in the Mind of a grateful Man; it exalts the Soul into Rapture, when it is employed on this great Object of Gratitude; on this Beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already poſſeſs, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Moſt of the Works of the Pagan Poets were either direct Hymns to their Deities, or tended directly to the Celebration of their reſpective Attributes and Perfections. Thoſe

Thoſe who are acquainted with the Works of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets which are ſtill extant, will upon Reflexion find this Obſervation ſo true, that I ſhall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Chriſtian Poets have not turned their Thoughts this way, eſpecially if we conſider, that our Idea of the Supreme Being is not only infinitely more Great and Noble than what could poſſibly enter into the Heart of an Heathen, but filled with every thing that can raiſe the Imagination, and give an Opportunity for the ſublimeſt Thoughts and Conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a Heathen who was ſinging an Hymn to *Diana*, in which he celebrated her for her Delight in human Sacrifices, and other Inſtances of Cruelty and Revenge; upon which a Poet who was preſent at this Piece of Devotion, and ſeems to have had a truer Idea of the Divine Nature, told the Votary by way of Reproof, that in recompence for his Hymn, he heartily wiſhed he might have a Daughter of the ſame Temper with the Goddeſs he celebrated. It was indeed impoſſible to write the Praiſes of one of thoſe falſe Deities, according to the Pagan Creed, without a Mixture of Impertinence and Abſurdity.

The *Jews*, who before the Times of Chriſtianity were the only People who had the Knowledge of the True God, have ſet the Chriſtian World an Example how they ought to employ this Divine Talent of which I am ſpeaking. As that Nation produced Men of great Genius, without conſidering them as inſpired Writers, they have tranſmitted to us many Hymns and Divine Odes, which excel thoſe that are delivered down to us by the Ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*, in the Poetry, as much as in the Subject to which it was conſecrated. This I think might eaſily be ſhewn, if there were occaſion for it.

I have already communicated to the Publick ſome Pieces of Divine Poetry, and as they have met with a very favourable Reception, I ſhall from time to time publiſh any Work of the ſame Nature which has not yet appeared in Print, and may be acceptable to my Readers.

I.

WHEN all thy Mercies, O my God,
My riſing Soul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the View, I'm loſt
In Wonder, Love, and Praiſe:

II.

O how ſhall Words with equal Warmth
The Gratitude declare,
That glows within my raviſh'd Heart?
But thou canſt read it there.

III.

Thy Providence my Life ſuſtain'd,
And all my Wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent Womb I lay,
And hung upon the Breaſt.

IV.

To all my weak Complaints and Cries,
Thy Mercy lent an Ear,
Ere yet my feeble Thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in Pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul
Thy tender Care beſtow'd,
Before my infant Heart conceiv'd
From whence thoſe Comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the ſlipp'ry Paths of Youth
With heedleſs Steps I ran,
Thine Arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to Man.

VII.

Through hidden Dangers, Toils, and Deaths,
It gently clear'd my Way,
And through the pleaſing Snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

VIII.

When worn with Sickneſs, oft haſt thou
With Health renew'd my Face,
And when in Sins and Sorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous Hand with worldly Bleſs
Has made my Cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful Friend
Has doubled all my Store.

X.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious Gifts
My Daily Thanks employ,
Nor is the leaſt a chearful Heart
That taſtes thoſe Gifts with Joy.

XI.

Through every Period of my Life
Thy Goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after Death in diſtant Worlds
The glorious Theme renew.

XII.

When Nature fails, and Day and Night,
Divide thy Works no more,
My ever-grateful Heart, O Lord,
Thy Mercy ſhall adore.

XIII.

Through all Eternity to Thee
A joyful Song I'll raiſe,
For oh! Eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy Praiſe. C

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 453.

GRIEF.

THERE are thoſe among Mankind, who can enjoy no Reliſh of their Being, except the World is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think every Thing loſt that paſſes unobſerved; but o-

thers find a ſolid Delight in ſtealing by the Crowd, and modelling their Life after ſuch a Manner, as is as much above the Approbation as the Practice of the Vulgar. Life being too ſhort to give Inſtances great enough of true Friendſhip or Good-will, ſomes Sages have thought it pious to preſerve a certain Reverence for the Manes of their deceaſed Friends, and have withdrawn themſelves from the reſt of the World at certain Seaſons, to commemorate in their own Thoughts ſuch of their Acquaintance who have gone before them out of this Life: And indeed, when we are advanced in Years, there is not a more pleaſing Entertainment, than to recollect in a gloomy Moment the many we have parted with that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to caſt a melancholy Thought or two after thoſe, with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourſelves in whole Nights of Mirth and Jollity. With ſuch Inclinations in my Heart I went to my Cloſet Yeſterday in the Evening, and reſolved to be ſorrowful; upon which Occaſion I could not but look with Diſdain upon myſelf, that though all the Reaſons which I had to lament the Loſs of many of my Friends are now as forcible as at the Moment of their Departure, yet did not my Heart ſwell with the ſame Sorrow which I felt at that Time; but I could without Tears, reflect upon many pleaſing Adventures I have had with ſome who have long been blended with common Earth. Tho' it is by the Benefit of Nature that Length of Time thus blots out the Violence of Afflictions; yet with Tempers too much given to Pleaſure, it is almoſt neceſſary to revive the old Places of Grief in our Memory, and ponder Step by Step on paſt Life, to lead the Mind into that Sobriety of Thought which poizes the Heart, and makes it beat with due Time without being quicken'd with Deſire, or retarded with Deſpair, from its proper and equal Motion. When we wind up a Clock that is out of Order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately ſet the Hand to the preſent Inſtant, but we make it ſtrike the Round of all its Hours, before it can recover the Regularity of its Time. Such, thought I, ſhall be my Method this Evening; and ſince it is that Day of the Year which I dedicate to the Memory of ſuch in another Life as I much

much delighted in when living, an Hour or two ſhall be ſacred to Sorrow and their Memory, while I run over all the melancholy Circumſtances of this Kind which have occurred to me in my whole Life.

The firſt Senſe of Sorrow I ever knew was upon the Death of my Father, at which Time I was not quite Five Years of Age; but was rather amazed at what all the Houſe meant, than poſſeſſed with a real Underſtanding why no Body was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the Room where his Body lay, and my Mother ſat weeping alone by it. I had my Battledore in my Hand, and fell a beating the Coffin, and calling Papa; for, I know not how, I had ſome ſlight Idea that he was locked up there. My Mother catched me in her Arms, and, tranſported beyond all Patience of the ſilent Grief ſhe was before in, ſhe almoſt ſmothered me in her Embrace, and told me in a Flood of Tears, Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under Ground, whence he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful Woman, of a noble Spirit, and there was a Dignity in her Grief amidſt all the Wildneſs of her Tranſport, which, methought, ſtruck me with an Inſtinct of Sorrow, which, before I was ſenſible of what it was to grieve, ſeized my very Soul, and has made Pity the Weakneſs of my Heart ever ſince. The Mind in Infancy is, methinks, like the Body in Embryo, and receives Impreſſions ſo forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by Reaſon, as any Mark with which a Child is born, is to be taken away by any future Application. Hence it is, that Good-nature in me is no Merit; but having been ſo frequently overwhelmed with her Tears before I knew the Cauſe of my Affliction, or could draw Defences from my own Judgment, I imbibed Commiſeration, Remorſe, and an unmanly Gentleneſs of Mind, which has ſince inſnared me into Ten Thouſand Calamities, and from whence I can reap no Advantage, except it be, that in ſuch a Humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myſelf in the Softneſſes of Humanity, and enjoy that ſweet Anxiety which ariſes from the Memory of paſt Afflictions.

We that are very old, are better able to remember Things which befel us in our diſtant Youth, than the Paſſages of later Days. For this Reaſon it is that the Companions of my ſtrong and vigorous Years preſent themſelves more immediately to me in this Office of Sorrow. Untimely or unhappy Deaths are what we are moſt apt to lament; ſo little are we able to make it indifferent when a Thing happens, though we know it muſt happen. Thus we groan under Life, and bewail thoſe who are relieved from it. Every Object that returns to our Imagination raiſes different Paſſions, according to the Circumſtance of their Departure. Who can have lived in an Army, and in a ſerious Hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable Men that might long have flouriſhed in the Arts of Peace, and not join with the Imprecations of the Fatherleſs and Widow on the Tyrant to whoſe Ambition they fell Sacrifices? But gallant Men, who are cut off by the Sword, move rather our Veneration than our Pity; and we gather Relief enough from their own Contempt of Death, to make it no Evil, which was approached with ſo much Chearfulneſs, and attended with ſo much Honour. But when we turn our Thoughts from the great Parts of Life on ſuch Occaſions, and inſtead of lamenting thoſe who ſtood ready to give Death to thoſe from whom they had the Fortune to receive it; I ſay, when we let our Thoughts wander from ſuch noble Objects, and conſider the Havock which is made among the Tender and the Innocent, Pity enters with an unmixed Softneſs, and poſſeſſes all our Souls at once.

Here (were there Words to expreſs ſuch Sentiments with proper Tenderneſs) I ſhould record the Beauty, Innocence, and untimely Death, of the firſt Object my Eyes ever beheld with Love. The Beauteous Virgin! How ignorantly did ſhe charm, how careleſly excel? Oh Death! Thou haſt Right to the Bold, to the Ambitious, to the High, and to the Haughty; but why this Cruelty to the Humble, to the Meek, to the Undiſcerning, to the Thoughtleſs? Nor Age, nor Buſineſs, nor Diſtreſs, can eraſe the dear Image from my Imagination. In the ſame Week, I ſaw her dreſſed for a Ball, and in a Shroud.

Shroud. How ill did the Habit of Death become the pretty Trifler? I ſtill behold the ſmiling Earth.

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 181.

HAPPINESS.

MY Lady *Lizard* is never better pleaſed than when ſhe ſees her Children about her engaged in any profitable Diſcourſe. I found her laſt Night ſitting in the midſt of her Daughters, and forming a very beautiful Semi-cirle about the Fire. I immediately took my Place in an Elbow-Chair, which is always left empty for me in one Corner.

Our Converſation fell inſenſibly upon the Subject of Happineſs, in which every one of the young Ladies gave her Opinion, with that Freedom and Unconcernedneſs which they always uſe when they are in Company only with their Mother and myſelf.

Mrs. *Jane* declared, that ſhe thought it the greateſt Happineſs to be married to a Man of Merit, and placed at the Head of a well-regulated Family. I could not but obſerve, that in her Character of a Man of Merit, ſhe gave us a lively Deſcription of *Tom Worthy*, who has long made his Addreſſes to her. The Siſters did not diſcover this at firſt, 'till ſhe began to run down Fortune in a Lover, and among the Accompliſhments of a Man of Merit, unluckily mentioned white Teeth and black Eyes.

Mrs. *Annabella*, after having rallied her Siſter upon her Man of Merit, talked much of Conveniencies of Life, Affluence of Fortune, and Eaſineſs of Temper, in one whom ſhe ſhould pitch upon for a Huſband. In ſhort, tho' the Baggage would not ſpeak out, I found the Sum of her Wiſhes was a rich Fool, or a Man ſo turned to her Purpoſes, that ſhe might enjoy his Fortune, and inſult his Underſtanding.

The Romantick *Cornelia* was for living in a Wood among Choirs of Birds, with Zephyrs, Echos, and Rivulets to make up the Concert; ſhe would not ſeem to include a Huſband in her Scheme, but at the ſame time talked ſo paſſionately of Cooing Turtles, Moſſy Banks, and Beds of Violets, that one might eaſily perceive ſhe

was not without Thoughts of a Companion in her Solitudes.

Miſs *Betty* placed her *Summum bonum* in Equipages, Aſſemblies, Balls and Birth-nights, talked in Raptures of Sir *Edward Shallow*'s gilt Coach, and my Lady *Tattle*'s Room, in which ſhe ſaw Company; nor would ſhe have eaſily given over, had ſhe not obſerved that her Mother appeared more ſerious than ordinary, and by her Looks ſhewed that ſhe did not approve ſuch a Redundance of Vanity and Impertinence.

My Favourite, the *Sparkler*, with an Air of Innocence and Modeſty, which is peculiar to her, ſaid that ſhe never expected ſuch a thing as Happineſs, and that ſhe thought the moſt any one could do was to keep themſelves from being uneaſy; for, as Mr. *Ironſide* has often told us, ſays ſhe, we ſhould endeavour to be eaſy here and happy hereafter: At the ſame time ſhe begged me to acquaint them by what Rules this Eaſe of Mind, or if I would pleaſe to call it Happineſs, is beſt attained.

My Lady *Lizard* joined in the ſame Requeſt with her youngeſt Daughter, adding, with a ſerious Look, The thing ſeemed to her of ſo great Conſequence, that ſhe hoped I would for once forget they were all Women, and give my real Thoughts of it with the ſame Juſtneſs I would uſe among a Company of my own Sex. I complied with her Deſire, and communicated my Sentiments to them on this Subject, as near as I can remember, pretty much to the following Purpoſe.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to deſire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wiſeſt Men in all Ages have ſpent ſo much time to diſcover what Happineſs is, and wherein it chiefly conſiſts. An eminent Writer, named *Varro*, reckons up no leſs than two hundred eighty eight different Opinions upon this Subject; and another, called *Lucian*, after having given us a long Catalogue of the Notions of ſeveral Philoſophers, endeavours to ſhew the Abſurdity of all of them, without eſtabliſhing any thing of his own.

That which ſeems to have made ſo many err in this Caſe, is the Reſolution they took to fix a Man's Happineſs to one determined Point, which I conceive cannot be

be made up, but by the Concurrence of ſeveral Particulars.

I ſhall readily allow *Virtue* the firſt Place, as ſhe is the Mother of *Content*. It is this which calms our Thoughts, and makes us ſurvey ourſelves with Eaſe and Pleaſure. *Naked Virtue*, however, is not alone ſufficient to make a Man happy. It muſt be accompanied with at leaſt a moderate Proviſion of all the Neceſſities of Life, and not ruffled and diſturbed by bodily Pains. A Fit of the Stone was ſharp enough to make a Stoick cry out, That *Zeno*, his Maſter, taught him falſe, when he told him that Pain was no Evil.

But beſides this, *Virtue* is ſo far from being alone ſufficient to make a Man happy, that the Exceſs of it in ſome Particulars, joined to a ſoft and feminine Temper, may often give us the deepeſt Wounds, and chiefly contribute to render us uneaſy. I might inſtance in *Pity*, *Love*, and *Friendſhip*. In the two laſt Paſſions it often happens, that we ſo entirely give up our Hearts, as to make our Happineſs wholly depend upon another Perſon; a Truſt for which no human Creature, however excellent, can poſſibly give us a ſufficient Security.

The Man therefore who would be truly happy, muſt, beſides an habitual Virtue, attain to ſuch a *Strength of Mind*, as to confine his Happineſs within himſelf, and keep it from being dependent upon others. A Man of this Make will perform all thoſe good-natured Offices that could have been expected from the moſt bleeding Pity, without being ſo far affected at the common Misfortunes of human Life, as to diſturb his own Repoſe. His Actions of this kind are ſo much more meritorious than another's, as they flow purely from a Principle of Virtue, and a Senſe of his Duty; whereas a Man of a ſofter Temper, even while he is aſſiſting another, may in ſome meaſure be ſaid to be relieving himſelf.

A Man endowed with that *Strength of Mind* I am here ſpeaking of, tho' he leaves it to his Friend or Miſtreſs to make him ſtill more happy, does not put it in the Power of either to make him miſerable.

From what has been already ſaid it will alſo appear, that nothing can be more weak than to place our Happineſs in the Applauſe of others, ſince by this Means

Means we make it wholly independent of ourſelves. People of this Humour, who place their chief Felicity in Reputation and Applauſe, are alſo extremely ſubject to Envy, the moſt painful as well as the moſt abſurd of all Paſſions.

The ſureſt Means to attain that *Strength of Mind* and independent State of Happineſs I am here recommending, is, A virtuous Mind ſufficiently furniſhed with Ideas to ſupport Solitude, and keep up an agreeable Converſation with itſelf. Learning is a very great Help on this Occaſion, as it lays up an infinite Number of Notions in the Memory, ready to be drawn out, and ſet in Order upon any Occaſion. The Mind often takes the ſame Pleaſure in looking over theſe her Treaſures, in augmenting and diſpoſing them into proper Forms, as a Prince does in a Review of his Army.

At the ſame time I muſt own, that as a Mind thus furniſhed, feels a ſecret Pleaſure in the Conſciouſneſs of its own Perfection, and is delighted with ſuch Occaſions as call upon it to try its Force, a lively Imagination ſhall produce a Pleaſure very little inferior to the former in Perſons of much weaker Heads. As the firſt therefore may not be improperly called, *The Heaven of a wiſe Man*; the latter is extremely well repreſented by our Vulgar Expreſſion, which terms it *A Fool's Paradiſe*. There is, however, this Difference between them, that as the firſt naturally produces that Strength and Greatneſs of Mind I have been all along deſcribing as ſo eſſential to render a Man happy, the latter is ruffled and diſcompoſed by every Accident, and loſt under the common Misfortune.

It is this Strength of Mind that is not to be overcome by the Changes of Fortune, that ariſes at the Sight of Dangers, and could make *Alexander* (in that Paſſage of his Life ſo much admired by the Prince of *Conde*) when his Army mutinied, bid his Soldiers return to *Macedon*, and tell their Countrymen that they had left their King conquering the World; ſince for his part he could not doubt of raiſing an Army where-ever he appear'd. It is this that chiefly exerts itſelf when a Man is moſt oppreſſed, and gives him always in proportion to whatever Malice or Injuſtice would deprive him of.

of. It is this, in ſhort, that makes the virtuous Man inſenſibly ſet a Value upon himſelf, and throws a Varniſh over his Words and Actions, that will at laſt command Eſteem, and give him a greater aſcendent over others, than all the Advantages of Birth and Fortune.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 32.

There is a reſtleſs Endeavour in the Mind of Man after Happineſs. This Appetite is wrought into the Original Frame of our Nature, and exerts itſelf in all Parts of the Creation that are endued with any degree of Thought or Senſe. But as the Human Mind is dignified by a more comprehenſive Faculty than can be found in the inferior Animals, it is natural for Men not only to have an Eye, each to his own Happineſs, but alſo to endeavour to promote that of others in the ſame Rank of Being: And in proportion to the Generoſity that is ingredient in the Temper of the Soul, the Object of its Benevolence is of a larger and narrower Extent. There is hardly a Spirit upon Earth ſo mean and contracted, as to centre all Regards on its own Intereſt, excluſive of the reſt of Mankind. Even the ſelfiſh Man hath ſome Share of Love, which he beſtows on his Family and his Friends. A nobler Mind hath at Heart the common Intereſt of the Society or Country of which he makes a Part. And there is ſtill a more diffuſive Spirit, whoſe Being or Intentions reach the whole Maſs of Mankind, and are continued beyond the preſent Age, to a Succeſſion of future Generations.

The Advantage ariſing to him who hath a Tincture of this Generoſity on his Soul, is, that he is affected with a ſublimer Joy than can be comprehended by one who is deſtitute of that noble Reliſh. The Happineſs of the reſt of Mankind hath a natural Connexion with that of a reaſonable Mind. And in proportion as the Actions of each Individual contribute to this End, he muſt be thought to deſerve well or ill both of the World and of himſelf. I have in a late Paper obſerved, that Men who have no Reach of Thought do oft miſplace their Affections on the Means, without reſpect to the End, and by a prepoſterous Deſire of Things in themſelves indifferent, forego the Enjoyment of that Happineſs which thoſe things

things are inſtrumental to obtain. This Obſervation has been conſidered with regard to Criticks and Miſers; I ſhall now apply it to *Free-thinkers*.

Liberty and Truth are the main Points which theſe Gentlemen pretend to have in view; to proceed therefore methodically, I will endeavour to ſhew in the firſt Place that Liberty and Truth are not in themſelves deſirable, but only as they relate to a farther End. And ſecondly, that the ſort of Liberty and Truth (allowing them thoſe Names) which our *Free thinkers* uſe all their Induſtry to promote, is deſtructive of that End, *viz.* Human Happineſs: And conſequently that Species, as ſuch, inſtead of being encouraged or eſteemed, merit the Deteſtation and Abhorrence of all honeſt Men. And in the laſt Place I deſign to ſhew, that under the Pretence of advancing Liberty and Truth, they do in reality promote the two contrary Evils.

As to the firſt point, It has been obſerved that it is the Duty of each particular Perſon to aim at the Happineſs of his Fellow-Creatures; and that as this View is of a wider or narrower Extent, it argues a Mind more or leſs virtuous. Hence it follows, that a Liberty of doing good Actions which conduce to the Felicity of Mankind, and a Knowledge of ſuch Truths as might either give us Pleaſure in the Contemplation of them, or direct our Conduct to the great Ends of Life, are valuable Perfections. But ſhall a good Man, therefore, prefer a Liberty to commit Murder or Adultery, before the wholſome Reſtraint of Divine and Human Laws? Or ſhall a wiſe Man prefer the Knowledge of a troubleſome and afflicting Truth, before a pleaſant Error that would cheer his Soul with Joy and Comfort, and be attended with no ill Conſequences? Surely no Man of common Senſe would thank him, who had put it in his Power to execute the ſudden Suggeſtions of a Fit of Paſſion or Madneſs, or imagine himſelf obliged to a Perſon, who by forwardly informing him of ill News, had cauſed his Soul to anticipate that Sorrow which ſhe would have never felt, ſo long as the ungrateful Truth lay concealed.

Let us then reſpect the Happineſs of our Species, and in this Light examine the Proceedings of the *Free-thinkers*. From what Giants and Monſters would theſe Knight-er-

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rants undertake to free the World? From the Ties that Religion impoſeth on our Minds, from the Expectation of a future Judgment, and from the Terrors of a troubled Conſcience, not by reforming Mens Lives, but by giving Encouragement to their Vices. What are thoſe important Truths of which they would convince Mankind? That there is no ſuch thing as a wiſe and juſt Providence; That the Mind of Man is corporeal; That Religion is a State-trick, contrived to make Men honeſt and virtuous, and to procure a Subſiſtence to others for teaching and exhorting them to be ſo; That the good Tidings of Life and Immortality brought to Light by the Goſpel, are Fables and Impoſtures: From believing that we are made in the Image of God, they would degrade us to an Opinion that we are on a Level with the Beaſts that periſh. What Pleaſure or what Advantage do theſe Notions bring to Mankind? Is it of any uſe to the Publick that good Men ſhould loſe the comfortable Proſpect of a Reward to their Virtue, or the Wicked be encouraged to perſiſt in their Impiety, from an Aſſurance that they ſhall not be puniſhed for it hereafter?

Allowing, therefore, theſe Men to be Patrons of Liberty and Truth, yet it is of ſuch Truths and that ſort of Liberty which makes them juſtly be looked upon as Enemies to the Peace and Happineſs of the World. But upon a thorough and impartial View it will be found that their Endeavours, inſtead of advancing the Cauſe of Liberty and Truth, tend only to introduce Slavery and Error among Men. There are two Parts in our Nature, the Baſer, which conſiſts of our Senſes and Paſſions, and the more Noble and Rational, which is properly the *Human* Part, the other being common to us with Brutes. The inferior Part is generally much ſtronger, and has always the Start of Reaſon, which, if in the perpetual Struggle between them, if it were not aided from Heaven by Religion, would almoſt univerſally be vanquiſh'd, and Man become a Slave to his Paſſions, which as it is the moſt grievous and ſhameful Slavery, ſo it is the genuine Reſult of that Liberty which is propoſed by overturning Religion. Nor is the other Part of their Deſign better executed. Look into their pretended Truths: Are they not ſo many wretched Abſurdities, maintained

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in oppoſition to the Light of Nature and Divine Revelation by ſly Innuendos and cold Jeſts, by ſuch pitiful Sophiſms, and ſuch confuſed and indigeſted Notions, that one would vehemently ſuſpect thoſe Men uſurped the Name of *Free-thinkers*, with the ſame View that Hypocrites do that of Godlineſs, that it may ſerve for a Cloke to cover the contrary Defect?

I ſhall cloſe this Diſcourſe with a Parallel Reflection on theſe three Species, who ſeem to be allied by a certain Agreement in Mediocrity of Underſtanding. A *Critick* is entirely given up to the Purſuit of Learning; when he has got it, Is his Judgment clearer, his Imagination livelier, or his Manners more polite than thoſe of other Men? Is it obſerved that a *Miſer*, when he has acquired his ſuperfluous Eſtate, eats, drinks, or ſleeps with more Satisfaction, that he has a chearfuller Mind, or reliſhes any of the Enjoyments of Life better than his Neighbours? The *Free-thinkers* plead hard for a Licence to think freely; they have it; but what Uſe do they make of it; Are they eminent for any ſublime Diſcoveries in any of the Arts and Sciences? Have they been Authors of any Inventions that conduce to the Well-being of Mankind? Do their Writings ſhew a greater Depth of Deſign, a clearer Method, or more juſt and correct Reaſoning than thoſe of other Men?

There is a great Reſemblance in their Genius, but the *Critick* and *Miſer* are only Ridiculous and Contemptible Creatures, while the *Free-thinker* is alſo a Pernicious one.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 83.

HEAVEN.

SIR,

'I Conſidered in my two laſt Letters that awful and 'tremendous Subject, the Ubiquity or Omnipre-'ſence of the Divine Being. I have ſhewn that he is 'equally preſent in all Places throughout the whole Ex-'tent of infinite Space. This Doctrine is ſo agreeable 'to Reaſon, that we meet with it in the Writings of 'the enlightened Heathens, as I might ſhew at large,

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'were it not already done by other Hands. But tho' 'the Deity be thus eſſentially preſent through all the 'Immenſity of Space, there is one Part of it in which 'he diſcovers himſelf in a moſt tranſcendent and viſible 'Glory. This is that Place which is marked out in 'Scripture under the different Appellations of *Paradiſe*, '*the third Heaven*, *the Throne of God*, and *the Habita-*'*tion of his Glory*. It is here where the glorified Body 'of our Saviour reſides, and where all the celeſtial 'Hierarchies, and the innumerable Hoſts of Angels, 'are repreſented as perpetually ſurrounding the Seat of 'God with *Hallelujahs* and Hymns of Praiſe. This 'is that Preſence of God which ſome of the Divines 'call his Glorious, and others his Majeſtic Preſence. 'He is indeed as eſſentially preſent in all other Places 'as in this; but it is here where he reſides in a ſenſible 'Magnificence, and in the midſt of all thoſe Splendors 'which can affect the Imagination of created Beings.

'It is very remarkable that this Opinion of God 'Almighty's Preſence in Heaven, whether diſcovered 'by the Light of Nature, or by a general Tradition 'from our firſt Parents, prevails among all the Nations 'of the World, whatſoever different Notions they en-'tertain of the Godhead. If you look into *Homer*, 'that is, the moſt ancient of the *Greek* Writers, you 'ſee the ſupreme Power ſeated in the Heavens, and en-'compaſſed with inferior Deities, among whom the 'Muſes are repreſented as ſinging inceſſantly about his 'Throne. Who does not here ſee the main Strokes 'and Outlines of this great Truth we are ſpeaking of? 'The ſame Doctrine is ſhadowed out in many other 'Heathen Authors, tho' at the ſame time, like ſeve-'ral other revealed Truths, daſhed and adulterated with 'a Mixture of Fables and human Inventions. But to 'paſs over the Notions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, thoſe 'more enlightened Parts of the Pagan World, we find 'there is ſcarce a People among the late diſcovered Na-'tions who are not trained up in an Opinion that Hea-'ven is the Habitation of the Divinity whom they 'worſhip.

'As in *Solomon's* Temple there was the *Sanctum* '*Sanctorum*, in which a viſible Glory appeared among the

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'Figures of the Cherubims, and into which none but 'the High-Prieſt himſelf was permitted to enter, after 'having made an Atonement for the Sins of the Peo- 'ple; ſo if we conſider the whole Creation as one great 'Temple, there is in it this Holy of Holies, into which 'the High-Prieſt of our Salvation entered, and took 'his Place among Angels and Archangels, after hav- 'ing made a Propitiation for the Sins of Mankind.

'With how much Skill muſt the Throne of God be 'erected? With what glorious Deſigns is that Habita- 'tion beautified, which is contrived and built by him 'who inſpired *Hiram* with Wiſdom? How great muſt 'be the Majeſty of that Place, where the whole Art of 'Creation has been employed, and where God has cho- 'ſen to ſhew himſelf in the moſt magnificent Manner? 'What muſt be the Architecture of Infinite Power under 'the Direction of Infinite Wiſdom? A Spirit cannot 'but be tranſported after an ineffable Manner with the 'Sight of thoſe Objects, which were made to affect 'him by that Being who knows the inward Frame of 'a Soul, and how to pleaſe and raviſh it in all its moſt 'ſecret Powers and Faculties. It is to this Majeſtic 'Preſence of God, we may apply thoſe beautiful Ex- 'preſſions in holy Writ: *Behold even to the Moon, and 'it ſhineth not; yea the Stars are not pure in his Sight.* 'The Light of the Sun, and all the Glories of the 'World in which we live, are but as weak and ſickly 'Glimmerings, or rather Darkneſs itſelf, in compari- 'ſon of thoſe Splendors which encompaſs the Throne 'of God.

'As the *Glory* of this Place is tranſcendent beyond 'Imagination, ſo probably is the *Extent* of it. There 'is Light behind Light, and Glory within Glory. 'How far that Space may reach, in which God thus 'appears in perfect Majeſty, we cannot poſſibly conceive. 'Tho' it is not infinite, it may be indefinite; and tho' 'not immenſurable in itſelf, it may be ſo with regard to 'any created Eye or Imagination. If he has made 'theſe lower Regions of Matter ſo inconceivably wide 'and magnificent for the Habitation of mortal and pe- 'riſhable Beings, how great may we ſuppoſe the Courts 'of his Houſe to be, where he makes his Reſidence in a

'more

'more eſpecial Manner, and diſplays himſelf in the 'Fulneſs of his Glory, among an innumerable Company 'of Angels and Spirits of juſt Men made perfect?

'This is certain, that our Imaginations cannot be 'raiſed too high, when we think on a Place where Om-'nipotence and Omniſcience have ſo ſignally exerted 'themſelves, becauſe that they are able to produce a 'Scene infinitely more great and glorious than what we 'are able to imagine. It is not impoſſible but at the 'Conſummation of all Things, theſe outward Apart-'ments of Nature, which are now ſuited to thoſe Be-'ings who inhabit them, may be taken in and added to 'that glorious Place of which I am here ſpeaking; and 'by that Means made a proper Habitation for Beings 'who are exempt from Mortality, and cleared of their 'Imperfections: For ſo the Scripture ſeems to intimate 'when it ſpeaks of new Heavens and of a new Earth, 'wherein dwelleth Righteouſneſs.

'I have only conſidered this glorious Place with re-'gard to the Sight and Imagination, though it is highly 'probable that our other Senſes may here likewiſe enjoy 'their higheſt Gratifications. There is nothing which 'more raviſhes and tranſports the Soul, than Harmony; 'and we have great Reaſon to believe, from the De-'ſcriptions of this Place in holy Scripture, that this is 'one of the Entertainments of it. And if the Soul of 'Man can be ſo wonderfully affected with thoſe Strains 'of Muſick, which human Art is capable of producing, 'how much more will it be raiſed and elevated by thoſe, 'in which is exerted the whole Power of Harmony! 'The Senſes are Faculties of the Human Soul, though 'they cannot be employed, during this our vital Union, 'without proper Inſtruments in the Body. Why there-'fore ſhould we exclude the Satisfaction of theſe Facul-'ties, which we find by Experience are Inlets of great 'Pleaſure to the Soul, from among thoſe Entertainments 'which are to make up our Happineſs hereafter? Why 'ſhould we ſuppoſe that our Hearing and Seeing will 'not be gratify'd with thoſe Objects which are moſt 'agreeable to them, and which they cannot meet with 'in theſe lower Regions of Nature; Objects, *which 'neither Eye hath ſeen, nor Ear heard, nor can it enter*

'*into*

'*into the Heart of Man to conceive? I knew a Man in*
'*Chriſt* (ſays St. *Paul*, ſpeaking of himſelf) *above four-*
'*teen Years ago (whether in the Body, I cannot tell, or*
'*whether out of the Body, I cannot tell, God knoweth)*
'*ſuch a one caught up to the third Heaven. And I knew*
'*ſuch a Man, (whether in the Body, or out of the Body,*
'*I cannot tell, God knoweth) how that he was caught*
'*up into Paradiſe, and heard unſpeakable Words, which*
'*it is not poſſible for a Man to utter.* By this is meant
'that what he heard was ſo infinitely different from any
'thing which he had heard in this World, that it was
'impoſſible to expreſs it in ſuch Words as might con-
'vey a Notion of it to his Hearers.

'It is very natural for us to take Delight in Enquiries
'concerning any foreign Country, where we are ſome
'time or other to make our Abode; and as we all hope
'to be admitted into this glorious Place, it is both a
'laudable and uſeful Curioſity, to get what Informations
'we can of it, while we make uſe of Revelation for our
'Guide. When theſe everlaſting Doors ſhall be open
'to us, we may be ſure that the Pleaſures and Beauties
'of this Place will infinitely tranſcend our preſent Hopes
'and Expectations, and that the glorious Appearance
'of the Throne of God, will riſe infinitely beyond what-
'ever we are able to conceive of it. We might here
'entertain ourſelves with many other Speculations on
'this Subject, from theſe ſeveral Hints which we find
'of it in the Holy Scriptures; as whether there may
'not be different Manſions and Apartments of Glory,
'to Beings of different Natures; whether as they excel
'one another in Perfection, they are not admitted near-
'er to the Throne of the Almighty, and enjoy greater
'Manifeſtations of his Preſence; whether there are not
'ſolemn Times and Occaſions, when all the Multitude
'of Heaven celebrate the Preſence of their Maker in
'more extraordinary Forms of Praiſe and Adoration;
'as *Adam*, though he had continued in a State of In-
'nocence, would, in the Opinion of our Divines, have
'kept holy the Sabbath-Day, in a more particular man-
'ner than any other of the Seven. Theſe, and the like
'Speculations, we may very innocently indulge, ſo long

'as

'as we make uſe of them to inſpire us with a Deſire of 'becoming Inhabitants of this delightful Place.

'I have in this, and in two foregoing Letters, treated 'on the moſt ſerious Subject that can employ the Mind 'of Man, the Omnipreſence of the Deity; a Subject 'which, if poſſible, ſhould never depart from our Medi-'tations. We have conſidered the Divine Being, as he 'inhabits Infinitude, as he dwells among his Works, as 'he is preſent to the Mind of Man, and as he diſcovers 'himſelf in a more glorious Manner among the Regions 'of the Bleſt. Such a Conſideration ſhould be kept 'awake in us at all Times, and in all Places, and poſ-'ſeſs our Minds with a perpetual Awe and Reverence. 'It ſhould be interwoven with all our Thoughts and 'Perceptions, and become one with the Conſciouſneſs of 'our own Being. It is not to be reflected on in the 'Coldneſs of Philoſophy, but ought to ſink us into the 'loweſt Proſtration before him, who is ſo aſtoniſhingly 'Great, Wonderful, and Holy.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 580.

We conſider infinite Space as an Expanſion without a Circumference: We conſider Eternity, or infinite Duration, as a Line that has neither a Beginning nor an End. In our Speculations of infinite Space, we conſider that particular Place in which we exiſt, as a kind of Centre to the whole Expanſion. In our Speculations of Eternity, we conſider the Time which is preſent to us as the Middle, which divides the whole Line into two equal Parts. For this Reaſon, many witty Authors compare the preſent Time to an Iſthmus, or narrow Neck of Land, that riſes in the midſt of an Ocean, immeaſurably diffuſed on either Side of it.

Philoſophy, and indeed common Senſe, naturally throws Eternity under two Diviſions; which we may call in *Engliſh*, that Eternity which is paſt, and that Eternity which is to come. The learned Terms of *Æternitas à Parte ante*, and *Æternitas à Parte poſt*, may be more amuſing to the Reader, but can have no other Idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by thoſe Words, an Eternity that is paſt, and an Eternity that is to come. Each of theſe Eternities is bounded at the one Extreme;

Extreme; or, in other Words, the former has an End, and the latter a Beginning.

Let us firſt of all conſider that Eternity which is paſt, reſerving that which is to come for the Subject of another Paper. The Nature of this Eternity is utterly inconceivable by the Mind of Man: Our Reaſon demonſtrates to us that it *has been*, but at the ſame Time can frame no Idea of it, but what is big with Abſurdity and Contradiction. We can have no other Conception of any Duration which is paſt, than that all of it was once preſent; and whatever was once preſent, is at ſome certain Diſtance from us, and whatever is at any certain Diſtance from us, be the Diſtance never ſo remote, cannot be Eternity. The very Notion of any Duration's being paſt, implies that it was once preſent; for the Idea of being once preſent, is actually included in the Idea of its being paſt. This therefore is a Depth not to be founded by Human Underſtanding. We are ſure that there has been an Eternity, and yet contradict ourſelves when we meaſure this Eternity by any Notion which we can frame of it.

If we go to the Bottom of this Matter, we ſhall find that the Difficulties we meet with in our Conceptions of Eternity proceed from this ſingle Reaſon, That we can have no other Idea of any kind of Duration, than that by which we ourſelves, and all other created Beings, do exiſt; which is, a ſucceſſive Duration made up of paſt, preſent, and to come. There is nothing which exiſts after this Manner, all the Parts of whoſe Exiſtence were not once actually preſent, and conſequently may be reached by a certain number of Years applied to it. We may aſcend as high as we pleaſe, and employ our Being to that Eternity which is to come, in adding Millions of Years to Millions of Years, and we can never come up to any Fountain-Head of Duration, to any Beginning in Eternity: But at the ſame time we are ſure, that whatever was once preſent does lie within the reach of Numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough of them together for that Purpoſe. We may as well ſay, that any thing may be actually preſent in any Part of infinite Space, which does not lie at a certain Diſtance from us, as that any Part of infinite Duration was once actually

actually present, and does not also lie at some determined Distance from us. The Distance in both Cases may be immeasurable and indefinite as to our Faculties, but our Reason tells us that it cannot be so in itself. Here therefore is that Difficulty which Human Understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that something must have existed from Eternity, and are at the same Time unable to conceive, that any thing which exists according to our Notion of Existence, can have existed from Eternity.

It is hard for a Reader, who has not rolled this Thought in his own Mind, to follow in such an abstracted Speculation; but I have been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative Argument of the Being and Eternity of a God: And though there are many other Demonstrations which lead us to this great Truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any Proofs in this Matter, which the Light of Reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by Men famous for their Penetration and Force of Understanding, and which appears altogether conclusive to those who will be at the Pains to examine it.

Having thus considered that Eternity which is past, according to the best Idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several Articles on this Subject, which are dictated to us by the Light of Reason, and which may be looked upon as the Creed of a Philosopher in this great Point.

First, It is certain that no Being could have made itself; for if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a Contradiction.

Secondly, That therefore some Being must have existed from all Eternity.

Thirdly, That whatever exists after the manner of created Beings, or according to any Notions which we have of Existence, could not have existed from Eternity.

Fourthly, That this eternal Being must therefore be the great Author of Nature, *the Ancient of Days*, who, being at an infinite Distance in his Perfections from all finite and created Beings, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no Idea.

I know that ſeveral of the School-men, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the Manner of God's Exiſtence, by telling us, That he comprehends infinite Duration in every Moment; That Eternity is with him a *Punctum ſtans*, a fixed Point; or, which is as good Senſe, an *infinite Inſtant*; That nothing, with reference to his Exiſtence, is either paſt or to come: To which the ingenious Mr. *Cowley* alludes in his Deſcription of Heaven,

Nothing is there to come, and nothing paſt,
But an Eternal NOW *does always laſt.*

For my own part, I look upon thoſe Propoſitions as Words that have no Ideas annexed to them; and think Men had better own their Ignorance, than advance Doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which, indeed, are ſelf-contradictory. We cannot be too modeſt in our Diſquiſitions, when we meditate on Him, who is environed with ſo much Glory and Perfection, who is the Source of Being, the Fountain of all that Exiſtence which we and his whole Creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmoſt Humility acknowledge, that as ſome Being muſt neceſſarily have exiſted from Eternity, ſo this Being does exiſt after an incomprehenſible Manner, ſince it is impoſſible for a Being to have exiſted from Eternity after our Manner or Notions of Exiſtence. Revelation confirms theſe natural Dictates of Reaſon in the Accounts which it gives us of the Divine Exiſtence, where it tells us, that he is the ſame Yeſterday, To-day, and for Ever; that he is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the Beginning and the Ending; that a thouſand Years are with him as one Day, and one Day as a thouſand Years; by which, and the like Expreſſions, we are taught, that his Exiſtence, with relation to Time or Duration, is infinitely different from the Exiſtence of any of his Creatures, and conſequently that it is impoſſible for us to frame any adequate Conceptions of it.

In the firſt Revelation which he makes of his own Being, he entitles himſelf, *I am that I am*; and when *Moſes* deſires to know what Name he ſhall give him in his Embaſſy to *Pharaoh*, he bids him ſay that *I am hath ſent you.*

you. Our great Creator, by this Revelation of himſelf, does in a manner exclude every thing elſe from a real Exiſtence, and diſtinguiſhes himſelf from his Creatures, as the only Being which truly and really exiſts. The antient Platonick Notion which was drawn from Speculations of Eternity, wonderfully agrees with this Revelation which God has made of himſelf. There is nothing, ſay they, which in reality exiſts, whoſe Exiſtence, as we call it, is pieced up of paſt, preſent, and to come. Such a flitting and ſucceſſive Exiſtence is rather a Shadow of Exiſtence, and ſomething which is like it, than Exiſtence itſelf. He only properly exiſts whoſe Exiſtence is entirely preſent; that is, in other Words, who exiſts in the moſt perfect manner, and in ſuch a manner as we have no Idea of.

I ſhall conclude this Speculation with one uſeful Inference. How can we ſufficiently proſtrate ourſelves and fall down before our Maker, when we conſider that ineffable Goodneſs and Wiſdom which contrived this Exiſtence for finite Natures? What muſt be the Overflowings of that Good-will, which prompted our Creator to adapt Exiſtence to Beings, in whom it is not neceſſary? Eſpecially when we conſider that he himſelf was before in the complete Poſſeſſion of Exiſtence and of Happineſs, and in the full Enjoyment of Eternity. What Man can think of himſelf as called out and ſeparated from Nothing, of his being made a conſcious, a reaſonable and a happy Creature, in ſhort, of being taken in as a Sharer of Exiſtence, and a kind of Partner in Eternity, without being ſwallowed up in Wonder, in Praiſe, in Adoration! It is indeed a Thought too big for the Mind of Man, and rather to be entertained in the Secrecy of Devotion, and in the Silence of the Soul, than to be expreſſed by Words. The Supreme Being has not given us Powers or Faculties ſufficient to extol and magnify ſuch unutterable Goodneſs.

It is however ſome Comfort to us, that we ſhall be always doing what we ſhall be never able to do, and that a Work which cannot be finiſhed, will however be the Work of an Eternity.

SPECTATOR, No. 590.

I have always taken a particular Pleaſure in examining the Opinions which Men of different Religions, different Ages, and different Countries, have entertained concerning the Immortality of the Soul, and the State of Happineſs which they promiſe themſelves in another World. For whatever Prejudices and Errors Human Nature lies under, we find that either Reaſon, or Tradition from our firſt Parents, has diſcovered to all People ſomething in theſe great Points which bears Analogy to Truth, and to the Doctrines opened to us by Divine Revelation. I was lately diſcourſing on this Subject with a learned Perſon, who has been very much converſant among the Inhabitants of the more Weſtern Parts of *Africk*. Upon his converſing with ſeveral in that Country, he tells me that their Notion of Heaven, or of a future State of Happineſs, is this, That every thing we there wiſh for will immediately preſent itſelf to us. We find, ſay they, our Souls are of ſuch a Nature that they require Variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the ſame Objects. The Supreme Being, therefore, in compliance with this Taſte of Happineſs which he has planted in the Soul of Man, will raiſe up from time to time, ſay they, every Gratification which it is in the Humour to be pleaſed with. If we wiſh to be in Groves or Bowers, among running Streams or Falls of Water, we ſhall immediately find ourſelves in the midſt of ſuch a Scene as we deſire. If we would be entertained with Muſick and the Melody of Sounds, the Concert ariſes upon our Wiſh, and the whole Region about us is filled with Harmony. In ſhort, every Deſire will be followed by Fruition, and whatever a Man's Inclination directs him to, will be preſent with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in Conformity to our Wiſhes, or whether he only produces ſuch a Change in our Imagination, as makes us believe ourſelves converſant among thoſe Scenes which delight us. Our Happineſs will be the ſame, whether it proceed from external Objects, or from the Impreſſions of the Deity upon our own private Fancies. This is the Account which I have received from my learned Friend Notwithſtanding this Syſtem of Belief be in general very chimerical and viſionary, there is ſomething ſublime in its manner

manner of conſi'ering the Influence of a Divine Being on a Human Soul. It has alſo, like moſt other Opinions of the Heathen World upon theſe important Points, it has, I ſay, its Foundation in Truth, as it ſuppoſes the Souls of good Men after this Life to be in a State of perfect Happineſs, that in this State there will be no barren Hopes, nor fruitleſs Wiſhes, and that we ſhall enjoy every thing we can deſire. But the particular Circumſtance which I am moſt pleas'd with in this Scheme, and which ariſes from a juſt Reflexion upon Human Nature, is that Variety of Pleaſures which it ſuppoſes the Souls of good Men will be poſſeſſed of in another World. This I think highly probable, from the Dictates both of Reaſon and Revelation. The Soul conſiſts of many Faculties, as the Underſtanding, and the Will, with all the Senſes both outward and inward; or, to ſpeak more philoſophically, the Soul can exert herſelf in many different Ways of Action. She can underſtand, will, imagine, ſee, and hear, love, and diſcourſe, and apply herſelf to many other the like Exerciſes of different Kinds and Natures; but what is more to be conſidered, the Soul is capable of receiving a moſt exquiſite Pleaſure and Satisfaction from the Exerciſe of any of theſe its Powers, when they are gratified with their proper Objects; ſhe can be entirely happy by the Satisfaction of the Memory, the Sight, the Hearing, or any other Mode of Perception. Every Faculty is as a diſtinct Taſte in the Mind, and hath Objects accommodated to its proper Reliſh. Doctor *Tillotſon* ſomewhere ſays, that he will not preſume to determine in what conſiſts the Happineſs of the Bleſt, becauſe God Almighty is capable of making the Soul happy by ten thouſand different Ways. Beſides thoſe ſeveral Avenues to Pleaſure, which the Soul is endowed with in this Life; it is not impoſſible, according to the Opinions of many eminent Divines, but there may be new Faculties in the Souls of good Men made perfect, as well as new Senſes in their glorified Bodies. This we are ſure of, that there will be new Objects offer'd to all thoſe Faculties which are eſſential to us.

We are likewiſe to take notice that every particular Faculty is capable of being employed on a very great Va-

riety of Objects. The Underſtanding, for Example, may be happy in the Contemplation of Moral, Natural, Mathematical, and other kinds of Truth. The Memory likewiſe may turn itſelf to an infinite Multitude of Objects, eſpecially when the Soul ſhall have paſs'd through the Space of many Millions of Years, and ſhall reflect with Pleaſure on the Days of Eternity. Every other Faculty may be conſider'd in the ſame Extent.

We cannot queſtion but that the Happineſs of a Soul will be adequate to its Nature, and that it is not endow'd with any Faculties which are to lie uſeleſs and unemployed. The Happineſs is to be the Happineſs of the whole Man, and we may eaſily conceive to ourſelves the Happineſs of the Soul, while any one of its Faculties is in the Fruition of its chief Good. The Happineſs may be of a more exalted Nature in Proportion as the Faculty employ'd is ſo; but as the whole Soul acts in the Exertion of any of its particular Powers, the whole Soul is happy in the Pleaſure which ariſes from any of its particular Acts. For notwithſtanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken notice of by one of the greateſt modern Philoſophers, we divide the Soul into ſeveral Powers and Faculties, there is no ſuch Diviſion in the Soul itſelf, ſince it is the whole Soul that remembers, underſtands, wills, or imagines. Our Manner of conſidering the Memory, Underſtanding, Will, Imagination, and the like Faculties, is for the better enabling us to expreſs ourſelves in ſuch abſtracted Subjects of Speculation, not that there is any ſuch Diviſion in the Soul itſelf.

Seeing then that the Soul has many different Faculties, or, in other Words, many different Ways of acting; that it can be intenſely pleas'd, or made happy by all theſe different Faculties, or Ways of acting; that it may be endow'd with ſeveral latent Faculties, which it is not at preſent in a Condition to exert; that we cannot believe the Soul is endow'd with any Faculty which is of no Uſe to it; that whenever any one of theſe Faculties is tranſcendently pleaſed, the Soul is in a State of Happineſs; and in the laſt Place, conſidering that the Happineſs of another World is to be the Happineſs of the whole Man; who can queſtion but that there is an infinite

infinite Variety in thoſe Pleaſures we are ſpeaking of; and that this Fulneſs of Joy will be made up of all thoſe Pleaſures which the Nature of the Soul is capable of receiving?

We ſhall be the more confirmed in this Doctrine, if we obſerve the Nature of Variety, with regard to the Mind of Man. The Soul does not care to be always in the ſame Bent. The Faculties relieve one another by Turns, and receive an additional Pleaſure from the Novelty of thoſe Objects about which they are converſant.

Revelation likewiſe very much confirms this Notion, under the different Views which it gives us of our future Happineſs. In the Deſcription of the Throne of God, it repreſents to us all thoſe Objects which are able to gratify the Senſes and Imagination: In very many Places it intimates to us all the Happineſs which the Underſtanding can poſſibly receive in that State, where all Things ſhall be revealed to us, and we ſhall know, even as we are known; the Raptures of Devotion, of Divine Love, the Pleaſure of converſing with our Bleſſed Saviour, with an innumerable Hoſt of Angels, and with the Spirits of Juſt Men made perfect, are likewiſe revealed to us in ſeveral Parts of the Holy Writings. There are alſo mentioned thoſe Hierarchies or Governments, in which the Bleſt ſhall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be ſure a great Part of our Happineſs will likewiſe conſiſt; for it will not be there as in this World, where every one is aiming at Power and Superiority; but, on the contrary, every one will find that Station the moſt proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been ſo happy in any other Station. Theſe, and many other Particulars, are marked in Divine Revelation as the ſeveral Ingredients of our Happineſs in Heaven, which all imply ſuch a Variety of Joys, and ſuch a Gratification of the Soul in all its different Faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the Rabbins tell us, that the Cherubims are a Set of Angels who know moſt, and the Seraphims a Set of Angels who love moſt. Whether this Diſtinction be not altogether imaginary, I ſhall not here examine; but it is highly probable, that among the Spirits of good

Men, there may be ſome who will be more pleaſed with the Employment of one Faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to thoſe innocent and virtuous Habits or Inclinations which have here taken the deepeſt Root.

I might here apply this Conſideration to the Spirits of wicked Men, with relation to the Pain which they ſhall ſuffer in every one of their Faculties, and the reſpective Miſeries which ſhall be appropriated to each Faculty in particular. But leaving this to the Reflexion of my Readers, I ſhall conclude, with obſerving how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the Being which he has beſtowed upon us, for having made the Soul ſuſceptible of Pleaſure by ſo many different Ways. We ſee by what a Variety of Paſſages Joy and Gladneſs may enter into the Thoughts of Man; how wonderfully a Human Spirit is framed, to imbibe its proper Satisfactions, and taſte the Goodneſs of its Creator. We may therefore look into ourſelves with Rapture and Amazement, and cannot ſufficiently expreſs our Gratitude to him, who has encompaſſed us with ſuch a Profuſion of Bleſſings, and opened in us ſo many Capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a ſtronger Argument that God has deſigned us for a State of future Happineſs, and for that Heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the Soul for it, and made it a Being capable of receiving ſo much Bliſs. He would never have made ſuch Faculties in vain, and have endowed us with Powers that were not to be exerted on ſuch Objects as are ſuited to them. It is very manifeſt, by the inward Frame and Conſtitution of our Minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite Variety of Pleaſures and Gratifications, which are not to be met with in this Life. We ſhould therefore at all times take care that we do not diſappoint this his gracious Purpoſe and Intention towards us, and make thoſe Faculties which he formed as ſo many Qualifications for Happineſs and Rewards, to be the Inſtruments of Pain and Puniſhment.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 600.

HILPA

HILPA *and* SHALUM, *an Antediluvian Courtſhip.*

HILPA was one of the 150 Daughters of *Zilpah*, of the Race of *Cohu*, by whom ſome of the Learned think is meant *Cain*. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when ſhe was but a Girl of Threeſcore and ten Years of Age, received the Addreſſes of ſeveral who made Love to her. Among theſe were two Brothers, *Harpath* and *Shalum*. *Harpath*, being the Firſt-born, was Maſter of that fruitful Region which lies at the Foot of Mount *Tirzah*, in the Southern Parts of *China*. *Shalum* (which is to ſay the Planter in the *Chineſe* Language) poſſeſſed all the neighbouring Hills, and that great Range of Mountains which goes under the Name of *Tirzah*. *Harpath* was of a haughty contemptuous Spirit; *Shalum* was of a gentle Diſpoſition, beloved both by God and Man.

It is ſaid that among the Antediluvian Women, the Daughters of *Cohu* had their Minds wholly ſet upon Riches; for which Reaſon the beautiful *Hilpa* preferr'd *Harpath* to *Shalum*, becauſe of his numerous Flocks and Herds, that covered all the low Country which runs along the Foot of Mount *Tirzah*, and is watered by ſeveral Fountains and Streams breaking out of the Sides of that Mountain.

Harpath made ſo quick a Diſpatch of his Courtſhip, that he married *Hilpa* in the Hundredth Year of her Age; and being of an inſolent Temper, laughed to Scorn his Brother *Shalum* for having pretended to the beautiful *Hilpa*, when he was Maſter of nothing but a long Chain of Rocks and Mountains. This ſo much provoked *Shalum*, that he is ſaid to have curſed his Brother in the Bitterneſs of his Heart, and to have prayed that one of his Mountains might fall upon his Head if ever he came within the Shadow of it.

From this Time forward *Harpath* would never venture out of the Vallies, but came to an untimely End in the 250th Year of his Age, being drowned in a River as he attempted to croſs it. This River is called to this

Day, from his Name who periſhed in it, the River *Harpath*, and, what is very remarkable, iſſues out of one of thoſe Mountains which *Shalum* wiſhed might fall upon his Brother, when he curſed him in the Bitterneſs of his Heart.

Hilpa was in the 160th Year of her Age at the Death of her Huſband, having brought him but 50 Children, before he was ſnatched away, as has been already related. Many of the Antediluvians made Love to the young Widow, tho' no one was thought ſo likely to ſucceed in her Affections as her firſt Lover *Shalum*, who renewed his Court to her about ten Years after the Death of *Harpath*; for it was not thought decent in thoſe Days that a Widow ſhould be ſeen by a Man within ten Years after the Deceaſe of her Huſband.

Shalum falling into a deep Melancholy, and reſolving to take away that Objection which had been raiſed againſt him when he made his firſt Addreſſes to *Hilpa*, began, immediately after her Marriage with *Harpath*, to plant all that mountainous Region which fell to his Lot in the Diviſion of this Country. He knew how to adapt every Plant to its proper Soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional Secrets of that Art from the firſt Man. This Employment turn'd at length to his Profit as well as to his Amuſement: His Mountains were in a few Years ſhaded with young Trees, that gradually ſhot up into Groves, Woods, and Foreſts, intermixed with Walks and Lawns, and Gardens; inſomuch that the whole Region, from a naked and deſolate Proſpect, began now to look like a ſecond Paradiſe. The Pleaſantneſs of the Place, and the agreeable Diſpoſition of *Shalum*, who was reckoned one of the mildeſt and wiſeſt of all who lived before the Flood, drew into it Multitudes of People, who were perpetually employed in the ſinking of Wells, the digging of Trenches, and the hollowing of Trees, for the better Diſtribution of Water through every Part of this ſpacious Plantation.

The Habitations of *Shalum* looked every Year more beautiful in the Eyes of *Hilpa*, who, after the Spice of 70 Autumns, was wonderfully pleaſed with the diſtant Proſpect of *Shalum*'s Hills, which were then covered with innumerable Tufts of Trees, and gloomy Scenes

that

that gave a Magnificence to the Place, and converted it into one of the fineſt Landſkips the Eye of Man could behold.

The *Chineſe* record a Letter which *Shalum* is ſaid to have written to *Hilpa*, in the Eleventh Year of her Widowhood. I ſhall here tranſlate it, without departing from that noble Simplicity of Sentiments, and Plainneſs of Manners, which appears in the Original.

Shalum was at this Time 180 Years old, and *Hilpa* 170.

Shalum, *Maſter of Mount* Tirzah, *to* Hilpa, *Miſtreſs of the Vallies.*

In the 788th Year of the Creation.

'What have I not ſuffered, O thou Daughter of *Zilpah*, ſince thou gaveſt thyſelf away in Marriage to my Rival? I grew weary of the Light of the Sun, and have ever ſince been covering myſelf with Woods and Foreſts. Theſe threeſcore and ten Years have I bewailed the Loſs of thee on the Tops of Mount *Tirzah*, and ſoothed my Melancholy among a thouſand gloomy Shades of my own raiſing. My Dwellings are at preſent as the Garden of God; every Part of them is filled with Fruits, and Flowers, and Fountains. The whole Mountain is perfumed for thy Reception. Come up into it, O my Beloved, and let us people this Spot of the new World with a beautiful Race of Mortals; let us multiply exceedingly among theſe delightful Shades, and fill every Quarter of them with Sons and Daughters. Remember, O thou Daughter of *Zilpah*, that the Age of Man is but a thouſand Years; that Beauty is the Admiration but of a few Centuries. It flouriſhes as a Mountain Oak, or as a Cedar on the Top of *Tirzah*, which in three or four hundred Years will fade away, and never be thought of by Poſterity, unleſs a young Wood ſprings from its Roots. Think well on this, and remember thy Neighbour in the Mountains.'

Having here inſerted this Letter, which I look upon as the only Antediluvian *Billet-doux* now extant, I ſhall

in my next Paper give the Anſwer to it, and the Sequel of this Story.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 584.

The Sequel of the Story of Shalum *and* Hilpa.

The Letter inſerted in my laſt had ſo good an Effect upon *Hilpa*, that ſhe anſwered it in leſs than a Twelvemonth, after the following Manner.

Hilpa, *Miſtreſs of the Vallies, to* Shalum, *Maſter of Mount* Tirzah.

In the 789th Year of the Creation.

'What have I to do with thee, O *Shalum?* Thou 'praiſeſt *Hilpa*'s Beauty, but art thou not ſecretly enamoured with the Verdure of her Meadows? Art thou 'not more affected with the Proſpect of her green Vallies, than thou wouldeſt be with the Sight of her Perſon? The Lowings of my Herds, and the Bleatings of 'my Flocks, make a pleaſant Echo in thy Mountains, 'and ſound ſweetly in thy Ears. What tho' I am delighted with the Wavings of thy Foreſts, and thoſe 'Breezes of Perfumes which flow from the Top of *Tirzah:* Are theſe like the Riches of the Valley?

'I know thee, O *Shalum*; thou art more wiſe and 'happy than any of the Sons of Men. Thy Dwellings 'are among the Cedars; thou ſearcheſt out the Diverſity of Soils, thou underſtandeſt the Influences of the 'Stars, and markeſt the Change of Seaſons. Can a 'Woman appear lovely in the Eyes of ſuch a one? 'Diſquiet me not, O *Shalum*; let me alone, that I may 'enjoy thoſe goodly Poſſeſſions which are fallen to my 'Lot. Win me not by thy enticing Words. May thy 'Trees increaſe and multiply; mayeſt thou add Wood 'to Wood, and Shade to Shade; but tempt not *Hilpa* 'to deſtroy thy Solitude, and make thy Retirement 'populous.'

The *Chineſe* ſay, that a little time afterwards ſhe accepted of a Treat in one of the neighbouring Hills to which *Shalum* had invited her. This Treat laſted for two Years, and is ſaid to have coſt *Shalum* five hundred

Ante-

Antelopes, two thouſand Oſtriches, and a thouſand Tun of Milk; but what moſt of all recommended it, was that Variety of delicious Fruits and Pot-herbs, in which no Perſon then living could any way equal *Shalum*.

He treated her in the Bower which he had planted amidſt the Wood of Nightingales. This Wood was made up of ſuch Fruit-Trees and Plants as are moſt agreeable to the ſeveral Kinds of Singing Birds; ſo that it had drawn into it all the Muſick of the Country, and was filled from one End of the Year to the other with the moſt agreeable Concert in Seaſon.

He ſhewed her every Day ſome beautiful and ſurpriſing Scene in this new Region of Woodlands; and as by this means he had all the Opportunities he could wiſh for of opening his Mind to her, he ſucceeded ſo well, that upon her Departure ſhe made him a kind of Promiſe, and gave him her Word to return him a poſitive Anſwer in leſs than Fifty Years.

She had not been long among her own People in the Vallies, when ſhe received new Overtures, and at the ſame time a moſt ſplendid Viſit from *Miſhpach*, who was a mighty Man of old, and had built a great City, which he called after his own Name. Every Houſe was made for at leaſt a thouſand Years, nay there were ſome that were leaſed out for three Lives; ſo that the Quantity of Stone and Timber conſumed in this Building is ſcarce to be imagined by thoſe who live in the preſent Age of the World. This great Man entertained her with the Voice of muſical Inſtruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the Sound of the Timbrel. He alſo preſented her with ſeveral domeſtick Utenſils wrought in Braſs and Iron, which had been newly found out for the Conveniency of Life. In the mean time *Shalum* grew very uneaſy with himſelf, and was ſorely diſpleaſed at *Hilpa* for the Reception which ſhe had given to *Miſhpach*, inſomuch that he never wrote to her or ſpoke of her during a whole Revolution of *Saturn*; but finding that this Intercourſe went no further than a Viſit, he again renewed his Addreſſes to her, who during his long Silence is ſaid very often to have caſt a wiſhing Eye upon Mount *Tirzah*.

Her

Her Mind continued wavering about twenty Years longer between *Shalum* and *Miſhpach*; for tho' her Inclinations favoured the former, her Intereſt pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her Heart was in this unſettled Condition, the following Accident happened which determined her Choice. A high Tower of Wood that ſtood in the City of *Miſhpach* having caught Fire by a Flaſh of Lightning, in a few Days reduced the whole Town to Aſhes. *Miſhpach* reſolved to rebuild the Place whatever it ſhould coſt him; and having already deſtroyed all the Timber of the Country, he was forced to have recourſe to *Shalum*, whoſe Foreſts were now two hundred Years old. He purchaſed theſe Woods with ſo many Herds of Cattle and Flocks of Sheep, and with ſuch a vaſt Extent of Fields and Paſtures, that *Shalum* was now grown more wealthy than *Miſhpach*; and therefore appeared ſo charming in the Eyes of *Zilpah*'s Daughter, that ſhe no longer refuſed him in Marriage. On the Day in which he brought her up into the Mountains he raiſed a moſt prodigious Pile of Cedar and of every ſweet ſmelling Wood, which reached above 300 Cubits in height; He alſo caſt into the Pile Bundles of Myrrh and Sheaves of Spikenard, enriching it with every ſpicy Shrub, and making it fat with the Gums of his Plantations. This was the Burnt-Offering which *Shalum* offered in the Day of his Eſpouſals: The ſmoke of it aſcended up to Heaven, and filled the whole Country with Incenſe and Perfume.

SPECTATOR, VOL. VIII. N° 585.

HISTORY.

WHEN I look into the Frame and Conſtitution of my own Mind, there is no Part of it which I obſerve with greater Satisfaction, than that Tenderneſs and Concern which it bears for the Good and Happineſs of Mankind. My own Circumſtances are indeed ſo narrow and ſcanty, that I ſhould taſte but very little Pleaſure, could I receive it only from thoſe Enjoyments which are in my own Poſſeſſion; but by this great Tincture of Humanity, which I find in all my Thoughts and

and Reflections, I am happier than any ſingle Perſon can be, with all the Wealth, Strength, Beauty and Succeſs, that can be conferred upon a Mortal, if he only reliſhes ſuch a Proportion of theſe Bleſſings as is veſted in himſelf, and in his own private Property. By this Means, every Man that does himſelf any real Service, does me a Kindneſs. I come in for my Share in all the Good that happens to a Man of Merit and Virtue, and partake of many Gifts of Fortune and Power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I ſo much rejoice as the Deliverance of good and generous Spirits out of Dangers, Difficulties and Diſtreſſes. And becauſe the World does not ſupply Inſtances of this Kind to furniſh out ſufficient Entertainments for ſuch an Humanity and Benevolence of Temper, I have ever delighted in reading the Hiſtory of Ages paſt, which draws together into a narrow Compaſs the great Occurrences and Events that are but thinly ſown in thoſe Tracts of Time, which lie within our Knowledge and Obſervation. When I ſee the Life of a great Man, who deſerved well of his Country, after having ſtruggled through all the Oppoſitions of Prejudice and Envy, breaking out with Luſtre, and ſhining forth in all the Splendor of Succeſs, I cloſe my Book, and am an happy Man for a whole Evening.

But ſince in Hiſtory, Events are of a mixed Nature, and often happen alike to the worthleſs and the Deſerving, inſomuch that we frequently ſee a virtuous Man dying in the midſt of Diſappointments and Calamities, and the vicious ending their Days in Proſperity and Peace; I love to amuſe myſelf with the Accounts I meet with in fabulous Hiſtories and Fictions: For in this Kind of Writings we have always the Pleaſure of ſeeing Vice puniſhed, and Virtue rewarded: Indeed, were we able to view a Man in the whole Circle of his Exiſtence, we ſhould have the Satisfaction of ſeeing it cloſe with Happineſs or Miſery, according to his proper Merit: But though our View of him is interrupted by Death before the Finiſhing of his Adventures (if I may ſo ſpeak) we may be ſure the Concluſion and Cataſtrophe is altogether ſuitable to his Behaviour. On the contrary, the whole Being of a Man, conſidered as an Hero, or a Knight-

Knight-Errant, is comprehended within the limits of a Poem or Romance, and therefore always ends to our Satisfaction; ſo that Inventions of this Kind are like Food and Exerciſe to a good natur'd Diſpoſition, which they pleaſe and gratify at the ſame Time that they nouriſh and ſtrengthen. The greater the Affliction is in which we ſee our Favourites in theſe Relations engaged, the greater is the Pleaſure we take in ſeeing them relieved.

Among the many feign'd Hiſtories which I have met with in my Reading, there is none in which the Hero's Perplexity is greater, and the Winding out of it more difficult, than that in a *French* Author whoſe Name I have forgot. It ſo happens, that the Hero's Miſtreſs was the Siſter of his moſt intimate Friend, who for certain Reaſons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his Country in queſt of Adventures. The Hero having heard of his Friend's Death, immediately repaired to his Miſtreſs, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his Arrival in her Garden, he diſcovered at a Diſtance a Man claſp'd in her Arms, and embrac'd with the moſt endearing Tenderneſs. What ſhould he do? It did not conſiſt with the Gentleneſs of a Knight-Errant either to kill his Miſtreſs, or the Man whom ſhe was pleaſed to favour. At the ſame Time, it would have ſpoil'd a Romance, ſhould he have laid violent Hands on himſelf. In ſhort, he immediately entered upon his Adventures; and after a long Series of Exploits, found out by Degrees, that the Perſon he ſaw in his Miſtreſs's Arms was her own Brother, taking Leave of her before he left his Country, and the Embrace ſhe gave him nothing elſe but the affectionate Farewell of a Siſter: So that he had at once the two greateſt Satisfactions that could enter into the Heart of Man, in finding his Friend alive, whom he had thought dead; and his Miſtreſs faithful, whom he had believed inconſtant.

There are indeed ſome Diſaſters ſo very fatal, that it is impoſſible for any Accidents to rectify them. Of this Kind was that of poor *Lucretia*; and yet we ſee *Ovid* has found an Expedient even in this Caſe. He deſcribes a beautiful and royal Virgin walking on the Sea-ſhore, where ſhe was diſcovered by *Neptune*, and violated after a long and ſucceſsful Importunity, to mitigate her Sor-

row,

row, he offers her whatever ſhe could wiſh for. Never certainly was the Wit of Woman more puzzled in finding out a Stratagem to retrieve her Honour. Had ſhe deſired to be changed into a Stock or Stone, a Beaſt, Fiſh or Fowl, ſhe would have been a Loſer by it: Or had ſhe deſired to have been made a Sea-Nymph, or a Goddeſs, her Immortality would have perpetuated her Diſgrace. Give me therefore, ſaid ſhe, ſuch a Shape as may make me incapable of ſuffering again the like Calamity, or of being reproached for what I have already ſuffered. In ſhort, ſhe was turned into a Man, and by that only Means avoided the Danger and Imputation ſhe ſo much dreaded.

I was once myſelf in Agonies of Grief that are unutterable, and in ſo great a Diſtraction of Mind, that I thought myſelf even out of the Poſſibility of receiving Comfort. The Occaſion was as follows: When I was a Youth in a Part of the Army which was then quarter'd at *Dover*, I fell in Love with an agreeable young Woman, of a good Family in thoſe Parts, and had the Satisfaction of ſeeing my Addreſſes kindly received, which occaſioned the Perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm Evening diverting ourſelves upon the Top of the Cliff with the Proſpect of the Sea, and trifling away the Time in ſuch little Fondneſſes as are moſt ridiculous to People in Buſineſs, and moſt agreeable to thoſe in Love.

In the midſt of theſe our innocent Endearments, ſhe ſnatch'd a Paper of Verſes out of my Hand and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a ſudden the Ground, though at a conſiderable Diſtance from the Verge of the Precipice, ſunk under her, and threw her down from ſo prodigious an Height upon ſuch a Range of Rocks, as would have daſhed her into ten thouſand Pieces, had her Body been made of Adamant. It is much eaſier for my Reader to imagine my State of Mind upon ſuch an Occaſion, than for me to expreſs it. I ſaid to myſelf, It is not in the Power of Heaven to relieve me! When I awaked, equally tranſported and aſtoniſhed, to ſee myſelf drawn out of an Affliction which the very Moment before appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The

The Impreſſions of Grief and Horror were ſo lively on this Occaſion, that while they laſted, they made me more miſerable than I was at the real Death of this beloved Perſon (which happened a few Months after, at a Time when the Match between us was concluded) inaſmuch as the imaginary Death was untimely, and I myſelf in a Sort an Acceſſary; whereas her real Deceaſe had at leaſt theſe Alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The Memory of the Dream I have related, ſtill dwells ſo ſtrongly upon me, that I can never read the Deſcription of *Dover-Cliff*, in *Shakeſpear*'s Tragedy of King *Lear*, without a freſh Senſe of my Eſcape. The Proſpect from that Place is drawn with ſuch proper Incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy, muſt have a good Head, or a very bad one.

Come on, Sir, here's the Place; ſtand ſtill! How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to caſt one's Eyes ſo low?
The Crows and Choughs that wing the Midway Air,
Show ſcarce as groſs as Beetles. Half Way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire—— Dreadful Trade!
Methinks he ſeems no bigger than his Head.
The Fiſhermen that walk upon the Beach,
Appear like Mice, and yond' tall anchoring Bark
Diminiſh'd to her Boat; her Boat! a Buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for Sight. The murmuring Surge
(That on the unnumber'd idle Pebble beats)
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
Leſt my Brain turn.

GUARDIAN, Vol. III. No. 117.

HONOUR.

EVERY Principle that is a Motive to good Actions ought to be encouraged, ſince Men are of ſo different a Make, that the ſame Principle does not work equally upon all Minds. What ſome Men are prompted to by Conſcience, Duty or Religion, which are only different Names for the ſame thing, others are prompted to by *Honour*.

The

The Senſe of Honour is of ſo fine and delicate a Nature, that it is only to be met with in Minds which are naturally Noble, or in ſuch as have been cultivated by great Examples, or a refined Education. This Paper therefore is chiefly deſigned for thoſe who by means of any of theſe Advantages are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious Principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a Principle of Action when it is miſunderſtood, I ſhall conſider Honour with reſpect to three ſorts of Men. Firſt of all, with regard to thoſe who have a right Notion of it. Secondly, with regard to thoſe who have a miſtaken Notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to theſe who treat it as Chimerical, and turn it into Ridicule.

In the firſt place, true Honour, though it be a different Principle from Religion, is that which produces the ſame Effects. The Lines of Action, though drawn from different Parts, terminate in the ſame Point. Religion embraces Virtue, as it is injoined by the Laws of God; Honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to Human Nature. The Religious Man *fears*, the Man of Honour *ſcorns* to do an ill Action. The former conſiders Vice as ſomething that is beneath him, the other as ſomething that is offenſive to the Divine Being. The one as what is *unbecoming*, the other as what is *forbidden*. Thus *Seneca* ſpeaks in the natural and genuine Language of a Man of Honour, when he declares that were there no God to ſee or puniſh Vice, he would not commit it, becauſe it is of ſo mean, ſo baſe, and ſo vile a Nature.

I ſhall conclude this Head with the Deſcription of Honour in the Part of young *Juba*.

Honour's a ſacred Tye, the Law of Kings,
The noble Mind's diſtinguiſhing Perfection,
That aids and ſtrengthens Virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her Actions where ſhe is not.
It ought not to be ſported with—— Cato.

In the ſecond place we are to conſider thoſe who have miſtaken Notions of Honour, and theſe are ſuch as eſtabliſh any thing to themſelves for a Point of Honour which

which is contrary either to the Laws of God, or of their Country; who think it more honourable to revenge than to forgive an Injury; who make no Scruple of telling a Lye, but would put any Man to Death that accuſes them of it; who are more careful to guard their Reputation by their Courage than by their Virtue. True Fortitude is indeed ſo becoming in Human Nature, that he who wants it ſcarce deſerves the Name of a Man; but we find ſeveral who ſo much abuſe this Notion, that they place the whole Idea of Honour in a kind of Brutal Courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themſelves Men of Honour, that would have been a Diſgrace to a Gibbet. In a word, the Man who ſacrifices any Duty of a reaſonable Creature to a prevailing Mode or Faſhion, who looks upon any thing as honourable that is diſpleaſing to his Maker, or deſtructive to Society, who thinks himſelf obliged by this Principle to the Practice of ſome Virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckon'd among true Men of Honour.

Timogenes was a lively Inſtance of one acted by falſe Honour. *Timogenes* would ſmile at a Man's Jeſt who ridiculed his Maker, and at the ſame time, run a Man through the Body that ſpoke ill of his Friend. *Timogenes* would have ſcorned to have betrayed a Secret, that was intruſted with him, tho' the Fate of his Country depended upon the Diſcovery of it. *Timogenes* took away the Life of a young Fellow in a Duel, for having ſpoken ill of *Belinda*, a Lady whom he himſelf had ſeduced in Youth, and betrayed into Want and Ignominy. To cloſe his Character, *Timogenes*, after having ruined ſeveral poor Tradeſmen's Families, who had truſted him, ſold his Eſtate to ſatisfy his Creditors; but like a Man of Honour, diſpoſed of all the Money he could make of it, in the paying off his Play Debts, or to ſpeak in his own Language, his Debts of Honour.

In the third place, we are to conſider thoſe Perſons, who treat this Principle as chimerical, and turn it into Ridicule. Men who are profeſſedly of no Honour are of a more profligate and abandoned Nature than even thoſe who are acted by falſe Notions of it, as there is more Hopes of a Heretick than of an Atheiſt. Theſe

Sons

Sons of Infamy conſider Honour with old *Syphax*, in the Play beforementioned, as a fine imaginary Notion, that leads aſtray young unexperienced Men, and draws them into real Miſchiefs, while they are engaged in the Purſuits of a Shadow. Theſe are generally Perſons who, in *Shakeſpear's* Phraſe, are *worn and hackney'd in the Ways of Men*; whoſe Imaginations are grown callous, and have loſt thoſe delicate Sentiments which are natural to Minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered Miſcreants ridicule every thing as Romantick that comes in competition with their preſent Intereſt, and treat thoſe Perſons as Viſionaries who dare ſtand up in a corrupt Age, for what has not its immediate Reward joined to it. The Talents, Intereſt, or Experience of ſuch Men, make them very often uſeful in all Parties, and at all Times. But whatever Wealth and Dignities they may arrive at, they ought to conſider, that every one ſtands as a Blot in the Annals of his Country, who arrives at the Temple of *Honour* by any other Way than through that of *Virtue*.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 161.

HOPE.

THE *Time preſent* ſeldom affords ſufficient Employment to the Mind of Man. Objects of Pain or Pleaſure, Love or Admiration, do not lie thick enough together in Life to keep the Soul in conſtant Action, and ſupply an immediate Exerciſe to its Faculties. In order, therefore, to remedy this Defect, that the Mind may not want Buſineſs, but always have Materials for thinking, ſhe is endowed with certain Powers, that can recal what is paſſed, and anticipate what is to come.

That wonderful Faculty, which we call the Memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing preſent to entertain us. It is like thoſe Repoſitories in ſeveral Animals that are filled with Stores of their former Food, on which they may ruminate when their preſent Paſture fails.

As the Memory relieves the Mind in her vacant Moments, and prevents any Chaſms of Thought by Ideas

of

of what is *paſt*, we have other Faculties that agitate and employ her upon what is *to come*. Theſe are the Paſſions of Hope and Fear.

By theſe two Paſſions we reach forward into Futurity, and bring up to our preſent Thoughts Objects that lie hid in the remoteſt Depths of Time. We ſuffer Miſery, and enjoy Happineſs, before they are in Being; we can ſet the Sun and Stars forward, or loſe ſight of them by wandring into thoſe retired Parts of Eternity, when the Heavens and Earth ſhall be no more.

By the way, who can imagine that the Exiſtence of a Creature is to be circumſcribed by Time, whoſe Thoughts are not? But I ſhall, in this Paper, confine myſelf to that particular Paſſion which goes by the Name of Hope.

Our Actual Enjoyments are ſo few and tranſient, that Man would be a very miſerable Being, were he not endowed with this Paſſion, which gives him a Taſte of thoſe good Things that may poſſibly come into his Poſſeſſion. *We ſhould hope for every thing that is good*, ſays the old Poet *Linus*, *becauſe there is nothing which may not be hoped for, and nothing but what the Gods are able to give us*. Hope quickens all the ſtill Parts of Life, and keeps the Mind awake in her moſt remiſs and indolent Hours. It gives habitual Serenity and Good-humour. It is a kind of Vital Heat in the Soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when ſhe does not attend to it. It makes Pain eaſy, and Labour pleaſant.

Beſide theſe ſeveral Advantages which riſe from *Hope*, there is another which is none of the leaſt, and that is, its great Efficacy in preſerving us from ſetting too high a Value on preſent Enjoyments. The Saying of *Cæſar* is very well known. When he had given away all his Eſtate in Gratuities among his Friends, one of them aſked what he had left for himſelf; to which that great Man replied, *Hope*. His natural Magnanimity hindred him from prizing what he was certainly poſſeſſed of, and turned all his Thoughts upon ſomething more valuable that he had in view. I queſtion not but every Reader will draw a Moral from this Story, and apply it to himſelf without my Direction.

The

The old Story of *Pandora*'s Box (which many of the Learned believe was formed among the Heathens upon the Tradition of the Fall of Man) ſhews us how deplorable a State they thought the preſent Life, without Hope: To ſet forth the utmoſt Condition of Miſery they tell us, that our Forefather, according to the *Pagan* Theology, had a great Veſſel preſented him by *Pandora*: Upon his lifting up the Lid of it, ſays the Fable, there flew out all the Calamities and Diſtempers incident to Men, from which, till that time, they had been altogether exempt. *Hope*, who had been incloſed in the Cup with ſo much bad Company, inſtead of flying off with the reſt, ſtuck ſo cloſe to the Lid of it, that it was ſhut down upon her.

I ſhall make but two Reflexions upon what I have hitherto ſaid. Firſt, that no kind of Life is ſo happy as that which is full of Hope, eſpecially when the Hope is well grounded, and when the Object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its Nature proper to make the Perſon happy who enjoys it. This Propoſition muſt be very evident to thoſe who conſider how few are the preſent Enjoyments of the moſt happy Man, and how inſufficient to give him an intire Satisfaction and Acquieſcence in them.

My next Obſervation is this, that a Religious Life is that which moſt abounds in a well-grounded Hope, and ſuch an one as is fixed on Objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This Hope in a Religious Man, is much more ſure and certain than the Hope of any Temporal Bleſſing, as it is ſtrengthened not only by Reaſon, but by Faith. It has at the ſame time its Eye perpetually fixed on that State, which implies in the very Notion of it the moſt full and the moſt complete Happineſs.

I have before ſhewn how the Influence of Hope in general ſweetens Life, and makes our preſent Condition ſupportable, if not pleaſing; but a Religious Hope has ſtill greater Advantages. It does not only bear up the Mind under her Sufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the Inſtruments of procuring her the great and ultimate End of all her Hope.

Reli-

Religious Hope has likewiſe this Advantage above any other kind of Hope, that it is able to revive the *dying* Man, and to fill his Mind not only with ſecret Comfort and Refreſhment, but ſometimes with Rapture and Tranſport. He triumphs in his Agonies, whilſt the Soul ſprings forward with Delight to the great Object which ſhe always had in view, and leaves the Body with an Expectation of being united to her in a glorious and joyful Reſurrection.

I ſhall conclude this Eſſay with thoſe emblematical Expreſſions of a lively Hope, which the Pſalmiſt made uſe of in the midſt of thoſe Dangers and Adverſities which ſurrounded him; for the following Paſſage had its preſent and perſonal, as well as its future and prophetick Senſe. *I have ſet the Lord always before me: Becauſe he is at my right Hand I ſhall not be moved. Therefore my Heart is glad, and my Glory rejoiceth: my Fleſh alſo ſhall reſt in Hope. For thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell, neither wilt thou ſuffer thine Holy One to ſee Corruption. Thou wilt ſhew me the Path of Life: in thy Preſence there is Fulneſs of Joy, at thy right Hand there are Pleaſures for evermore.* C

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 471.

My Four hundred and ſeventy firſt Speculation turned upon the Subject of Hope in general. I deſign this Paper as a Speculation upon that vain and fooliſh Hope, which is miſemployed on temporal Objects, and produces many Sorrows and Calamities in human Life.

It is a Precept ſeveral times inculcated by *Horace*, that we ſhould not entertain an Hope of any thing in Life which lies at a great Diſtance from us. The Shortneſs and Uncertainty of our Time here, makes ſuch a kind of Hope unreaſonable and abſurd. The Grave lies unſeen between us and the Object which we reach after: Where one Man lives to enjoy the Good he has in view, ten thouſand are cut off in the Purſuit of it.

It happens likewiſe unluckily, that one Hope no ſooner dies in us, than another riſes up in its ſtead. We are apt to fancy that we ſhall be happy and ſatisfied if we poſſeſs ourſelves of ſuch and ſuch particular Enjoyments; but either by reaſon of their Emptineſs, or the natural

natural Inquietude of the Mind, we have no ſooner gained one Point but we extend our Hopes to another. We ſtill find new inviting Scenes and Landſkips lying behind thoſe which at a diſtance terminated our View.

The natural Conſequences of ſuch Reflexions are theſe; that we ſhould take care not to let our Hopes run out into too great a length; that we ſhould ſufficiently weigh the Objects of our Hope, whether they be ſuch as we may reaſonably expect from them what they propoſe in their Fruition, and whether they are ſuch as we are pretty ſure of attaining, in caſe our Life extend itſelf ſo far. If we hope for things which are at too great a diſtance from us, it is poſſible that we may be intercepted by Death in our progreſs towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly conſider'd the Value, our Diſappointment will be greater than our Pleaſure in the Fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to poſſeſs, we act and think in vain, and make Life a greater Dream and Shadow than it really is.

Many of the Miſeries and Misfortunes of Life proceed from our want of Conſideration, in one or all of theſe Particulars. They are the Rocks on which the ſanguine Tribe of Lovers daily ſplit, and on which the Bankrupt, the Politician, the Alchymiſt and Projector are caſt away in every Age. Men of warm Imaginations and towering Thoughts are apt to overlook the Goods of Fortune which are near them, for ſomething that glitters in he Sight at a diſtance; to neglect ſolid and ſubſtantial Happineſs, for what is ſhowy and ſuperficial; and to contemn that Good that lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its Schemes for a long and durable Life; preſſes forward to imaginary Points of Bliſs; and graſps at Impoſſibilities; and conſequently very often inſnares Men into Beggary, Ruin, and Diſhonour.

What I have here ſaid, may ſerve as a Moral to an *Arabian* Fable, which I find tranſlated into *French* by Monſieur *Galland*. The Fable has in it ſuch a wild, but natural Simplicity, that I queſtion not but my Reader will be as much pleaſed with it as I have been, and that he will conſider himſelf, if he reflects on the ſeve-

ral Amuſements of Hope which have ſometimes paſſed in his Mind, as a near Relation to the *Perſian* Glaſs-Man.

Alnaſchar, ſays the Fable, was a very idle Fellow, that never would ſet his Hand to any Buſineſs during his Father's Life. When his Father died, he left him to the value of an hundred Drachmas in *Perſian* Money. *Alnaſchar*, in order to make the beſt of it, laid it out in Glaſſes, Bottles, and the fineſt Earthen-Ware. Theſe he piled up in a large open Baſket, and having made choice of a very little Shop, placed the Baſket at his Feet, and leaned his Back upon the Wall, in expectation of Cuſtomers. As he ſat in this Poſture with his Eyes upon the Baſket, he fell into a moſt amuſing Train of Thought, and was overheard by one of his Neighbours, as he talked to himſelf in the following manner: *This Baſket*, ſays he, *coſt me at the Wholeſale Merchant's an hundred Drachmas, which is all I have in the World. I ſhall quickly make two hundred of it, by ſelling it in Retail. Theſe two hundred Drachmas will in a very little while riſe to four hundred, which of courſe will amount in time to four thouſand. Four thouſand Drachmas cannot fail of making eight thouſand. As ſoon as by this means I am Maſter of ten thouſand, I will lay aſide my Trade of a Glaſs-Man, and turn Jeweller. I ſhall then deal in Diamonds, Pearls, and all ſorts of rich Stones. When I have got together as much Wealth as I can well deſire, I will make a Purchaſe of the fineſt Houſe I can find, with Lands, Slaves, Eunuchs and Horſes. I ſhall then begin to enjoy myſelf, and make a noiſe in the World. I will not, however, ſtop there, but ſtill continue my Traffick, till I have got together an hundred thouſand Drachmas. When I have thus made myſelf Maſter of an hundred thouſand Drachmas, I ſhall naturally ſet myſelf on the foot of a Prince, and will demand the Grand Viſier's Daughter in Marriage, after having repreſented to that Miniſter the Information which I have received of the Beauty, Wit, Diſcretion, and other high Qualities which his Daughter poſſeſſes. I will let him know at the ſame time, that it is my Intention to make him a Preſent of a thouſand Pieces of Gold on our Marriage Night. As ſoon as I have married the Grand Viſier's Daughter, I'll buy her ten black Eunuchs,*

Eunuchs, the youngeſt and beſt that can be got for Money. I muſt afterwards make my Father-in-law a Viſit with a great Train of Equipage. And when I am placed at his Right-hand, which he will do of courſe, if it be only to honour his Daughter, I will give him the thouſand Pieces of Gold which I promiſed him, and afterwards to his great Surpriſe, will preſent him another Purſe of the ſame Value, with ſome ſhort Speech; as, Sir, you ſee I am a Man of my Word: I always give more than I promiſe.

When I have brought the Princeſs to my Houſe, I ſhall take particular care to breed her in a due Reſpect to me, before I give the Reins to Love and Dalliance. To this end I ſhall confine her to her own Apartment, make her a ſhort Viſit, and talk but little to her. Her Woman will repreſent to me, that ſhe is inconſolable by reaſon of my Unkindneſs, and beg me with Tears to careſs her, and let her ſit down by me; but I ſhall ſtill remain inexorable, and will turn my Back upon her all the firſt Night. Her Mother will then come and bring her Daughter to me, as I am ſeated upon my Sofa. The Daughter, with Tears in her Eyes, will fling herſelf at my Feet, and beg of me to receive her into my Favour: Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough Veneration for my Perſon, draw up my Legs and ſpurn her from me with my Foot, in ſuch a manner that ſhe ſhall fall down ſeveral Paces from the Sofa.

Alnaſchar was intirely ſwallowed up in this chimerical Viſion, and could not forbear acting with his Foot what he had in his Thoughts; ſo that unluckily ſtriking his Baſket of brittle Ware, which was the Foundation of all his Grandeur, he kicked his Glaſſes to a great diſtance from him into the Street, and broke them into ten thouſand Pieces. O

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. 535.

HUMAN NATURE.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have always been a very great Lover of your Speculations, as well in Regard to the Subject, as to your Manner of treating it. Human Nature I always thought the moſt uſeful Object of human Reaſon, and

'to make the Conſideration of it pleaſant and entertaining, I always thought the beſt Employment of human 'Wit: Other Parts of Philoſophy may perhaps make 'us wiſer, but this not only anſwers that End, but 'makes us better too. Hence it was that the Oracle 'pronounced *Socrates* the wiſeſt of all Men living, be'cauſe he judiciouſly made choice of human Nature for 'the Object of his Thoughts; an Inquiry into which 'as much exceeds all other Learning, as it is of more 'Conſequence to adjuſt the true Nature and Meaſures 'of Right and Wrong, than to ſettle the Diſtance of 'the Planets, and compute the Times of their Circum'volutions.

'One good Effect that will immediately ariſe from a 'near Obſervation of human Nature, is that we ſhall 'ceaſe to wonder at thoſe Actions which Men are uſed 'to reckon wholly unaccountable; for as nothing is 'produced without a Cauſe, ſo by obſerving the Nature 'and Courſe of the Paſſions, we ſhall be able to trace 'every Action from its firſt Conception to its Death. 'We ſhall no more admire at the Proceedings of *Cati'line* or *Tiberius*, when we know the one was actuated 'by a cruel Jealouſy, the other by a furious Ambition; 'for the Actions of Men follow their Paſſions as natu'rally as Light does Heat, or as any other Effect flows 'from its Cauſe; Reaſon muſt be employed in adjuſting 'the Paſſions, but they muſt ever remain the Principles 'of Action.

'The ſtrange and abſurd Variety that is ſo apparent 'in Mens Actions, ſhews plainly they can never proceed 'immediately from Reaſon; ſo pure a Fountain emits 'no ſuch troubled Waters: They muſt neceſſarily ariſe 'from the Paſſions, which are to the Mind as the Winds 'to a Ship, they only can move it, and they too often 'deſtroy it; if fair and gentle, they guide it into the 'Harbour; if contrary and furious, they overſet it in 'the Waves: In the ſame manner is the Mind aſſiſted 'or endangered by the Paſſions; Reaſon muſt then take 'the Place of Pilot, and can never fail of ſecuring her 'Charge if ſhe be not wanting to herſelf: The Strength 'of the Paſſions will never be accepted as an Excuſe for 'complying with them; they were deſigned for Sub-

'jection;

'jection; and if a Man ſuffers them to get the upper 'Hand, he then betrays the Liberty of his own Soul.

'As Nature has framed the ſeveral Species of Beings 'as it were in a Chain, ſo Man ſeems to be placed as 'the middle Link between Angels and Brutes: Hence 'he participates both of Fleſh and Spirit by an admira-'ble Tie, which in him occaſions perpetual War of 'Paſſions; and as a Man inclines to the angelick or 'brute Part of his Conſtitution, he is then denominated 'good or bad, virtuous or wicked; if Love, Mercy, 'and Good-nature prevail, they ſpeak him of the An-'gel; if Hatred, Cruelty, and Envy predominate, they 'declare his Kindred to the Brute. Hence it was that 'ſome of the Ancients imagined, that as Men in this 'Life inclined more to the Angel or the Brute, ſo after 'their Death they ſhould tranſmigrate into the one or 'the other; and it would be no unpleaſant Notion to 'conſider the ſeveral Species of Brutes, into which we 'may imagine that Tyrants, Miſers, the Proud, Mali-'cious, and Ill-natured might be changed.

'As a Conſequence of this Original, all Paſſions are 'in all Men, but appear not in all; Conſtitution, Edu-'cation, Cuſtom of the Country, Reaſon, and the like 'Cauſes may improve or abate the Strength of them, 'but ſtill the Seeds remain, which are ever ready to 'ſprout forth upon the leaſt Encouragement. I have 'heard a Story of a good religious Man, who, having 'been bred with the Milk of a Goat, was very modeſt 'in Publick by a careful Reflexion he made on his 'Actions, but he frequently had an Hour in Secret, 'wherein he had his Friſks and Capers; and if we had 'an Opportunity of examining the Retirement of the 'ſtricteſt Philoſophers, no doubt but we ſhould find per-'petual Returns of thoſe Paſſions they ſo artfully con-'ceal from the Publick. I remember *Machiavel* ob-'ſerves, that every State ſhould entertain a perpetual 'Jealouſy of its Neighbours, that ſo it ſhould never be 'unprovided when an Emergency happens; in like 'manner ſhould Reaſon be perpetually on its Guard 'againſt the Paſſions, and never ſuffer them to carry on 'any Deſign that may be deſtructive of its Security; 'yet at the ſame time it muſt be careful, that it don't

'so far break their Strength as to render them con-
'temptible, and consequently itself unguarded.

'The Understanding being of itself too slow and
'lazy to exert itself into Action, it's necessary it should
'be put in Motion by the gentle Gales of the Passions,
'which may preserve it from stagnating and Corruption;
'for they are necessary to the Health of the Mind, as
'the Circulation of the animal Spirits is to the Health
'of the Body; they keep it in Life, and Strength and
'Vigour; nor is it possible for the Mind to perform its
'Offices without their Assistance; these Motions are
'given us with our Being; they are little Spirits that
'are born and die with us; to some they are mild, easy
'and gentle, to others wayward and unruly, yet never
'too strong for the Reins of Reason and the Guidance
'of Judgment.

'We may generally observe a pretty nice Proportion
'between the Strength of Reason and Passion; the
'greatest Genius's have commonly the strongest Affec-
'tions, as, on the other hand, the weaker Understand-
'ings have generally the weaker Passions; and 'tis fit
'the Fury of the Coursers should not be too great for
'the Strength of the Charioteer. Young Men, whose
'Passions are not a little unruly, give small Hopes of
'their ever being considerable; the Fire of Youth will
'of course abate, and is a Fault, if it be a Fault, that
'mends every Day; but surely, unless a Man has Fire
'in Youth, he can hardly have Warmth in Old Age.
'We must therefore be very cautious, lest while we
'think to regulate the Passions, we should quite extin-
'guish them, which is putting out the Light of the
'Soul; for to be without Passion, or to be hurried away
'with it, makes a Man equally blind. The extraordi-
'nary Severity used in most of our Schools has this fatal
'Effect, it breaks the Spring of the Mind, and most
'certainly destroys more good Genius's than it can pos-
'sibly improve. And surely 'tis a mighty Mistake that
'the Passions should be so entirely subdued; for little Ir-
'regularities are sometimes not only to be bore with but
'to be cultivated too, since they are frequently attended
'with the greatest Perfection. All great Genius's have

'Faults

'Faults mixed with their Virtues, and reſemble the 'flaming Buſh which has Thorns amongſt Lights.

'Since therefore the Paſſions are the Principles of hu-'man Actions, we muſt endeavour to manage them ſo 'as to retain their Vigour, yet keep them under ſtrict 'Command; we muſt govern them rather like free Sub-'jects than Slaves, leſt, while we intend to make them 'obedient, they become abject, and unfit for thoſe great 'Purpoſes to which they were deſigned. For my part 'I muſt confeſs I could never have any Regard to that 'Sect of Philoſophers, who ſo much inſiſted upon an 'abſolute Indifference and Vacancy from all Paſſion; for 'a Man to diveſt himſelf of Humanity, in order to ac-'quire a Tranquillity of Mind, and to eradicate the 'very Principles of Action, becauſe it's impoſſible they 'may produce ill Effects.

I am, SIR,

Your affectionate admirer,

T. B.

SPECTATOR, VOL. VI. N° 408.

There is nothing which I contemplate with greater Pleaſure than the Dignity of Human Nature, which often ſhews itſelf in all Conditions of Life: For notwithſtanding the Degeneracy and Meanneſs that is crept into it, there are a thouſand Occaſions in which it breaks through its original Corruption, and ſhews what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. I conſider the Soul of Man, as the Ruin of a glorious Pile of Building; where, amidſt great Heaps of Rubbiſh, you meet with noble Fragments of Sculpture, broken Pillars and Obeliſks, and a Magnificence in Confuſion. Virtue and Wiſdom are continually employed in clearing the Ruins, removing theſe diſorderly Heaps, recovering the noble Pieces that lie buried under them, and adjuſting them as well as poſſible according to their ancient Symmetry and Beauty. A happy Education, Converſation with the fineſt Spirits, looking abroad into the Works of Nature, and Obſervations upon Mankind, are the great Aſſiſtances to this neceſſary and glorious Work. But even among thoſe who have never had the Happineſs of

any of theſe Advantages, there are ſometimes ſuch Exertions of the Greatneſs that is natural to the Mind of Man, as ſhew Capacities and Abilities, which only want theſe accidental Helps to fetch them out, and ſhew them in a proper Light. A Plebeian Soul is ſtill the Ruin of this glorious Edifice, tho' incumber'd with all its Rubbiſh. This Reflection roſe in me from a Letter which my Servant dropp'd as he was dreſſing me, and which he told me was communicated to him as he is an Acquaintance of ſome of the Perſons mentioned in it. The Epiſtle is from one Serjeant *Hall* of the Foot-Guards. It is directed, *To Serjeant* Cable, *in the* Coldſtream *Regiment of Foot Guards, at the* Red Lettice *in the* Butcher-Row *near* Temple-Bar.

I was ſo pleaſed with ſeveral Touches in it, that I could not forbear ſhewing it to a Cluſter of Criticks, who inſtead of conſidering it in the Light I have done, examined it by the Rules of Epiſtolary Writing: For as theſe Gentlemen are ſeldom Men of any great Genius, they work altogether by Mechanical Rules, and are able to diſcover no Beauties that are not pointed out by *Bouhours* and *Rapin*: The Letter is as follows:

Comrade, From the Camp before *Mons, Sept.* 26.

I RECEIVED Yours, and am glad yourſelf and your Wife are in good Health, with all the reſt of my Friends. Our Battallion ſuffered more than I could wiſh in the Action. But who can withſtand Fate? Poor Richard Steverſon *had his Fate with a great many more: He was killed dead before we entered the Trenches. We had above* 200 *of our Battalion killed and wounded: We loſt* 10 *Serjeants,* 6 *are as followeth:* Jennings, Caſtles, Roach, Shirring, Meyrick, *and my Son* Smith. *The reſt are not your Acquaintance. I have received a very bad Shot in my Head myſelf, but am in Hopes, and pleaſe God, I ſhall recover. I continue in the Field, and lie at my Colonel's Quarters.* Arthur *is very well, but I can give you no Account of* Elms; *he was in the Hoſpital before I came into the Field. I will not pretend to give you an Account of the Battle, knowing you have a better in the Prints. Pray give my Service to Mrs.* Cook *and her*

Daughter,

Daughter, to Mr. Stoffet *and his Wife, and to Mr.* Lyver, *and* Thomas Hogſdon, *and to Mr.* Ragdell, *and to all my Friends and Acquaintance in general who do aſk after me. My Love to Mrs.* Stevenſon. *I am ſorry for the ſending ſuch ill News. Her Huſband was gathering a little Money together to ſend to his Wife, and put it into my Hands. I have Seven Shillings and Three Pence, which I ſhall take Care to ſend; wiſhing your Wife a ſafe Delivery, and both of you all Happineſs, reſt*

Your aſſured Friend,

and Comrade,

John Hall.

We had but an indifferent Breakfaſt, but the Mounſeers never had ſuch a Dinner in all their Lives.

My kind Love to my Comrade Hinton, *and Mrs.* Morgan, *and to* John Brown *and his Wife. I ſent Two Shillings, and* Stevenſon *Six-pence,* to drink with you at Mr. Cook's; *but I have heard nothing from him. It was by Mr.* Edgar.

Corporal Hartwell *deſires to be remember'd to you, and deſires you to enquire of* Edgar, *what is become of his Wife* Pegg; *and when you write to ſend Word in your Letter what Trade ſhe drives.*

We had here very bad Weather, which I doubt will be a hindrance to the Siege; but I am in Hopes we ſhall be Maſters of the Town in a little Time, and then I believe we ſhall go to Garriſon.

I ſaw the Criticks prepared to nibble at my Letter; therefore examin'd it myſelf, partly in their Way, and partly my own. This is (ſaid I) truly a *Letter*, and an honeſt Repreſentation of that chearful Heart which accompanies the poor Soldier in his Warfare. Is not there in this all the Topick of ſubmitting to our Deſtiny as well diſcuſs'd, as if a greater Man had been placed, like *Brutus*, in his Tent at Midnight, reflecting on all the Occurrences of paſt Life, and ſaying fine Things on Being itſelf? What Serjeant *Hall* knows of the Matter, is, that he wiſhes there had not been ſo many killed, and he had himſelf a very bad Shot in the

Head, and ſhould recover if it pleaſed God. But be that as it will, he takes Care, like a Man of Honour, as he certainly is, to let the Widow *Stephenſon* know, that he had Seven and Three-pence for her, and that if he lives, he is ſure he ſhall go into Garriſon at laſt. I doubt not but all the good Company at the *Red Lettice* drank his Health with as much real Eſteem as we do of any of our Friends. All that I am concern'd for, is, that Mrs. *Peggy Hartwell* may be offended at ſhewing this Letter, becauſe her Conduct in Mr. *Hartwell*'s Abſence is a little enquired into. But I could not ſink that Circumſtance, becauſe you Criticks would have loſt one of the Parts which I doubt not but you have much to ſay upon, Whether the Familiar Way is well hit in this Style or not? As for myſelf, I take a very particular Satisfaction in ſeeing any Letter that is fit only for thoſe to read who are concerned in it, but eſpecially on ſuch a Subject.

If we conſider the Heap of an Army, utterly out of all Proſpect of riſing and Preferment, as they certainly are, and ſuch great Things executed by them, it is hard to account for the Motive of their Gallantry. But to me, who was a Cadet at the Battle of *Coldſtream* in *Scotland*, when *Monk* charged at the Head of the Regiment, now called *Coldſtream* from the Victory of that Day; (I remember it as well as if it were Yeſterday) I ſtood on the Left of old *Weſt*, who I believe is now at *Chelſea*; I ſay, to me, who know very well this Part of Mankind, I take the Gallantry of private Soldiers to proceed from the ſame, if not from a nobler Impulſe than that of Gentlemen and Officers. They have the ſame Taſte of being acceptable to their Friends, and go thro' the Difficulties of that Profeſſion by the ſame irreſiſtable Charm of Fellowſhip, and the Communication of Joys and Sorrows, which quickens the Reliſh of Pleaſure, and abates the Anguiſh of Pain. Add to this, that they have the ſame Regard to Fame, though they do not expect ſo great a Share as Men above them hope for; but I'll engage Serjeant *Hall* would die Ten Thouſand Deaths, rather than a Word ſhould be ſpoken at the *Red Lettice*, or any Part of the *Butcher-Row*, in Prejudice to his Courage or Honeſty. If you will have

my

my Opinion then of the Serjeant's Letter, I pronounce the Style to be mixed, but truly Epiſtolary; the Sentiment relating to his own Wound, is in the Sublime; the Poſtſcript of *Pegg Hartwell*, in the Gay; and the Whole, the Picture of the braveſt Sort of Men, that is to ſay, a Man of great Courage and ſmall Hopes.

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 87.

HUMOUR.

AMONG all kinds of Writing, there is none in which Authors are more apt to miſcarry, than in Works of Humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an Imagination that teems with Monſters, an Head that is filled with extravagant Conceptions, which is capable of furniſhing the World with Diverſions of this nature; and yet if we look into the Productions of ſeveral Writers, who ſet up for Men of Humour, what wild irregular Fancies, what unnatural Diſtortions of Thought, do we meet with? If they ſpeak Nonſenſe, they believe they are talking Humour; and when they have drawn together a Scheme of abſurd inconſiſtent Ideas, they are not able to read it over to themſelves without laughing. Theſe poor Gentlemen endeavour to gain themſelves the Reputation of Wits and Humouriſts, by ſuch monſtrous Conceits as almoſt qualify them for *Bedlam*; not conſidering that Humour ſhould always lie under the Check of Reaſon, and that it requires the Direction of the niceſt Judgment, by ſo much the more as it indulges itſelf in the moſt boundleſs Freedoms. There is a kind of Nature that is to be obſerved in this ſort of Compoſitions, as well as in all other; and a certain Regularity of Thought which muſt diſcover the Writer to be a Man of Senſe, at the ſame time that he appears altogether given up to Caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious Mirth of an unſkilful Author, I cannot be ſo barbarous as to divert myſelf with it, but am rather apt to pity the Man, than to laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceaſed Mr. *Shadwell*, who had himſelf a great deal of the Talent which I am treating of, repreſents an

empty Rake, in one of his Plays, as very much ſurpriſed to hear one ſay that breaking of Windows was not Humour; and I queſtion not but ſeveral *Engliſh* Readers will be as much ſtartled to hear me affirm, that many of thoſe raving incoherent Pieces, which are often ſpread among us, under odd Chimerical Titles, are rather the Offſprings of a Diſtempered Brain, than Works of Humour.

It is indeed much eaſier to deſcribe what is not Humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwiſe than, as *Cowley* has done Wit, by Negatives. Were I to give my own Notions of it, I would deliver them after *Plato's* manner, in a kind of Allegory, and by ſuppoſing Humour to be a Perſon, deduce to him all his Qualifications, according to the following Genealogy. *Truth* was the Founder of the Family, and the Father of *Good Senſe*. *Good Senſe* was the Father of *Wit*, who married a Lady of a Collateral Line called *Mirth*, by whom he had Iſſue *Humour*. *Humour* therefore being the youngeſt of this Illuſtrious Family, and deſcended from Parents of ſuch different Diſpoſitions, is very various and unequal in his Temper; ſometimes you ſee him putting on grave Looks and a ſolemn Habit, ſometimes airy in his Behaviour and fantaſtick in his Dreſs: Inſomuch that at different times he appears as ſerious as a Judge, and as jocular as a *Merry Andrew*. But as he has a great deal of the Mother in his Conſtitution, whatever Mood he is in, he never fails to make his Company laugh.

But ſince that there is an Impoſtor abroad, who takes upon him the Name of this young Gentleman, and would willingly paſs for him in the World; to the end that well-meaning Perſons may not be impoſed upon by Cheats, I would deſire my Readers, when they meet with this Pretender, to look into his Parentage, and to examine him ſtrictly, whether or no he be remotely related to *Truth*, and lineally deſcended from *Good Senſe*; if not, they may conclude him a Counterfeit. They may likewiſe diſtinguiſh him by a loud and exceſſive Laughter, in which he ſeldom gets his Company to join with him. For as *True Humour* generally looks ſerious, while every Body laughs about him; *Falſe Humour* is always laugh-

ing,

ing, whilſt every Body about him looks ſerious. I ſhall only add, if he has not in him a Mixture of both Parents, that is, if he would paſs for the Offspring of *Wit* without *Mirth*, or *Mirth* without *Wit*, you may conclude him to be altogether Spurious, and a Cheat.

The Impoſtor, of whom I am ſpeaking, deſcends originally from *Falſhood*, who was the Mother of *Nonſenſe*, who was brought to Bed of a Son called *Frenzy*, who married one of the Daughters of *Folly*, commonly known by the Name of *Laughter*, on whom he begot that Monſtrous Infant of which I have been here ſpeaking. I ſhall ſet down at length the Genealogical Table of *Falſe Humour*, and, at the ſame time, place under it the Genealogy of *True Humour*, that the Reader may at one View behold their different Pedigrees and Relations.

FALSHOOD.
NONSENSE.
FRENZY.—LAUGHTER.
FALSE HUMOUR.

TRUTH.
GOOD SENSE.
WIT.—MIRTH.
HUMOUR.

I might extend the Allegory, by mentioning ſeveral of the Children of *Falſe Humour*, who are more in Number than the Sands of the Sea, and might in particular enumerate the many Sons and Daughters which he has begot in this Iſland. But as this would be a very invidious Taſk, I ſhall only obſerve in general, that *Falſe Humour* differs from the *True*, as a Monkey does from a Man.

Firſt of all, He is exceedingly given to little Apiſh Tricks and Buffooneries

Secondly, He ſo much delights in Mimickry, that it is all one to him whether he expoſes by it Vice and Folly, Luxury and Avarice; or, on the contrary, Virtue and Wiſdom, Pain and Poverty.

Thirdly, He is wonderfully unlucky, inſomuch that he will bite the Hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule

ridicule both Friends and Foes indifferently. For having but ſmall Talents, he muſt be merry where he *can*, not where he *ſhould*.

Fourthly, Being intirely void of Reaſon, he purſues no Point either of Morality or Inſtruction, but is Ludicrous for the ſake of being ſo.

Fifthly, Being incapable of having any thing but Mock-Repreſentations, his Ridicule is always Perſonal, and aimed at the vicious Man, or the Writer; not at the Vice, or at the Writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole Species of Falſe Humouriſts; but as one of my principal Deſigns in this Paper is to beat down that malignant Spirit, which diſcovers itſelf in the Writings of the preſent Age, I ſhall not ſcruple, for the future, to ſingle out any of the ſmall Wits, that infeſt the World with ſuch Compoſitions as are ill-natured, immoral, and abſurd. This is the only Exception which I ſhall make to the general Rule I have preſcribed myſelf, of *attacking Multitudes*: Since every honeſt Man ought to look upon himſelf as in a natural State of War with the Libeller, and Lampooner, and to annoy them where-ever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others. C

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 35.

HUSBAND.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING in your Paper of *Monday* laſt publiſhed my Report on the Caſe of Mrs. *Fanny Fickle*, wherein I have taken notice, that Love comes after Marriage; I hope your Readers are ſatisfied of this Truth, that as Love generally produces Matrimony, ſo it often happens that Matrimony produces Love.

'It perhaps requires more Virtues to make a good Huſband or Wife, than what go to the finiſhing any the moſt ſhining Character whatſoever.

'Diſcretion ſeems abſolutely neceſſary, and accordingly we find that the beſt Huſbands have been moſt famous for their Wiſdom. *Homer*, who hath drawn a perfect Pattern of a prudent Man, to make it the more

'complete

'complete, hath celebrated him for the juſt Returns of 'Fidelity and Truth to his *Penelope*; inſomuch that he 'refuſed the Careſſes of a Goddeſs for her ſake, and to 'uſe the Expreſſion of the beſt of Pagan Authors, *vetu-'lam ſuam prætulit Immortalitati*, his old Woman was 'dearer to him than Immortality.

'Virtue is the next neceſſary Qualification for this 'domeſtick Character, as it naturally produces Conſtan-'cy and mutual Eſteem. Thus *Brutus* and *Porcia* were 'more remarkable for Virtue and Affection than any 'others of the Age in which they lived.

'Good-nature is a third neceſſary Ingredient in the 'Marriage-State, without which it would inevitably 'four upon a thouſand Occaſions. When Greatneſs of 'Mind is joined with this amiable Quality, it attracts 'the Admiration and Eſteem of all who behold it. 'Thus *Cæſar*, not more remarkable for his Fortune 'and Valour than for his Humanity, ſtole into the 'Hearts of the *Roman* People, when, breaking through 'the Cuſtom, he pronounced an Oration at the Funeral 'of his firſt and beſt beloved Wife.

'Good nature is inſufficient, unleſs it be ſteady and 'uniform, and accompanied with an Evenneſs of Tem-'per, which is, above all things, to be preſerved in this 'Friendſhip contracted for Life. A Man muſt be eaſy 'within himſelf, before he can be ſo to his other ſelf. '*Socrates*, and *Marcus Aurelius*, are Inſtances of Men, 'who, by the Strength of Philoſophy, having entirely 'compoſed their Minds, and ſubdued their Paſſions, 'are celebrated for good Huſbands, notwithſtanding 'the firſt was yoked with *Xantippe*, and the other with '*Fauſtina*. If the wedded Pair would but habituate 'themſelves, for the firſt Year, to bear with one ano-'ther's Faults, the Difficulty would be pretty well con-'quer'd. This mutual Sweetneſs of Temper and Com-'placency was finely recommended in the Nuptial Cere-'monies among the Heathens, who, when they ſacri-'ficed to *Juno* at that Solemnity, always tore out the 'Gall from the Entrails of the Victim, and caſt it be-'hind the Altar.

'I ſhall conclude this Letter with a Paſſage out of 'Dr. *Plot's Natural Hiſtory of Staffordſhire*, not only as

'it

'it will ſerve to fill up your preſent Paper, but, if I find 'myſelf in the Humour, may give Riſe to another; I 'having by me an old Regiſter, belonging to the Place 'here undermentioned.'

Sir *Philip de Somervile* held the Manors of *Whichenovre*, *Sireſcot*, *Ridware*, *Netherton*, and *Cowlee*, all in *Com. Stafford*, of the Earls of *Lancaſter*, by his memorable Service. The ſaid Sir *Philip* ſhall find, maintain, and ſuſtain, one *Bacon-Flitch*, hanging in his Hall at *Whichenovre*, ready arrayed all times of the Year, but in *Lent*, to be given to every Man or Woman married, after the Day and the Year of their Marriage be paſt, in Form following.

Whenſoever that any one ſuch before-named will come to enquire for the Bacon, in their own Perſon, they ſhall come to the Bailiff, or to the Porter of the Lordſhip of *Whichenovre*, and ſhall ſay to them in the manner as enſueth;

'Bayliff, or Porter, I doo you to know, that I am 'come for myſelf, to demand one *Bacon Flyke* hanging 'in the Hall of the Lord of *Whichenovre*, after the Form 'thereunto belonging.'

After which Relation, the Bailiff or Porter ſhall aſſign a Day to him, upon Promiſe by his Faith to return, and with him to bring Twain of his Neighbours. And in the mean time the ſaid Bailiff ſhall take with him Twain of the Freeholders of the Lordſhip of *Whichenovre*, and they three ſhall go to the Manor of *Rudlow*, belonging to *Robert Knightleye*, and there ſhall ſummon the aforeſaid *Knightleye*, or his Bailiff, commanding him to be ready at *Whichenovre* the Day appointed, at Prime of Day, with his Carriage, that is to ſay, a Horſe and a Saddle, a Sack and a Prike, for to convey the ſaid Bacon and Corn a Journey out of the County of *Stafford*, at his Coſtages. And then the ſaid Bailiff ſhall, with the ſaid Freeholders, ſummon all the Tenants of the ſaid Manor, to be ready at the Day appointed, at *Whichenovre*, for to do and perform the Services which they owe to the Bacon. And at the Day aſſigned, all ſuch as owe Services to the Bacon, ſhall be ready at the Gate of the Manor of *Whichenovre*, from the Sun-riſing to Noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth

fetcheth the Bacon. And when he is come, there ſhall be delivered to him and his Fellows, Chapelets; and to all thoſe which ſhall be there, to do their Services due to the Bacon. And they ſhall lead the ſaid Demandant with Trumps and Tabours, and other manner of Minſtrelſy, to the Hall-Door, where he ſhall find the Lord of *Whichenovre*, or his Steward, ready to deliver the Bacon in this manner.

He ſhall enquire of him, which demandeth the Bacon, if he have brought twain of his Neighbours with him: Which muſt anſwer, *They be here ready*. And then the Steward ſhall cauſe theſe two Neighbours to ſwear, if the ſaid Demandant be a wedded Man, or have been a Man wedded; and if ſince his Marriage one Year and a Day be paſt; and if he be a Freeman, or a Villain. And if his ſaid Neighbours make Oath, that he hath for him all theſe three Points rehearſed; then ſhall the Bacon be taken down and brought to the Hall-Door, and ſhall there be laid upon one half Quarter of Wheat, and upon one other of Rye. And he that demandeth the Bacon ſhall kneel upon his Knee, and ſhall hold his Right-Hand upon a Book, which Book ſhall be laid upon the Bacon and the Corn, and ſhall make Oath in this manner.

'Here ye, Sir *Philip de Somervile*, Lord of *Whiche-*
'*novre*, mayntener and gyver of this Baconne: That I
'*A* ſithe I wedded *B* my Wife, and ſithe I had hyr in
'my kepying, and at my Wylle, by a Year and a Day
'after our Marriage, I would not have chaunged for
'none other, farer, ne fowler; richer, ne pourer; ne for
'none other deſcended of greater Lynage; ſlepying ne
'waking, at noo tyme. And if the ſeyd *B* were ſole
'and I ſole, I would take her to be my Wife before all
'the Wymen of the Worlde, of what condiciones ſoever
'they be, good or evylle: as help me God and his
'Seyntes, and this Fleſh and all Fleſhes'

And his Neighbours ſhall make Oath, that they truſt verily he hath ſaid truly. And if it be found by his Neighbours before-named, that he be a Freeman, there ſhall be delivered to him half a Quarter of Wheat and a Cheeſe; and if he be a Villain, he ſhall have half a Quarter of Rye without Cheeſe. And then ſhall *Knight-*

leye,

leye, the Lord of *Rudlow*, be called for, to carry all theſe Things tofore rehearſed; and the ſaid Corn ſhall be laid on one Horſe and the Bacon above it; and he to whom the Bacon appertaineth ſhall aſcend upon his Horſe, and ſhall take the Cheeſe before him, if he have a Horſe. And if he have none, the Lord of *Whichenovre* ſhall cauſe him to have one Horſe and Saddle, to ſuch time as he be paſſed his Lordſhip; and ſo ſhall they depart the Manor of *Whichenovre* with the Corn and the Bacon, tofore him that hath won it, with Trumpets, Tabourets, and other manner of Minſtrelſie. And all the Free Tenants of *Whichenovre* ſhall conduct him to be paſſed the Lordſhip of *Whichenovre*. And then ſhall they all return; except him, to whom appertaineth to make the Carriage and Journey without the County of *Stafford*, at the Coſts of his Lord of *Whichenovre*.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 607.

IDLENESS.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IF you ever read a Letter which is ſent with the more Pleaſure for the Reality of its Complaints, this may have Reaſon to hope for a favourable Acceptance; and if Time be the moſt irretrievable Loſs, the Regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the moſt juſtifiable. The regaining of my Liberty from a long State of Indolence and Inactivity, and the Deſire of reſiſting the farther Encroachment of Idleneſs, make me apply to you; and the Uneaſineſs with which I expect the Future, ſoon determined me to it.

'Idleneſs is ſo general a Diſtemper, that I cannot but imagine a Speculation on this Subject will be of univerſal Uſe. There is hardly any one Perſon without ſome Allay of it; and thouſands beſides myſelf ſpend more Time in an idle Uncertainty which to begin firſt of two Affairs, than would have been ſufficient to have ended them both. The Occaſion of this ſeems to be the Want of ſome neceſſary Employment, to put the Spirits in Motion, and awaken them out of their Lethargy: If I had leſs Leiſure, I ſhould have more;

'for

for I ſhould then find my Time diſtinguiſhed into Portions, ſome for Buſineſs, and others for the indulging of Pleaſures: But now one Face of Indolence overſpreads the whole, and I have no Land-mark to direct myſelf by. Were one's Time a little ſtraitned by Buſineſs, like Water incloſ'd in its Banks, it would have ſome determined Courſe; but unleſs it be put into ſome Channel it has no Current, but becomes a Deluge without either Uſe or Motion.

'When *Scanderbeg* Prince of *Epirus* was dead, the *Turks*, who had but too often felt the Force of his Arm in the Battles he had won from them, imagined that by wearing a piece of his Bones near their Heart, they ſhould be animated with a Vigour and Force like to that which inſpired him when living. As I am like to be but of little uſe whilſt I live, I am reſolved to do what Good I can after my deceaſe; and have accordingly ordered my Bones to be diſpoſed of in this Manner for the Good of my Countrymen, who are troubled with too exorbitant a Degree of Fire. All Fox-hunters, upon wearing me, would in a ſhort, time be brought to endure their Beds in a Morning, and perhaps even quit them with Regret at Ten: Inſtead of hurrying away to teize a poor Animal, and run away from their own Thoughts, a Chair or a Chariot would be thought the moſt deſirable Means of performing a Remove from one Place to another. I ſhould be a Cure for the unnatural Deſire of *John Trot* for Dancing, and a Specifick to leſſen the Inclinations Mrs. *Fidget* has to Motion, and cauſe her always to give her Approbation to the preſent Place ſhe is in. In fine, no *Egyptian* Mummy was ever half ſo uſeful in Phyſick, as I ſhould be to theſe feveriſh Conſtitutions, to repreſs the violent Sallies of Youth, and give each Action its proper Weight and Repoſe.

'I can ſtifle any violent Inclination, and oppoſe a Torrent of Anger, or the Solicitations of Revenge, with Succeſs. But Indolence is a Stream which flows ſlowly on, but yet undermines the Foundation of every Virtue. A Vice of a more lively Nature were a more deſirable Tyrant than this Ruſt of the Mind, which gives a Tincture of its Nature to every Action

'of

'of ones Life. It were as little Hazard to be toſt in 'a Storm, as to lie thus perpetually becalmed: And it 'is to no Purpoſe to have within one the Seeds of a 'thouſand good Qualities, if we want the Vigour and 'Reſolution neceſſary for the exerting them. Death 'brings all Perſons back to an Equality; and this Image 'of it, this Slumber of the Mind, leaves no Difference 'between the greateſt Genius and the meaneſt Under-'ſtanding: A Faculty of doing things remarkably 'praiſe worthy thus concealed, is of no more uſe to the 'Owner, than a Heap of Gold to the Man who dares 'not uſe it.

'To morrow is ſtill the fatal Time when all is to be 'rectified: To-morrow comes, it goes, and ſtill I 'pleaſe myſelf with the Shadow, whilſt I loſe the 'Reality; unmindful that the preſent Time alone is 'ours, the future is yet unborn, and the paſt is dead, 'and can only live (as Parents in their Children) in the 'Actions it has produced.

'The Time we live ought not to be computed by 'the Number of Years, but by the Uſe has been made 'of it; thus 'tis not the Extent of Ground, but the 'yearly Rent which gives the Value to the Eſtate. 'Wretched and thoughtleſs Creatures, in the only Place 'where Covetouſneſs were a Virtue we turn Prodigals! 'Nothing lies upon our Hands with ſuch Uneaſineſs, 'nor has there been ſo many Devices for any one 'Thing, as to make it ſlide away imperceptibly and to 'no Purpoſe. A Shilling ſhall be hoarded up with 'Care, whilſt that which is above the Price of an 'Eſtate, is flung away with Diſregard and Contempt. 'There is nothing now-a-days ſo much avoided, as a 'ſolicitous Improvement of every Part of Time; 'tis a 'Report muſt be ſhunned as one tenders the Name of a 'Wit and a fine Genius, and as one fears the dreadful 'Character of a laborious Plodder: But notwithſtanding 'this, the greateſt Wits any Age has produced thought 'far otherwiſe; for who can think either *Socrates* or '*Demoſthenes* loſt any Reputation, by their continual 'Pains both in overcoming the Defects and improving 'the Gifts of Nature. All are acquainted with the 'Labour and Aſſiduity with which *Tully* acquir'd his

Elo-

'Eloquence. *Seneca* in his Letters to *Lucilius* aſſures 'him, there was not a Day in which he did not either 'write ſomething, or read and epitomiſe ſome good 'Author; and I remember *Pliny* in one of his Letters, 'where he gives an account of the various Methods he 'uſed to fill up every Vacancy of Time, after ſeveral 'Employments which he enumerates; ſometimes, ſays 'he, I hunt; but even then I carry with me a Pocket-'book, that whilſt my Servants are buſied in diſpoſing 'of the Nets and other Matters, I may be employed in 'ſomething that may be uſeful to me in my Studies; 'and that if I miſs of my Game, I may at the leaſt 'bring home ſome of my own Thoughts with me, and 'not have the Mortification of having caught nothing 'all Day.

'Thus, Sir, you ſee how many Examples I recal to 'mind, and what Arguments I uſe with myſelf, to re-'gain my Liberty: But as I am afraid 'tis no ordinary 'Perſuaſion that will be of Service, I ſhall expect your 'Thoughts on this Subject, with the greateſt Impa-'tience, eſpecially ſince the Good will not be confined 'to me alone, but will be of univerſal Uſe. For there 'is no Hopes of Amendment where Men are pleas'd 'with their Ruin, and whilſt they think Lazineſs is a 'deſirable Character: Whether it be that they like the 'State itſelf, or that they think it gives them a new 'Luſtre when they do exert themſelves, ſeemingly to 'be able to do that without Labour and Application, 'which others attain to but with the greateſt Diligence.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obliged humble Servant,

Samuel Slack.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 316.

There are two ſorts of Perſons within the Conſidera-tion of my Frontiſpiece; the firſt are the mighty Body of Lingerers, Perſons who don't indeed employ their Time criminally, but are ſuch pretty Innocents, who, as the Poet ſays,

——— *waſte*

——— *waſte away*
In gentle Inactivity the Day.

The others being ſomething more Vivacious, are ſuch as do not only omit to ſpend their Time well, but are in the conſtant Purſuit of Criminal Satisfactions. Whatever the Divine may think, the Caſe of the firſt ſeems to be the moſt deplorable, as the Habit of Sloth is more invincible than that of Vice. The firſt is preferr'd even when the Man is fully poſſeſſed of himſelf, and ſubmitted to with conſtant Deliberation and cool Thought. The other we are driven into generally thro' the Heat of Wine, or Youth, which Mr. *Hobbs* calls a natural Drunkenneſs; and therefore conſequently are more excuſable for any Errors committed during the Deprivation or Suſpenſion of our Reaſon, than in the Poſſeſſion of it. The irregular Starts of Vicious Appetites are in time deſtroyed by the Gratification of 'em; but a well-ordered Life of Sloth receives daily Strength from its Continuance. *I went* (ſays *Solomon*) *by the Field of the Slothful, and the Vineyard of the Man void of Underſtanding, and lo! it was all grown over with Thorns, and Nettles had covered the Face thereof, and the Stone Wall thereof was broken down.* To raiſe the Image of this Perſon, the ſame Author adds, *The ſlothful Man hideth his Hand in his Boſom, and it grieveth him to bring it again to his Mouth.* If there were no future Account expected of ſpending our Time, the immediate Inconvenience that attends a Life of Idleneſs, ſhould of itſelf be Perſuaſion enough to the Men of Senſe to avoid it. I ſay to the Men of Senſe, becauſe there are of theſe that give into it, and for theſe chiefly is this Paper deſigned. Arguments drawn from future Rewards and Puniſhments, are things too remote for the Conſideration of ſtubborn ſanguine Youth: They are affected by ſuch only as propoſe immediate Pleaſure or Pain; as the ſtrongeſt Perſuaſive to the Children of *Iſrael* was a Land flowing with Milk and Honey. I believe I may ſay there is more Toil, Fatigue and Uneaſineſs in Sloth than can be found in any Employment a Man will put himſelf upon. When a Thoughtful Man is once fixed this way, Spleen is the neceſſary Conſequence. This directs

him

him inſtantly to the Contemplation of his Health or Circumſtances, which muſt ever be found extremely bad upon theſe melancholy Inquiries. If he has any Common Buſineſs upon his Hands, numberleſs Objections ariſe, that make the Diſpatch of it impoſſible; and he cries out with *Solomon*, There is a Lion in the Way, a Lion in the Streets; that is, there is ſome Difficulty or other, which to his Imagination is as invincible as a Lion really would be. The Man, on the contrary, that applies himſelf to Books, or Buſineſs, contracts a chearful Confidence in all his Undertakings, from the daily Improvements of his Knowledge or Fortune, and inſtead of giving himſelf up to

Thick-ey'd Muſing Curſed Melancholy, Shakeſpear.

has that conſtant Life in his Viſage and Converſation, which the Idle Splenetick Man borrows ſometimes from the Sun ſhine, Exerciſe, or an agreeable Friend. A Recluſe idle Sobriety muſt be attended with more bitter Remorſe, than the moſt active Debauchery can at any Intervals be moleſted with. The Rake, if he is a cautious Manager, will allow himſelf very little Time to examine his own Conduct, and will beſtow as few Reflexions upon himſelf, as the Lingerer does upon any thing elſe, unleſs he has the Misfortune to Repent: I repeat the Misfortune to Repent, becauſe I have put the great Day of Account out of the preſent Caſe, and am now inquiring not whoſe Life is moſt Irreligious, but moſt Inconvenient. A Gentleman that has formerly been a very Eminent Lingerer, and ſomething Splenetick, informs me, that in one Winter he drank ſix Hampers of Spaw Water, ſeveral Gallons of Chalybeate Tincture, two Hogſheads of Bitters at the Rate of 60 *l.* an Hogſhead, laid one hundred and fifty Infallible Schemes, in every one of which he was diſappointed, received a thouſand Affronts during the North Eaſterly Winds, and in ſhort run thro' more Miſery and Expence, than the moſt meritorious Bravo could boaſt of. Another tells me, that he fell into this way at the Univerſity, where the Youth are too apt to be lulled into a State of ſuch Tranquillity as prejudices 'em againſt the Buſtle

of

of that Worldly Buſineſs, for which this part of their Education ſhould prepare them. As he could with the utmoſt Secrecy be Idle in his own Chamber, he ſays he was for ſome Years irrecoverably ſunk, and immerſed in the Luxury of an Eaſy-Chair, tho' at the ſame time, in the general Opinion, he paſſed for a hard Student. During this Lethargy he had ſome Intervals of Application to Books which rather aggravated than ſuſpended the painful Thoughts of a miſ-ſpent Life. Thus his ſuppoſed Relief became his Puniſhment, and like the Damn'd in *Milton*, upon their Conveyance at certain Revolutions from Fire to Ice,

——*He felt by Turns the bitter Change*
Of fierce Extremes, Extremes by Change more fierce.

When he had a mind to go out, he was ſcrupulous as to form ſome Excuſe or other which the Idle are ever provided with, and could not ſatisfy himſelf without this ridiculous Appearance of Juſtice. Sometimes by his own Contrivance and Inſinuation, the Woman that looked after his Chamber would convince him of the Neceſſity of waſhing his Room, or any other Matter of the like joyous Import, to which he always ſubmitted, after having decently oppoſed it, and made his Exit with much ſeeming Reluctance, and inward Delight. Thus did he paſs the Noon of his Life in the Solitude of a Monk, and the Guilt of a Libertine. He is ſince awakened by Application out of Slumber, has no more Spleen than a *Dutchman*, who, as Sir *W. Temple* obſerves, is not delicate or idle enough to ſuffer from this Enemy, but *is always Well when he is not Ill, always Pleaſed when he is not Angry.*

There is a Gentleman I have ſeen at a Coffee-houſe near the Place of my Abode, who having a pretty good Eſtate, and a Diſinclination to Books or Buſineſs, to ſecure himſelf from one of the above-mentioned Misfortunes, employs himſelf with much Alacrity in the following Method. Being vehemently diſpoſed to Loquacity, he has a Perſon conſtantly with him, to whom he gives an annual Penſion for no other Merit but being very attentive, and never interrupting him by Queſtion and

and Anſwer, whatever he may utter that may ſeemingly require it. To ſecure to himſelf Diſcourſe, his fundamental Maxim ſeems to be, by no means to conſider what he is going to ſay. He delivers therefore every Thought as it firſt intrudes itſelf upon him, and then, with all the Freedom you could wiſh, will examine it, and rally the Impertinence or evince the Truth of it. In ſhort, he took the ſame Pleaſure in confuting himſelf, as he could have done in diſcomfitting an Opponent: And his Diſcourſe was as that of two Perſons attacking each other with exceeding Warmth, Incoherence, and Good-nature. There is another, whom I have ſeen in the Park, employing himſelf with the ſame Induſtry, tho' not with the ſame Innocence. He is very dextrous in taking Flies, and fixing one at each end of a Horſe Hair, which his Perriwig ſupplies him with: He hangs 'em over a little Stick, which ſuſpenſion inclines them immediately to War upon each other, there being no Poſſibility of Retreat. From the frequent Attention of his Eyes to theſe Combats, he perceives the ſeveral Turns and Advantages of the Battle, which are altogether inviſible to a common Spectator. I t'other Day found him in the Enjoyment of a couple of gigantick Blue-bottles, which were hung out and embattled in the aforeſaid warlike Appointments. That I might enter into the ſecret Shocks of this Conflict, he lent me a Magnifying-Glaſs, which preſented me with an Engagement between two of the moſt rueful Monſters I have ever read of even in Romance.

If we can't bring ourſelves to appoint and perform ſuch Taſks as would be of conſiderable Advantage to us, let us reſolve upon ſome other, however trifling, to be performed at appointed Times. By this we may gain a Victory over a wandering unſettled Mind, and by this Regulation of the Impulſe of our Wills, may, in time, make them obedient to the Dictates of our Reaſon.

When I am diſpoſed to treat of the Irreligion of an Idle Life, it ſhall be under this Head, *Pereunt & Imputantur*; which is an Inſcription upon a Sun Dial in one of the Inns of Court, and is with great Propriety placed to publick View in ſuch a Place, where the Inhabitants being in an everlaſting Hurry of Buſineſs or Pleaſure,

the Buſy may receive an innocent Admonition to keep their Appointments, and the Idle a dreadful one not to keep theirs.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 131.

JEALOUSY.

UPON looking over the Letters of my female Correſpondents, I find ſeveral from Women complaining of Jealous Huſbands, and at the ſame time proteſting their own Innocence; and deſiring my Advice on this Occaſion. I ſhall therefore take this Subject into my Conſideration; and the more willingly, becauſe I find that the Marquis of *Halliſax*, who, in his *Advice to a Daughter*, has inſtructed a Wife how to behave herſelf towards a falſe, an intemperate, a cholerick, a ſullen, a covetous, or a ſilly Huſband, has not ſpoken one Word of a Jealous Huſband.

Jealouſy is that Pain which a Man feels from the Apprehenſion that he is not equally beloved by the Perſon whom he entirely loves. Now becauſe our inward Paſſions and Inclinations can never make themſelves viſible, it is impoſſible for a Jealous Man to be thoroughly cured of his Suſpicions. His Thoughts hang at beſt in a State of Doubtfulneſs and Uncertainty; and are never capable of receiving any Satisfaction on the advantageous Side; ſo that his Inquiries are more ſucceſsful when they diſcover nothing: His Pleaſure ariſes from his Diſappointments, and his Life is ſpent in purſuit of a Secret that deſtroys his Happineſs if he chance to find it.

An ardent Love is always a ſtrong Ingredient in this Paſſion; for the ſame Affection which ſtirs up the jealous Man's Deſires, and gives the Party beloved ſo beautiful a Figure in his Imagination, makes him believe ſhe kindles the ſame Paſſion in others, and appears as amiable to all Beholders. And as Jealouſy thus ariſes from an extraordinary Love, it is of ſo delicate a Nature, that it ſcorns to take up with any thing leſs than an equal Return of Love. Not the warmeſt Expreſſions of Affection, the ſofteſt and moſt tender Hypocriſy, are able to give any Satisfaction, where we are not perſuaded that the

the Affection is real and the Satisfaction mutual. For the jealous Man wiſhes himſelf a kind of Deity to the Perſon he loves: He would be the only Pleaſure of her Senſes, the Employment of her Thoughts; and is angry at every thing ſhe admires, or takes Delight in, beſides himſelf.

Phædria's Requeſt to his Miſtreſs, upon his leaving her for three Days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

Cum milite iſto præſens, abſens ut ſies:
Dies noctesque me ames: me deſideres:
Me ſomnies: me expectes: de me cogites:
Me ſperes: me te oblectes: mecum tota ſis:
Meus fac ſis poſtremò animus, quando ego ſum tuus.
Ter. Eun. Act. 1. Sc. 2.

"When you are in company with that Soldier, behave "as if you were abſent: but continue to love me by "Day and by Night: want me; dream of me; ex- "pect me; think of me; wiſh for me; delight in me; "be wholly with me: in ſhort, be my very Soul, as I "am yours."

The jealous Man's Diſeaſe is of ſo malignant a Nature, that it converts all it takes into its own Nouriſhment. A cool Behaviour ſets him on the Rack, and is interpreted as an Inſtance of Averſion or Indifference; a fond one raiſes his Suſpicions, and looks too much like Diſſimulation and Artifice. If the Perſon he loves be chearful, her Thoughts muſt be employed on another; and if ſad, ſhe is certainly thinking on himſelf. In ſhort, there is no Word or Geſture ſo inſignificant, but it gives him new Hints, feeds his Suſpicions, and furniſhes him with freſh Matters of Diſcovery: So that if we conſider the Effects of this Paſſion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate Hatred, than an exceſſive Love; for certainly none can meet with more Diſquietude and Uneaſineſs than a ſuſpected Wife, if we except the jealous Huſband.

But the great Unhappineſs of this Paſſion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the Affection which it is ſo ſolicitous to engroſs; and that for theſe two Reaſons, be-

cauſe it lays too great a Conſtraint on the Words and Actions of the ſuſpected Perſon, and at the ſame time ſhews you to have no honourable Opinion of her; both of which are ſtrong Motives to Averſion.

Nor is this the worſt Effect of Jealouſy; for it often draws after it a more fatal Train of Conſequences, and makes the Perſon you ſuſpect, guilty of the very Crimes you are ſo much afraid of. It is very natural for ſuch who are treated ill and upbraided falſly, to find out an intimate Friend that will hear their Complaints, condole their Sufferings, and endeavour to ſooth and aſſuage their ſecret Reſentments. Beſides, Jealouſy puts a Woman often in mind of an ill Thing that ſhe would not otherwiſe perhaps have thought of, and fills her Imagination with ſuch an unlucky Idea, as in time grows familiar, excites Deſire, and loſes all the Shame and Horror which might at firſt attend it. Nor is it a Wonder if ſhe who ſuffers wrongfully in a Man's Opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his Eſteem, reſolves to give him reaſon for his Suſpicions, and to enjoy the Pleaſure of the Crime, ſince ſhe muſt undergo the Ignominy. Such probably were the Conſiderations that directed the wiſe Man in his Advice to Huſbands; *Be not jealous over the Wife of thy Boſom, and teach her not an evil Leſſon againſt thyſelf.* Eccluſ.

And here, among the other Torments which this Paſſion produces, we may uſually obſerve that none are greater Mourners than jealous Men, when the Perſon who provoked their Jealouſy is taken from them. Then it is that their Love breaks out furiouſly, and throws off all the Mixtures of Suſpicion which choked and ſmothered it before. The beautiful Parts of the Character riſe uppermoſt in the Jealous Huſband's Memory, and upbraid him with the ill Uſage of ſo divine a Creature as was once in his Poſſeſſion; whilſt all the little Imperfections, that were before ſo uneaſy to him, wear off from his Remembrance, and ſhew themſelves no more.

We may ſee by what has been ſaid, that Jealouſy takes the deepeſt Root in Men of amorous Diſpoſitions; and of theſe we may find three Kinds who are moſt over-run with it.

The

The First are those who are conscious to themselves of an Infirmity, whether it be Weakness, Old Age, Deformity, Ignorance, or the like. These Men are so well acquainted with the unamiable Part of themselves, that they have not the Confidence to think they are really beloved; and are so distrustful of their own Merits, that all Fondness towards them puts them out of Countenance, and looks like a Jest upon their Persons. They grow suspicious on their first looking in a Glass, and are stung with Jealousy at the Sight of a Wrinkle. A handsome Fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their Thoughts upon their Wives.

A Second Sort of Men, who are most liable to this Passion, are those of cunning, wary, and distrustful Tempers. It is a Fault very justly found in Histories composed by Politicians, that they leave nothing to Chance or Humour, but are still for deriving every Action from some Plot and Contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual Scheme of Causes and Events, and preserving a constant Correspondence between the Camp and the Council-Table. And thus it happens in the Affairs of Love with Men of too refined a Thought. They put a Construction on a Look, and find out a Design in a Smile; they give new Senses and Significations to Words and Actions; and are ever tormenting themselves with Fancies of their own raising. They generally act in a Disguise themselves, and therefore mistake all outward Shews and Appearances for Hypocrisy in others; so that I believe no Men see less of the Truth and Reality of Things, than these great Refiners upon Incidents, who are so wonderfully subtle and over-wise in their Conceptions.

Now what these Men fancy they know of Women by Reflection, your lewd and vicious Men believe they have learned by Experience. They have seen the poor Husband so misled by Tricks and Artifices, and in the midst of his Inquiries so lost and bewilder'd in a crooked Intrigue, that they still suspect an Under Plot in every female Action; and especially where they see any Resemblance in the Behaviour of two Persons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the same Design in both. These

Men therefore bear hard upon the ſuſpected Perſon, purſue her cloſe through all her Turnings and Windings, and are two well acquainted with the Chaces, to be ſlung off by any falſe Steps or Doubles: Beſides, their Acquaintance and Converſation has lain wholly among the vicious Part of Womankind, and therefore it is no Wonder they cenſure all alike, and look upon the whole Sex as a Species of Impoſtors. But if, notwithſtanding their private Experience, they can get over theſe Prejudices, and entertain a favourable Opinion of ſome *Women*; yet their own looſe Deſires will ſtir up new Suſpicions from another Side, and make them believe all Men ſubject to the ſame Inclinations with themſelves.

Whether theſe or other Motives are moſt predominant, we learn from the modern Hiſtories of *America*, as well as from our own Experience in this Part of the World, that Jealouſy is no Northern Paſſion, but rages moſt in thoſe Nations that lie neareſt the Influence of the Sun. It is a Misfortune for a Woman to be born between the Tropicks; for there lie the hotteſt Regions of Jealouſy, which as you come Northward cools all along with the Climate, 'till you ſcarce meet with any thing like it in the Polar Circle. Our own Nation is very temperately ſituated in this reſpect; and if we meet with ſome few diſordered with the Violence of this Paſſion, they are not the proper Growth of our Country, but are many Degrees nearer the Sun in their Conſtitutions than in their Climate.

After this frightful Account of Jealouſy, and the Perſons who are moſt ſubject to it, it will be but fair to ſhew by what means the Paſſion may be beſt allay'd, and thoſe who are poſſeſſed of it ſet at eaſe. Other Faults indeed are not under the Wife's Juriſdiction, and ſhould, if poſſible, eſcape her Obſervation; but Jealouſy calls upon her particularly for its Cure, and deſerves all her Art and Application in the Attempt: Beſides, ſhe has this for her Encouragement, that her Endeavours will be always pleaſing, and that ſhe will ſtill find the Affection of her Husband riſing towards her in Proportion as his Doubts and Suſpicions vaniſh; for, as we have ſeen all along, there is ſo great a Mixture of Love in Jealouſy as

is

is well worth the ſeparating. But this ſhall be the Subject of another Paper.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 170.

Having in my Yeſterday's Paper diſcovered the Nature of Jealouſy, and pointed out the Perſons who are moſt ſubject to it, I muſt here apply myſelf to my fair Correſpondents, who deſire to live well with a Jealous Husband, and to eaſe his Mind of its unjuſt Suſpicions.

The firſt Rule I ſhall propoſe to be obſerved is, that you never ſeem to diſlike in another what the Jealous Man is himſelf guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himſelf does not excel. A jealous Man is very quick in his Applications, he knows how to find a double Edge in an Invective, and to draw a Satire on himſelf out of a Panegyrick on another. He does not trouble himſelf to conſider the Perſon, but to direct the Character, and is ſecretly pleaſed or confounded as he finds more or leſs of himſelf in it. The Commendation of any thing in another ſtirs up his Jealouſy, as it ſhews you have a Value for others beſides himſelf; but the Commendation of that, which he himſelf wants, inflames him more, as it ſhews that in ſome Reſpects you prefer others before him. Jealouſy is admirably deſcribed in this View by *Horace* in his Ode to *Lydia*.

Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roſeam, & cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ ſede manet; humor & in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus. Od. 13, l. 1.

When *Telephus* his youthful Charms,
His roſy Neck and winding Arms,
With endleſs Rapture you recite,
And in the pleaſing Name delight;
My Heart, inflam'd by jealous Heats,
With numberleſs Reſentments beats;
From my pale Cheek the Colour flies,
And all the Man within me dies:

By Turns my hidden Grief appears,
In riſing Sighs and falling Tears,
That ſhew too well the warm Deſires,
The ſilent, ſlow, conſuming Fires,
Which on my inmoſt Vitals prey,
And melt my very Soul away.

The jealous Man is not indeed angry if you diſlike another; but if you find thoſe Faults which are to be found in his own Character, you diſcover not only your Diſlike of another, but of himſelf. In ſhort, he is ſo deſirous of engroſſing all your Love, that he is grieved at the want of any Charm, which he believes has Power to raiſe it; and if he finds by your Cenſures on others, that he is not ſo agreeable in your Opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other Qualifications, and that by Conſequence your Affection does not riſe ſo high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his Temper be grave or ſullen, you muſt not be too much pleaſed with a Jeſt, or tranſported with any thing that is gay and diverting. If his Beauty be none of the beſt, you muſt be a profeſſed Admirer of Prudence, or any other Quality he is Maſter of, or at leaſt vain enough to think he is.

In the next place, you muſt be ſure to be free and open in your Converſations with him, and to let in Light upon your Actions, to unravel all your Deſigns, and diſcover every Secret however trifling or indifferent. A jealous Husband has a particular Averſion to Winks and Whiſpers, and if he does not ſee to the Bottom of every Thing, will be ſure to go beyond it in his Fears and Suſpicions. He will always expect to be your chief Confident, and where he finds himſelf kept out of a Secret, will believe there is more in it than there ſhould be. And here it is of great Concern, that you preſerve the Character of your Sincerity uniform and of a piece: for if he once finds a falſe Gloſs put upon any ſingle Action, he quickly ſuſpects all the reſt; his working Imagination immediately takes a falſe Hint, and runs off with it into ſeveral remote Conſequences, 'till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own Miſery.

If

If both theſe Methods fail, the beſt way will be to let him ſee you are much down caſt and afflicted for the ill Opinion he entertains of you, and the Diſquietude he himſelf ſuffers for your Sake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous Pleaſure in the Jealouſy of thoſe who love them, that inſult over an aking Heart, and triumph in their Charms which are able to excite ſo much Uneaſineſs.

Ardeat ipſa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis.
Juv. Sat. 6. v. 208.

Tho' equal Pains her Peace of Mind deſtroy,
A Lover's Torments give her ſpiteful Joy.

But theſe often carry the Humour ſo far, 'till their affected Coldneſs and Indifference quite kills all the Fondneſs of a Lover, and are then ſure to meet in their Turn with all the Contempt and Scorn that is due to ſo inſolent a Behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable a melancholy, dejected Carriage, the uſual Effects of injured Innocence, may ſoften the Jealous Husband into Pity, make him ſenſible of the Wrong he does you, and work out of his Mind all thoſe Fears and Suſpicions that make you both unhappy. At leaſt it will have this good Effect, that he will keep his Jealouſy to himſelf, and repine in private, either becauſe he is ſenſible it is a Weakneſs, and will therefore hide it from your Knowledge, or becauſe he will be apt to fear ſome ill Effect it may produce, in cooling your Love towards him, or diverting it to another.

There is ſtill another Secret that can never fail, if you can once get it believ'd, and which is often practis'd by Women of greater Cunning than Virtue: This is to charge Sides for a while with the jealous Man, and to turn his own Paſſion upon himſelf; to take ſome Occaſion of growing jealous of him, and to follow the Example he himſelf hath ſet you. This counterfeited Jealouſy will bring him a great deal of Pleaſure, if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much Love goes along with this Paſſion, and will beſides feel ſomething like the Satisfaction of a Revenge, in ſeeing

you undergo all his own Tortures. But this, indeed, is an Artifice ſo difficult, and at the ſame time ſo diſingenuous, that it ought never to be put in practice, but by ſuch as have Skill enough to cover the Deceit, and Innocence to render it excuſable.

I ſhall conclude this Eſſay with the Story of *Herod* and *Mariamne*, as I have collected it out of *Joſephus*; which may ſerve almoſt as an Example to whatever can be ſaid on this Subject.

Mariamne had all the Charms that Beauty, Birth, Wit and Youth could give a Woman, and *Herod* all the Love that ſuch Charms are able to raiſe in a warm and amorous Diſpoſition. In the midſt of this his Fondneſs for *Mariamne*, he put her Brother to Death, as he did her Father not many Years after. The Barbarity of the Action was repreſented to *Mark Antony*, who immediately ſummoned *Herod* into *Ægypt*, to anſwer for the Crime that was there laid to his Charge. *Herod* attributed the Summons to *Antony*'s Deſire of *Mariamne*, whom therefore, before his Departure, he gave into the Cuſtody of his Uncle *Joſeph*, with private Orders to put her to Death, if any ſuch Violence was offered to himſelf. This *Joſeph* was much delighted with *Mariamne*'s Converſation, and endeavoured, with all his Art and Rhetorick, to ſet out the Exceſs of *Herod*'s Paſſion for her; but when he ſtill found her cold and incredulous, he inconſiderately told her, as a certain Inſtance of her Lord's Affection, the private Orders he had left behind him, which plainly ſhewed, according to *Joſeph*'s Interpretation, that he could neither live nor die without her. This barbarous Inſtance of a wild unreaſonable Paſſion, quite put out, for a time, thoſe little Remains of Affection ſhe ſtill had for her Lord: Her Thoughts were ſo wholly taken up with the Cruelty of his Orders, that ſhe could not conſider the Kindneſs that produced them, and therefore repreſented him in her Imagination, rather under the frightful Idea of a Murderer than a Lover. *Herod* was at length acquitted and diſmiſſed by *Mark Antony*, when his Soul was all in Flames for his *Mariamne*; but before their Meeting, he was not a little alarm'd at the Report he had heard of his Uncle's Converſation and Familiarity with her in his Abſence. This

there-

therefore was the firſt Diſcourſe he entertained her with, in which ſhe found it no eaſy matter to quiet his Suſpicions. But at laſt he appeared ſo well ſatisfied of her Innocence, that from Reproaches and Wranglings he fell to Tears and Embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their Reconciliation, and *Herod* poured out his whole Soul to her in the warmeſt Proteſtations of Love and Conſtancy; when amidſt all his Sighs and Languiſhings ſhe aſked him, whether the private Orders he left with his Uncle *Joſeph* were an Inſtance of ſuch an inflamed Affection. The jealous King was immediately rouſed at ſo unexpected a Queſtion, and concluded his Uncle muſt have been too familiar with her, before he would have diſcovered ſuch a Secret. In ſhort, he put his Uncle to Death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himſelf to ſpare *Mariamne*.

After this he was forced on a ſecond Journey into *Ægypt*, when he committed his Lady to the Care of *Sohemus*, with the ſame private Orders he had before given his Uncle, if any Miſchief befel himſelf. In the mean while *Mariamne* ſo won upon *Sohemus* by her Preſents and obliging Converſation, that ſhe drew all the Secret from him, with which *Herod* had intruſted him; ſo that after his Return, when he flew to her with all the Tranſports of Joy and Love, ſhe received him coldly with Sighs and Tears, and all the Marks of Indifference and Averſion. This Reception ſo ſtirred up his Indignation, that he had certainly ſlain her with his own Hands, had not he feared he himſelf ſhould have become the greater Sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent Return of Love upon him; *Mariamne* was therefore ſent for to him, whom he endeavoured to ſoften and reconcile with all poſſible conjugal Careſſes and Endearments; but ſhe declined his Embraces, and anſwered all his Fondneſs with bitter Invectives for the Death of her Father and Brother. This Behaviour ſo incenſed *Herod*, that he very hardly refrained from ſtriking her; when in the Heat of their Quarrel there came in a Witneſs, ſuborn'd by ſome of *Mariamne*'s Enemies, who accuſed her to the King of a Deſign to poiſon him. *Herod* was now prepared to hear any Thing in her Prejudice, and immediately ordered

her Servant to be ſtretch'd upon the Rack; who in the Extremity of his Tortures confeſt, that his Miſtreſs's Averſion to the King aroſe from ſomething *Sohemus* had told her; but as for any Deſign of poiſoning, he utterly diſowned the leaſt Knowledge of it. This Confeſſion quickly proved fatal to *Sohemus*, who now lay under the ſame Suſpicions and Sentence that *Joſeph* had before him on the like Occaſion. Nor would *Herod* reſt here; but accuſed her with great Vehemence of a Deſign upon his Life, and by his Authority with the Judges had her publickly condemned and executed. *Herod* ſoon after her Death grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the Publick Adminiſtration of Affairs into a ſolitary Foreſt, and there abandoning himſelf to all the black Conſiderations, which naturally ariſe from a Paſſion made up of Love, Remorſe, Pity and Deſpair. He uſed to rave for his *Mariamne*, and to call upon her in his diſtracted Fits; and in all Probability would ſoon have followed her, had not his Thoughts been ſeaſonably called off from ſo ſad an Object by Publick Storms, which at that Time very nearly threatned him. L

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 171.

IMMORTALITY.

THE Courſe of my laſt Speculation led me inſenſibly into a Subject upon which I always meditate with great Delight, I mean the Immortality of the Soul. I was Yeſterday walking alone in one of my Friend's Woods, and loſt myſelf in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my Mind the ſeveral Arguments that eſtabliſh this great Point, which is the Baſis of Morality, and the Source of all the pleaſing Hopes and ſecret Joys that can ariſe in the Heart of a reaſonable Creature. I conſidered thoſe ſeveral Proofs, drawn,

Firſt, From the Nature of the Soul itſelf, and particularly its Immateriality; which, tho' not abſolutely neceſſary to the Eternity of its Duration, has, I think, been evinced to almoſt a Demonſtration.

Secondly, From its Paſſions and Sentiments, as particularly from its Love of Exiſtence, its Horror of Annihilation,

hilation, and its Hopes of Immortality, with that ſecret Satisfaction which it finds in the Practice of Virtue, and that Uneaſineſs which follows in it upon the Commiſſion of Vice.

Thirdly, From the Nature of the Supreme Being, whoſe Juſtice, Goodneſs, Wiſdom and Veracity are all concerned in this Point.

But among theſe and other excellent Arguments for the Immortality of the Soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual Progreſs of the Soul to its Perfection, without a Poſſibility of ever arriving at it; which is a Hint I do not remember to have ſeen opened and improved by others who have written on this Subject, tho' it ſeems to me to carry a great Weight with it. How can it enter into the Thoughts of Man, that the Soul, which is capable of ſuch immenſe Perfections, and of receiving new Improvements to all Eternity, ſhall fall away into nothing almoſt as ſoon as it is created? Are ſuch Abilities made for no Purpoſe? A Brute arrives at a Point of Perfection that he can never paſs: In a few Years he has all the Endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thouſand more, would be the ſame thing he is at preſent. Were a human Soul thus at a ſtand in her Accompliſhments, were her Faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther Enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away inſenſibly, and drop at once into a State of Annihilation. But can we believe a thinking Being that is in a perpetual Progreſs of Improvements, and travelling on from Perfection to Perfection, after having juſt looked abroad into the Works of its Creator, and made a few Diſcoveries of his infinite Goodneſs, Wiſdom and Power, muſt periſh at her firſt ſetting out, and in the very Beginning of her Inquiries?

A Man, conſidered in his preſent State, ſeems only ſent into the World to propagate his Kind. He provides himſelf with a Succeſſor, and immediately quits his Poſt to make room for him.

——————— *Hæres*
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam.
Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 175.

——— Heir

—— Heir crowds Heir, as in a rolling Flood
Wave urges Wave. CREECH.

He does not ſeem born to enjoy Life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not ſurpriſing to conſider in Animals, which are formed for our Uſe, and can finiſh their Buſineſs in a ſhort Life. The Silk-worm, after having ſpun her Taſk, lays her Eggs and dies. But a Man can never have taken in his full meaſure of Knowledge, has not time to ſubdue his Paſſions, eſtabliſh his Soul in Virtue, and come up to the Perfection of his Nature, before he is hurried off the Stage. Would an infinitely wiſe Being make ſuch glorious Creatures for ſo mean a Purpoſe? Can he delight in the Production of ſuch abortive Intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable Beings? Would he give us Talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that Wiſdom which ſhines through all his Works, in the Formation of Man, without looking on this World as only a Nurſery for the next, and believing that the ſeveral Generations of rational Creatures, which riſe up and diſappear in ſuch quick Succeſſions, are only to receive their firſt Rudiments of Exiſtence here, and afterwards to be tranſplanted into a more friendly Climate, where they may ſpread and flouriſh to all Eternity?

There is not, in my Opinion, a more pleaſing and triumphant Conſideration in Religion than this of the perpetual Progreſs which the Soul makes towards the Perfection of its Nature, without ever arriving at a Period in it. To look upon the Soul as going on from Strength to Strength, to conſider ſhe is to ſhine for ever with new Acceſſions of Glory, and brighten to all Eternity; that ſhe will be ſtill adding Virtue to Virtue, and Knowledge to Knowledge; carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that Ambition which is natural to the Mind of Man. Nay, it muſt be a Proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his Creation for ever beautifying in his Eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater Degrees of Reſemblance.

Methinks this ſingle Conſideration, of the Progreſs of a finite Spirit to Perfection, will be ſufficient to extinguiſh

tinguiſh all Envy in inferior Natures, and all Contempt in ſuperior. That Cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human Soul, knows very well that the Period will come about in Eternity, when the human Soul ſhall be as perfect as he himſelf now is: Nay, when ſhe ſhall look down upon that Degree of Perfection, as much as ſhe now falls ſhort of it. It is true the higher Nature ſtill advances, and by that means preſerves his Diſtance and Superiority in the Scale of Being; but he knows that, how high ſoever the Station is of which he ſtands poſſeſſed at preſent, the inferior Nature will at length mount up to it, and ſhine forth in the ſame Degree of Glory.

With what Aſtoniſhment and Veneration may we look into our own Souls, where there are ſuch hidden Stores of Virtue and Knowledge, ſuch inexhauſted Sources of Perfection? We know not yet what we ſhall be, nor will it ever enter into the Heart of Man to conceive the Glory that will be always in Reſerve for him. The Soul, conſidered with its Creator, is like one of thoſe Mathematical Lines that may draw nearer to another for all Eternity without a Poſſibility of touching it: And can there be a Thought ſo tranſporting, as to conſider ourſelves in theſe perpetual Approaches to Him, who is not only the Standard of Perfection but of Happineſs. L

SPECTATOR, VOL. II. N° 111.

SIR,

'I am fully perſuaded that one of the beſt Springs of 'generous and worthy Actions, is the having generous 'and worthy Thoughts of ourſelves. Whoever 'has a mean Opinion of the Dignity of his Nature, 'will act in no higher a Rank than he has allotted him-'ſelf in his Eſtimation. If he conſiders his Being as 'circumſcribed by the uncertain Term of a few Years, 'his Deſigns will be contracted into the ſame narrow 'Span he imagines is to bound his Exiſtence. How 'can he exalt his Thoughts to any thing great and 'noble, who only believes that, after a ſhort Turn on the 'Stage of this World, he is to ſink into Oblivion, and 'to loſe his Conſciouſneſs for ever?

'For

'For this Reaſon I am of Opinion, that ſo uſeful and 'elevated a Contemplation as that of the *Soul*'s *Immorta-* 'lity cannot be reſumed too often. There is not a more 'improving Exerciſe to the human Mind, than to be 'frequently reviewing its own great Privileges and En- 'dowments; nor a more effectual Means to awaken in 'us an Ambition raiſed above low Objects and little Pur- 'ſuits, than to value ourſelves as Heirs of Eternity.

'It is a very great Satisfaction to conſider the beſt and 'wiſeſt of Mankind in all Nations and Ages, aſſerting, 'as with one Voice, this their Birth-right, and to find 'it ratify'd by an expreſs Revelation. At the ſame 'time if we turn our Thoughts inward upon ourſelves, 'we may meet with a kind of ſecret Senſe concurring 'with the Proofs of our own Immortality.

'You have, in my Opinion, raiſed a good preſump- 'tive Argument from the increaſing Appetite the Mind 'has to Knowledge, and to the extending its own Fa- 'culties, which cannot be accompliſhed, as the more re- 'ſtrained Perfection of lower Creatures may, in the Li- 'mits of a ſhort Life. I think another probable Con- 'jecture may be raiſed from our Appetite to Duration 'itſelf, and from a Reflexion on our Progreſs through 'the ſeveral Stages of it: *We are complaining*, as you 'obſerve in a former Speculation, *of the Shortneſs of* '*Life, and yet are perpetually hurrying over the Parts of* '*it, to arrive at certain little Settlements, or imaginary* '*Points of Reſt, which are diſperſed up and down in it.*

'Now let us conſider what happens to us when we ar- 'rive at theſe *imaginary Points of Reſt*: Do we ſtop 'our Motion, and ſit down ſatisfied in the Settlement 'we have gain'd? or are we not removing the Boundary, 'and marking out new Points of Reſt, to which we 'preſs forward with the like Eagerneſs, and which ceaſe 'to be ſuch as faſt as we attain them? Our Caſe is like 'that of a Traveller upon the *Alps*, who ſhould fancy 'that the Top of the next Hill muſt end his Journey, 'becauſe it terminates his Proſpect; but he no ſooner 'arrives at it, than he ſees new Ground and other Hills 'beyond it, and continues to travel on as before.

'This is ſo plainly every Man's Condition in Life, 'that there is no one who has obſerved any thing, but

'may

'may obſerve, that as faſt as his Time wears away, his 'Appetite to ſomething future remains. The Uſe 'therefore I would make of it is this, That ſince Na-'ture (as ſome love to expreſs it) does nothing in vain, 'or, to ſpeak properly, ſince the Author of our Being 'has planted no wandering Paſſion in it, no Deſire which 'has not its Object, Futurity is the proper Object of the 'Paſſion ſo conſtantly exercis'd about it; and this Reſt-'leſneſs in the preſent, this aſſigning ourſelves over to 'farther Stages of Duration, this ſucceſſive graſping at 'ſomewhat ſtill to come, appears to me (whatever it 'may to others) as a kind of Inſtinct or natural Symp-'tom which the Mind of Man has of its own Immor-'tality.

'I take it at the ſame time for granted, that the Im-'mortality of the Soul is ſufficiently eſtabliſhed by other 'Arguments: And if ſo, this Appetite, which other-'wiſe would be very unaccountable and abſurd, ſeems 'very reaſonable, and adds Strength to the Concluſion. 'But I am amazed when I conſider there are Creatures 'capable of Thought, who, in ſpite of every Argu-'ment, can form to themſelves a ſullen Satisfaction in 'thinking otherwiſe. There is ſomething ſo pitifully 'mean in the inverted Ambition of that Man who can 'hope for Annihilation, and pleaſe himſelf to think that 'his whole Fabrick ſhall one Day crumble into Duſt, 'and mix with the Maſs of inanimate Beings, that it 'equally deſerves our Admiration and Pity. The My-'ſtery of ſuch Mens Unbelief is not hard to be pene-'trated; and indeed amounts to nothing more than a 'ſordid Hope that they ſhall not be immortal, becauſe 'they dare not be ſo.

'This brings me back to my firſt Obſervation, and 'gives me Occaſion to ſay farther, That as worthy 'Actions ſpring from worthy Thoughts, ſo worthy 'Thoughts are likewiſe the Conſequence of worthy 'Actions: But the Wretch who has degraded himſelf 'below the Character of Immortality, is very willing 'to reſign his Pretenſions to it, and to ſubſtitute in its 'Room a dark negative Happineſs in the Extinction of 'his Being.

'The admirable *Shakeſpear* has given us a ſtrong

'Image

'Image of the unſupported Condition of ſuch a Perſon 'in his laſt Minutes in the ſecond Part of King *Henry* 'the Sixth, where Cardinal *Beaufort*, who had been 'concerned in the Murder of the good Duke *Humphrey*, 'is repreſented on his Death-bed. After ſome ſhort 'confuſed Speeches which ſhew an Imagination diſturb-'ed with Guilt, juſt as he was expiring, King *Henry* 'ſtanding by him full of Compaſſion, ſays,

Lord Cardinal! if thou think'ſt on Heaven's Bliſs,
Hold up thy Hand, make Signal of that Hope!
He dies, and makes no Sign! ——

'The Deſpair which is here ſhewn, without a Word 'or Action on the Part of the dying Perſon, is beyond 'what could be painted by the moſt forcible Expreſſions 'whatever.

'I ſhall not purſue this Thought farther, but only 'add, That as Annihilation is not to be had with a 'Wiſh, ſo it is the moſt abject Thing in the World to 'wiſh it. What are Honour, Fame, Wealth, or Pow-'er, when compared with the generous Expectation of 'a Being without End, and a Happineſs adequate 'to that Being?

'I ſhall trouble you no farther; but with a certain 'Gravity which theſe Thoughts have given me. I re-'flect upon ſome Things People ſay of you, (as they 'will of Men who diſtinguiſh themſelves) which I hope 'are not true; and wiſh you as good a Man as you are 'an Author.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

Z T. D.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 210.

'I cannot, my Friends, forbear letting you know 'what I think of Death; for methinks I view and un-'derſtand it much better, the nearer I approach to it. 'I am convinced that your Fathers, thoſe illuſtrious 'Perſons

'Perſons whom I ſo much loved and honoured, do not 'ceaſe to live, tho' they have paſſed thro' what we call 'Death; they are undoubtedly ſtill Living, but 'tis that 'ſort of Life which alone deſerves truly to be called 'Life. In effect, while we are confined to Bodies we 'ought to eſteem ourſelves no other than a ſort of Gal-'ley Slaves at the Chain, ſince the Soul, which is ſome-'what Divine, and deſcends from Heaven as the Place 'of its Original, ſeems debaſed and diſhonoured by the 'Mixture with Fleſh and Blood, and to be in a State of 'Baniſhment from its Celeſtial Country. I cannot help 'thinking too, that one main Reaſon of uniting Souls 'to Bodies was, that the great Work of the Univerſe 'might have Spectators to admire the beautiful Order 'of Nature, the regular Motion of heavenly Bodies, 'who ſhould ſtrive to expreſs that Regularity in the 'Uniformity of their Lives. When I conſider the 'bound'leſs Activity of our Minds, the Remembrance 'we have of Things paſt, our Foreſight of what is to 'come: When I reflect on the noble Diſcoveries, and 'vaſt Improvements, by which theſe Minds have ad-'vanced Arts and Sciences; I am entirely perſuaded, 'and out of all doubt, that a Nature which has in itſelf 'a Fund of ſo many excellent Things cannot poſſibly 'be Mortal. I obſerve further, that my Mind is alto-'gether ſimple, without the Mixture of any Subſtance 'or Nature different from its own; I conclude from 'thence that 'tis indiviſible, and conſequently cannot 'periſh.

'By no means think therefore, my dear Friends, 'when I ſhall have quitted you, that I ceaſe to be, or 'ſhall ſubſiſt no where. I remember that while we live 'together you do not ſee my Mind, and yet are ſure 'that I have One actuating and moving my Body; 'doubt not then but that this ſame Mind will have a 'Being when 'tis ſeparated, tho' you cannot then per-'ceive its Actions. What Nonſenſe would it be to pay 'thoſe Honours to great Men after their Deaths, which 'we conſtantly do, if their Souls did not then ſubſiſt? 'For my own part, I could never imagine that our 'Minds live only when united to Bodies, and die when 'they leave them; or that they ſhall ceaſe to think and

'under-

'underſtand when diſengaged from Bodies, which without them have neither Senſe nor Reaſon; on the contrary, I believe the Soul when ſeparated from Matter, 'to enjoy the greateſt Purity and Simplicity of its Nature, and to have much more Wiſdom and Light than 'while it was united. We ſee when the Body dies what becomes of all the Parts which compoſed it; but we 'do not ſee the Mind, either in the Body, or when it 'leaves it. Nothing more reſembles Death than Sleep, 'and 'tis in that State that the Soul chiefly ſhews it has 'ſomething Divine in its Nature. How much more 'then muſt it ſhew it, when entirely diſengaged?'

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 93.

INCONSTANCY.

—*THAT it ſhould come to this!*
But two Months dead! Nay, not ſo much, not Two!
So excellent a King! That was, to this,
Hyperion *to a Satyr: So loving to my Mother,*
That he permitted not the Winds of Heav'n
To viſit her Face too roughly. Heaven and Earth!
Muſt I remember? Why ſhe would hang on him,
As if Increaſe of Appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a Month!
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy Name is Woman!
A little Month! Or e'er thoſe Shoes were old,
With which ſhe follow'd my poor Father's Body,
Like Niobe, *all Tears, Why ſhe, even ſhe,*
Oh Heav'n! A Brute, that wants Diſcourſe of Reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer——married with mine Uncle!
My Father's Brother! but no more like my Father,
Than I to Hercules. *Within a Month!*
E'er yet the Salt of moſt unrighteous Tears
Had left the Flaſhing of her gauled Eyes,
She marry'd—O moſt wicked Speed, to poſt
With ſuch Dexterity to inceſtuous Sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to Good,
But break my Heart; for I muſt hold my Tongue. Hamlet.

INGRA-

INGRATITUDE.

IT is common with me to run from Book to Book to exerciſe my Mind with many Objects, and qualify myſelf for my daily Labours. After an Hour ſpent in this loitering way of Reading, ſomething will remain to be Food to the Imagination. The Writings that pleaſe me moſt on ſuch Occaſions are Stories, for the Truth of which there is a good Authority. The Mind of Man is naturally a Lover of Juſtice, and when we read a Story wherein a Criminal is overtaken, in whom there is no Quality which is the Object of Pity, the Soul enjoys a certain Revenge for the Offence done to its Nature, in the wicked Actions committed in the preceding part of the Hiſtory. This will be better underſtood by the Reader from the following Narration itſelf, than from any thing which I can ſay to introduce it.

WHEN *Charles* Duke of *Burgundy*, ſirnamed *The Bold*, reigned over ſpacious Dominions, now ſwallowed up by the Power of *France*, he heaped many Favours and Honours upon *Claudius Rhynſault*, a *German*, who had ſerv'd him in his Wars againſt the Inſults of his Neighbours. A great part of *Zealand* was at that time in ſubjection to that Dukedom. The Prince himſelf was a Perſon of ſingular Humanity and Juſtice. *Rhynſault*, with no other real Quality than Courage, had Diſſimulation enough to paſs upon his generous and unſuſpicious Maſter for a Perſon of blunt Honeſty and Fidelity, without any Vice that could bias him from the Execution of Juſtice. His Highneſs prepoſſeſſed to his Advantage, upon the Deceaſe of the Governor of his chief Town of *Zealand*, gave *Rhynſault* that Command. He was not long ſeated in that Government, before he caſt his Eyes upon *Sapphira*, a Woman of exquiſite Beauty, the Wife of *Paul Danvelt*, a wealthy Merchant of the City under his Protection and Government. *Rhynſault* was a Man of a warm Conſtitution, and violent Inclination to Women, and not unſkilled in the ſoft Arts which win their Favour. He knew what it was to enjoy

joy the Satisfactions which are reaped from the Poſſeſſion of Beauty, but was an utter Stranger to the Decencies, Honours and Delicacies, that attend the Paſſion towards them in elegant Minds. However, he had ſo much of the World, that he had a great ſhare of the Language which uſually prevails upon the weaker part of that Sex, and he could with his Tongue utter a Paſſion with which his Heart was wholly untouch'd. He was one of thoſe brutal Minds which can be gratified with the Violation of Innocence and Beauty without the leaſt Pity, Paſſion, or Love to that with which they are ſo much delighted. Ingratitude is a Vice inſeparable to a luſtful Man; and the Poſſeſſion of a Woman by him who has no thought but allaying a Paſſion painful to himſelf, is neceſſarily followed by Diſtaſte and Averſion. *Rhynſault* being reſolv'd to accompliſh his Will on the Wife of *Danvelt*, left no Arts untried to get into a Familiarity at her Houſe; but ſhe knew his Character and Diſpoſition too well, not to ſhun all Occaſions that might inſnare her into his Converſation. The Governor deſpairing of Succeſs by ordinary means, apprehended and impriſoned her Huſband, under pretence of an Information that he was guilty of a Correſpondence with the Enemies of the Duke to betray the Town into their Poſſeſſion. This Deſign had its deſired Effect; and the Wife of the unfortunate *Danvelt*, the Day before that which was appointed for his Execution, preſented herſelf in the Hall of the Governor's Houſe, and as he paſs'd thro' the Apartment, threw herſelf at his Feet, and holding his Knees, beſeeched his Mercy. *Rhynſault* beheld her with a diſſembled Satisfaction, and aſſuming an Air of Thought and Authority, he bid her ariſe, and told her ſhe muſt follow him to his Cloſet; and aſking her whether ſhe knew the Hand of the Letter he pulled out of his Pocket, went from her, leaving this Admonition aloud, *If you will ſave your Huſband, you muſt give me an account of all you know without Prevarication; for every body is ſatisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the Names of the reſt of the Conſpirators, or any other Particulars whatſoever.* He went to his Cloſet, and ſoon after the Lady was ſent for to an Audience. The Servant knew his diſtance when Matters of State were

were to be debated; and the Governor laying aſide the Air with which he had appear'd in publick, began to be the Supplicant, to rally an Affliction, which it was in her power eaſily to remove, and relieve an innocent Man from his Impriſonment. She eaſily perceiv'd his Intention, and, bathed in Tears, began to deprecate ſo wicked a Deſign. Luſt, like Ambition, takes all the Faculties of the Mind and Body into its Service and Subjection. Her becoming Tears, her honeſt Anguiſh, the wringing of her Hands, and the many Changes of her Poſture and Figure in the Vehemence of ſpeaking, were but ſo many Attitudes in which he beheld her Beauty, and farther Incentives of his Deſire. All Humanity was loſt in that one Appetite, and he ſignified to her in ſo many plain Terms, that he was unhappy till he had poſſeſs'd her, and nothing leſs ſhou'd be the Price of her Huſband's Life; and ſhe muſt, before the following Noon, pronounce the Death or Enlargement of *Danvelt*.

After this Notification, when he ſaw *Sapphira* enough again diſtracted to make the Subject of their Diſcourſe to common Eyes appear different from what it was, he called Servants to conduct her to the Gate. Loaded with inſupportable Affliction, ſhe immediately repairs to her Huſband, and having ſignified to his Goalers, that ſhe had a Propoſal to make to her Huſband from the Governor, ſhe was left alone with him, reveal'd to him all that had paſs'd, and repreſented the endleſs Conflict ſhe was in between Love to his Perſon, and Fidelity to his Bed. It is eaſy to imagine the ſharp Affliction this honeſt Pair was in upon ſuch an Incident, in Lives not us'd to any but ordinary Occurrences. The Man was bridled by Shame from ſpeaking what his Fear prompted, upon ſo near an approach of Death; but let fall Words that ſignified to her, he ſhould not think her polluted, though ſhe had not yet confeſs'd to him that the Governor had violated her Perſon, ſince he knew her Will had no part in the Action. She parted from him with this oblique Permiſſion to ſave a Life he had not Reſolution enough to reſign for the ſafety of his Honour.

The next Morning the unhappy *Sapphira* attended the Governor, and being led into a remote Apartment, ſubmitted to his Deſires. *Rhynſault* commended her Charms

Charms, claim'd a Familiarity after what had paſs'd between them, and with an Air of Gaiety in the Language of a Gallant, bid her return, and take her Huſband out of Priſon: But, co tinu'd he, my Fair One muſt not be offended that I have taken care he ſhould not be an Interruption to our future Aſſignations. Theſe laſt Words foreboded what ſhe found when ſhe came to the Goal, her Husband executed by the Order of *Rhynſault*.

It was remarkable that the Woman, who was full of Tears and Lamentations during the whole Courſe of her Affliction, uttered neither Sigh nor Complaint, but ſtood fix'd with Grief at this Conſummation of her Misfortunes. She betook herſelf to her Abode, and after having in Solitude paid her Devotions to him who is the Avenger of Innocence, the repair'd privately to Court. Her Perſon, and a certain Grandeur of Sorrow negligent of Forms, gain'd her Paſſage into the Preſence of the Duke her Sovereign. As ſoon as ſhe came into the Preſence, ſhe broke forth into the following Words, *Behold, O mighty* Charles, *a Wretch weary of Life, though it has always been ſpent with Innocence and Virtue. It is not in your Power to redreſs my Injuries, but it is to avenge them. And if the Protection of the Diſtreſſed, and the Puniſhment of Oppreſſors, is a Task worthy a Prince, I bring the Duke of* Burgundy *ample matter for doing Honour to his great Name, and wiping Infamy off of mine.*

When ſhe had ſpoke this, ſhe deliver'd the Duke a Paper reciting her Story. He read it with all the Emotions that Indignation and Pity could raiſe in a Prince jealous of his Honour in the Behaviour of his Officers, and Proſperity of his Subjects.

Upon an appointed Day, *Rhynſault* was ſent for to Court, and in the Preſence of a few of the Council, confronted by *Sapphira*: The Prince asking, *Do you know that Lady? Rhynſault*, as ſoon as he could recover his Surpriſe, told the Duke he would marry her, if his Highneſs would pleaſe to think that a Reparation. The Duke ſeem'd contented with this Anſwer, and ſtood by during the immediate Solemnization of the Ceremony. At the Concluſion of it he told *Rhynſault*,

I has

Thus far you have done as conſtrain'd by my Authority: I ſhall not be ſatisfied of your kind Uſage of her, without you ſign a Gift of your whole Eſtate to her after your Deceaſe. To the Performance of this alſo the Duke was a Witneſs. When theſe two Acts were executed, the Duke turned to the Lady, and told her, It now remains for me to put you in quiet Poſſeſſion of what your Huſband has ſo bountifully beſtow'd on you; and order'd the immediate Execution of *Rhynſault*. T

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 491.

JUSTICE.

THERE is no Virtue ſo truly great and godlike as Juſtice. Moſt of the other Virtues are the Virtues of created Beings, or accommodated to our Nature as we are Men. Juſtice is that which is practiſed by God himſelf, and to be practiſed in its Perfection by none but him. Omniſcience and Omnipotence are required for the full Exertion of it. The one to diſcover every Degree of Uprightneſs in Thoughts, Words and Actions. The other, to meaſure out and impart ſuitable Rewards and Puniſhments.

As to be perfectly juſt is an Attribute in the Divine Nature, to be ſo to the utmoſt of our Abilities is the Glory of a Man. Such an one who has the Publick Adminiſtration in his Hands, acts like the Repreſentative of his Maker, in recompenſing the Virtuous, and puniſhing the Offender. By the extirpating of a Criminal he averts the Judgments of Heaven, when ready to fall upon an impious People; or, as my Friend *Cato* expreſſes it much better in a Sentiment conformable to his Character,

When by juſt Vengeance impious Mortals periſh,
The Gods behold their Puniſhment with Pleaſure,
And lay th' uplifted Thunderbolt aſide.

When a Nation once loſes its Regard to Juſtice; when they do not look upon it as ſomething venerable, holy and inviolable; when any of them dare preſume to

leſſen, affront or terrify thoſe who have the Diſtribution of it in their Hands; when a Judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but Law, or a Cauſe may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to its own Merits, we may venture to pronounce that ſuch a Nation is haſtening to its Ruin.

I always rejoice when I ſee a Tribunal filled with a Man of an upright and inflexible Temper, who in the Execution of his Country's Laws can overcome all private Fear, Reſentment, Solicitation, and even Pity itſelf. Whatever Paſſion enters into a Sentence or Deciſion, ſo far will there be in it a Tincture of Injuſtice. In ſhort, Juſtice diſcards Party, Friendſhip, Kindred, and is therefore always repreſented as blind, that we may ſuppoſe her Thoughts are wholly intent on the Equity of a Cauſe, without being diverted or prejudiced by Objects foreign to it.

I ſhall conclude this Paper with a *Perſian* Story, which is very ſuitable to my preſent Subject. It will not a little pleaſe the Reader, if he has the ſame Taſte of it which I myſelf have.

As one of the Sultans lay encamped on the Plains of *Avala*, a certain great Man of the Army entered by Force into a Peaſant's Houſe, and finding his Wife very handſome, turned the good Man out of his Dwelling and went to bed to her. The Peaſant complain'd the next Morning to the Sultan, and deſir'd Redreſs; but was not able to point out the Criminal. The Emperor, who was very much incenſed at the Injury done to the poor Man, told him that probably the Offender might give his Wife another Viſit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his Tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly within two or three days the Officer entered again the Peaſant's Houſe, and turned the Owner out of Doors; who thereupon applied himſelf to the Imperial Tent, as he was ordered. The Sultan went in Perſon, with his Guards, to the poor Man's Houſe, where he arrived about Midnight. As the Attendants carried each of them a Flambeaux in their Hands, the Sultan, after having ordered all the Lights to be put out, gave the Word to enter the Houſe, find out the Criminal, and put him to Death. This was im-

immediately executed, and the Corps laid out upon the Floor by the Emperor's Command. He then bid every one light his Flambeaux, and ſtand about the dead Body. The Sultan approaching it look'd upon the Face, and immediately fell upon his Knees in Prayer. Upon his riſing up he ordered the Peaſant to ſet before him whatever Food he had in his Houſe. The Peaſant brought out a great deal of coarſe Fare, of which the Emperor eat very heartily. The Peaſant ſeeing him in Good-humour, preſumed to aſk of him, why he had ordered the Flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the Adulterer ſhould be ſlain? Why, upon their being lighted again he look'd upon the Face of the dead Body, and fell down in Pray'r? and why, after this he had ordered Meat to be ſet before him, of which he now eat ſo heartily? The Sultan being willing to gratify the Curioſity of his Hoſt, anſwered him in this manner, 'Upon hearing the Greatneſs of the Offence which had 'been committed by one of the Army, I had reaſon to 'think it might have been one of my own Sons, for 'who elſe would have been ſo audacious and preſuming? 'I gave Orders therefore for the Lights to be extin-'guiſhed, that I might not be led aſtray by Partiality 'or Compaſſion, from doing Juſtice on the Criminal. 'Upon the lighting the Flambeaux a ſecond time, I 'look'd upon the Face of the dead Perſon, and to my 'unſpeakable Joy, found it was not my Son. It was 'for this Reaſon that I immediately fell upon my Knees 'and gave Thanks to God. As for my eating heartily 'of the Food you have ſet before me, you will ceaſe to 'wonder at it, when you know that the great Anxiety 'of Mind I have been in, upon this Occaſion, ſince the 'firſt Complaints you brought me, has hindred my eat-'ing any thing from that time 'till this very Moment.'

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. N°. 99.

KNOWLEDGE.

THE laſt Method which I propoſed in my *Saturday*'s Paper, for filling up thoſe empty Spaces of Life which are ſo tedious and burdenſom to idle People,

is the employing ourſelves in the Purſuit of Knowledge. I remember Mr. *Boyle*, ſpeaking of a certain Mineral, tells us, That a Man may conſume his whole Life in the Study of it, without arriving at the Knowledge of all its Qualities. The Truth of it is, there is not a ſingle Science, or any Branch of it, that might not furniſh a Man with Buſineſs for Life, though it were much longer than it is.

I ſhall not here engage on thoſe beaten Subjects of the Uſefulneſs of Knowledge, nor of the Pleaſure and Perfection it gives the Mind, nor on the Methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular Branch of it, all which have been the Topicks of many other Writers; but ſhall indulge myſelf in a Speculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before ſhewn how the unemployed Parts of Life appear long and tedious, and ſhall here endeavour to ſhew how thoſe Parts of Life which are exerciſed in Study, Reading, and the Purſuits of Knowledge, are long but not tedious, and by that means diſcover a Method of lengthening our Lives, and at the ſame time of turning all the Parts of them to our Advantage.

Mr. *Locke* obſerves, "That we get the Idea of Time, "or Duration, by reflecting on that Train of Ideas "which ſucceed one another in our Minds: That for "this Reaſon, when we ſleep ſoundly without dream-"ing, we have no Perception of Time, or the Length "of it, whilſt we ſleep; and that the Moment where-"in we leave off to think, till the Moment we "begin to think again, ſeems to have no Di-"ſtance." To which the Author adds, "And ſo I "doubt not but it would be to a waking Man, if it "were poſſible for him to keep only one *Idea* in his "Mind, without Variation, and the Succeſſion of "others; and we ſee, that one who fixes his "Thoughts very intently on one thing, ſo as to take "but little notice of the Succeſſion of *Ideas* that paſs "in his Mind whilſt he is taken up with that earneſt "Contemplation, lets ſlip out of his Account a good "Part of that Duration, and thinks that Time ſhorter "than it is."

We

We might carry this Thought farther, and conſider a Man as, on one Side, ſhortening his Time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things; ſo, on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his Thoughts on many Subjects, or by entertaining a quick and conſtant Succeſſion of Ideas. Accordingly Monſieur *Mallebranche*, in his *Inquiry after Truth*, (which was publiſhed ſeveral Years before Mr. *Locke*'s *Eſſay on Human Underſtanding*) tells us, That it is poſſible ſome Creatures may think Half an Hour as long as we do a thouſand Years; or look upon that Space of Duration which we call a Minute, as an Hour, a Week, a Month, or a whole Age.

This Notion of Monſieur *Mallebranche* is capable of ſome little Explanations from what I have quoted out of Mr. *Locke*; for if our Notion of Time is produced by our reflecting on the Succeſſion of Ideas in our Mind, and this Succeſſion may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different Beings may have different Notions of the ſame Parts of Duration, according as their Ideas, which we ſuppoſe are equally diſtinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or leſs Degree of Rapidity.

There is a famous Paſſage in the *Alcoran*, which looks as if *Mahomet* had been poſſeſſed of the Notion we are now ſpeaking of. It is there ſaid, That the Angel *Gabriel* took *Mahomet* out of his Bed one Morning to give him a Sight of all things in the Seven Heavens, in Paradice, and in Hell, which the Prophet took a diſtinct View of; and after having held ninety thouſand Conferences with God, was brought back again to his Bed. All this, ſays the *Alcoran*, was tranſacted in ſo ſmall a Space of Time, that *Mahomet* at his Return found his Bed ſtill warm, and took up an Earthen Pitcher, (which was thrown down at the very Inſtant that the Angel *Gabriel* carried him away) before the Water was all ſpilt.

There is a very pretty Story in the *Turkiſh* Tales which relates to this Paſſage of that famous Impoſtor, and bears ſome Affinity to the Subject we are now upon. A Sultan of *Egypt*, who was an Infidel, uſed to laugh at this Circumſtance in *Mahomet*'s Life, as what

was altogether impoſſible and abſurd: But converſing one Day with a great Doctor in the Law, who had the Gift of working Miracles, the Doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the Truth of this Paſſage in the Hiſtory of *Mahomet*, if he would conſent to do what he ſhould deſire of him. Upon this the Sultan was directed to place himſelf by an huge Tub of Water, which he did accordingly; and as he ſtood by the Tub amidſt a Circle of his great Men, the holy Man bid him plunge his Head in the Water, and draw it up again: The King accordingly thruſt his Head into the Water, and at the ſame time found himſelf at the Foot of a Mountain on a Sea-Shore. The King immediately began to rage againſt his Doctor for this Piece of Treachery and Witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he ſet himſelf to think on proper Methods for getting a Livelihood in this ſtrange Country: Accordingly he applied himſelf to ſome People whom he ſaw at work in a Neighbouring Wood; theſe People conducted him to a Town that ſtood at a little Diſtance from the Wood, where after ſome Adventures, he married a Woman of great Beauty and Fortune. He lived with this Woman ſo long till he had by her ſeven Sons and ſeven Daughters: He was afterwards reduced to great Want, and forced to think of plying in the Streets as a Porter for his Livelihood. One Day as he was walking alone by the Sea-ſide, being ſeized with many melancholy Reflexions upon his former and his preſent State of Life, which had raiſed a Fit of Devotion in him, he threw off his Clothes with a Deſign to waſh himſelf, according to the Cuſtom of the *Mahometans*, before he ſaid his Prayers.

After his firſt Plunge into the Sea, he no ſooner raiſed his Head above the Water but he found himſelf ſtanding by the ſide of the Tub, with the great Men of his Court about him, and the holy Man at his Side. He immediately upbraided his Teacher for having ſent him on ſuch a Courſe of Adventures, and betrayed him into ſo long a State of Miſery and Servitude; but was wonderfully ſurpriſed when he heard that the State he talked of was only a Dream and Deluſion; that he had not ſtirred from the Place where he then ſtood; and that

that he had only dipped his Head into the Water, and immediately taken it out again.

The *Mahometan* Doctor took this Occaſion of inſtructing the Sultan, that nothing was impoſſible with God; and that *He*, with whom a thouſand Years are but as one Day, can, if he pleaſes, make a ſingle Day, nay a ſingle Moment, appear to any of his Creatures as a Thouſand Years.

I ſhall leave my Reader to compare theſe Eaſtern Fables with the Notions of thoſe two great Philoſophers whom I have quoted in this Paper; and ſhall only, by way of Application, deſire him to conſide, how we may extend Life beyond its natural Dimenſions by applying ourſelves diligently to the Purſuits of Knowledge.

The Hours of a wiſe Man are lengthened by his Ideas, as thoſe of a Fool are by his Paſſions: The Time of the one is long, becauſe he does not know what to do with it; ſo is that of the other, becauſe he diſtinguiſhes every Moment of it with uſeful or amuſing Thoughts; or, in other Words, becauſe the one is always wiſhing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the View of paſt Life, in the Man who is grown old in Knowledge and Wiſdom, from that of him who is grown old in Ignorance and Folly: The latter is like the Owner of a barren Country that fills his Eye with the Proſpect of naked Hills and Plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and ſpacious Landskip, divided into delightful Gardens, green Meadows, fruitful Fields, and can ſcarce caſt his Eye on a ſingle Spot of his Poſſeſſions that is not covered with ſome beautiful Plant or Flower. L

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. N° 94.

I am very much concerned when I ſee young Gentlemen of Fortune and Quality ſo wholly ſet upon Pleaſures and Diverſions, that they neglect all thoſe Improvements in Wiſdom and Knowledge which may make them eaſy to themſelves and uſeful to the World. The greateſt part of our *Britiſh* Youth loſe their Figure

and grow out of Faſhion by that Time they are five and twenty. As ſoon as the natural Gaiety and Amiableneſs of the young Man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but *lie by* the reſt of their Lives among the Lumber and Refuſe of the Species. It ſometimes happens indeed, that for want of applying themſelves in due time to the Purſuits of Knowledge, they take up a Book in their declining Years, and grow very hopeful Scholars by that time they are threeſcore. I muſt therefore earneſtly preſs my Readers, who are in the Flower of their Youth, to labour at thoſe Accompliſhments which may ſet off their Perſons when their Bloom is gone, and to *lay in* timely Proviſions for Manhood and old Age. In ſhort, I would adviſe the Youth of fifteen to be dreſſing up every Day the Man of fifty, or to conſider how to make himſelf venerable at Threeſcore.

Young Men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to obſerve how the greateſt Men of Antiquity made it their Ambition to excel all their Contemporaries in Knowledge. *Julius Cæſar* and *Alexander*, the moſt celebrated Inſtances of Human Greatneſs, took a particular Care to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their Skill in the Arts and Sciences. We have ſtill extant ſeveral Remains of the former, which juſtify the Character given of him by the learned Men of his own Age. As for the latter, it is a known Saying of his, that he was more obliged to *Ariſtotle* who had inſtructed him, than to *Philip* who had given him Life and Empire. There is a Letter of his recorded by *Plutarch* and *Aulus Gellius*, which he wrote to *Ariſtotle* upon hearing that he had publiſhed thoſe Lectures he had given him in private. This Letter was written in the following Words at a time when he was in the height of his *Perſian* Conqueſts.

Alexander *to* Ariſtotle, *Greeting.*

YOU have not done well to publiſh your Books of Select Knowledge; for what is there now in which I can ſurpaſs others, if thoſe things which I have been inſtructed in are communicated to every Body? For my own part I declare to you, I would rather excel others in Knowledge than Power. Farewel.

We

We ſee by this Letter, that the Love of Conqueſt was but the ſecond Ambition in *Alexander*'s Soul. Knowledge is indeed that which, next to Virtue, truly and eſſentially raiſes one Man above another. It finiſhes one half of the Human Soul. It makes Being pleaſant to us, fills the Mind with entertaining Views, and adminiſters to it a perpetual Series of Gratifications. It gives Eaſe to Solitude, and Gracefulneſs to Retirement. It fills a publick Station with ſuitable Abilities, and adds a Luſtre to thoſe who are in the Poſſeſſion of them.

Learning, by which I mean all uſeful Knowledge, whether Speculative or Practical, is in popular and mixt Governments the natural Source of Wealth and Honour. If we look into moſt of the Reigns from the Conqueſt, we ſhall find that the Favourites of each Reign have been thoſe who have raiſed themſelves. The greateſt Men are generally the Growth of that particular Age in which they flouriſh. A ſuperior Capacity for Buſineſs, and a more extenſive Knowledge, are the Steps by which a new Man often mounts to Favour, and outſhines the reſt of his Contemporaries. But when Men are actually born to Titles, it is almoſt impoſſible that they ſhould fail of receiving an additional Greatneſs, if they take care to accompliſh themſelves for it.

The Story of *Solomon*'s Choice does not only inſtruct us in that Point of Hiſtory, but furniſhes out a very fine Moral to us, namely, that he who applies his Heart to Wiſdom, does at the ſame time take the moſt proper Method for gaining long Life, Riches and Reputation, which are very often not only the Rewards, but the Effects of Wiſdom.

As it is very ſuitable to my preſent Subject, I ſhall firſt of all quote this Paſſage in the Words of ſacred Writ, and afterwards mention an Allegory, in which this whole Paſſage is repreſented by a famous *French* Poet; not queſtioning but it will be very pleaſing to ſuch of my Readers as have a Taſte of fine Writing.

IN Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a Dream by night: and God ſaid, Ask what I ſhall give thee. And Solomon ſaid, Thou haſt ſhewn unto thy Servant David my Father great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth and in righteouſneſs, and in uprighneſs

of heart with thee, and thou haſt kept for him this great kindneſs, and thou haſt given him a Son to ſit on his Throne, as it is this day. And now, O Lord my God, thou haſt made thy Servant King inſtead of David my Father: and I am but a little Child: I know not how to go out or come in. Give therefore thy Servant an underſtanding heart to judge thy People, that I may diſcern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy ſo great a People! And the Speech pleaſed the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God ſaid unto him, Becauſe thou haſt asked this thing, and haſt not aſked for thyſelf long life, neither haſt asked riches for thyſelf, nor haſt asked Life of thine Enemies, but haſt asked for thyſelf Underſtanding to diſcern Judgment: Behold I have done according to thy words: lo I have given thee a wiſe and underſtanding heart, ſo that there was none like thee before thee. And I have alſo given that which thou haſt not asked, both riches and honour, ſo that there ſhall not be any among the Kings like unto thee all thy Days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my Statutes, and my Commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy Days. And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a Dream.——

THE *French* Poet has ſhadowed this Story in an Allegory, of which he ſeems to have taken the Hint from the Fable of the three Goddeſſes appearing to *Paris*, or rather from the Viſion of *Hercules*, recorded by *Xenophon*, where *Pleaſure* and *Virtue* are repreſented as real Perſons making their Court to the Hero with all their ſeveral Charms and Allurements. Health, Wealth, Victory and Honour are introduced ſucceſſively in their proper Emblems and Characters, each of them ſpreading her Temptations, and recommending herſelf to the young Monarch's Choice. Wiſdom enters the laſt, and ſo captivates him with her Appearance, that he gives himſelf up to her. Upon which he informs him, that thoſe who appeared before her were nothing elſe but her Equipage, and that ſince he had placed his Heart upon Wiſdom; Health, Wealth, Victory and Honour ſhould always wait on her as her Handmaids.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 3.

KNOW-

KNOWLEDGE *of One's-Self.*

HYPOCRISY, at the fashionable End of the Town, is very different from Hypocrisy in the City. The modish Hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of Hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the Shew of Religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many Criminal Gallantries and Amours, which he is not guilty of. The latter assumes a Face of Sanctity, and covers a Multitude of Vices under a seeming Religious Deportment.

But there is another kind of Hypocrisy, which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the Subject of this Paper: I mean that Hypocrisy, by which a Man does not only deceive the World, but very often imposes on himself: That Hypocrisy which conceals his own Heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his Vices, or mistake even his Vices for Virtues. It is this fatal Hypocrisy and Self-deceit, which is taken notice of in those Words, *Who can understand his Errors? cleanse thou me from secret Faults.*

If the open Professors of Impiety deserve the utmost Application and Endeavours of Moral Writers to recover them from Vice and Folly, how much more may those lay a Claim to their Care and Compassion, who are walking in the Paths of Death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a Course of Virtue! I shall endeavour, therefore, to lay down some Rules for the Discovery of those Vices that lurk in the secret Corners of the Soul, and to shew my Reader those Methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial Knowledge of himself. The usual Means prescribed for this Purpose, are to examine ourselves by the Rules which are laid down for our Direction in Sacred Writ, and to compare our Lives with the Life of that Person who acted up to the Perfection of Human Nature, and is the standing Example, as well as the great Guide and Instructor, of those who receive his Doctrines. Though these two

Heads cannot be too much inſiſted upon, I ſhall but juſt mention them, ſince they have been handled by many Great and Eminent Writers.

I would therefore propoſe the following Methods to the Conſideration of ſuch as would find out their ſecret Faults, and make a true Eſtimate of themſelves.

In the firſt Place, let them conſider well what are the Characters which they bear among their Enemies. Our Friends very often flatter us, as much as our own Hearts. They either do not ſee our Faults, or conceal them from us, or ſoften them by their Repreſentations, after ſuch a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An Adverſary, on the contrary, makes a ſtricter Search into us, diſcovers every Flaw and Imperfection in our Tempers, and though his Malice may ſet them in too ſtrong a Light, it has generally ſome Ground for what it advances. A Friend exaggerates a Man's Virtues, an Enemy inflames his Crimes. A wiſe Man ſhould give a juſt Attention to both of them, ſo far as they may tend to the Improvement of one, and the Diminution of the other. *Plutarch* has written an Eſſay on the Benefits which a Man may receive from his Enemies, and, among the good Fruits of Enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the Reproaches which it caſts upon us we ſee the worſt Side of ourſelves, and open our Eyes to ſeveral Blemiſhes and Defects in our Lives and Converſations, which we ſhould not have obſerved, without the Help of ſuch ill-natured Monitors.

In order likewiſe to come at a true Knowledge of ourſelves, we ſhould conſider on the other hand how far we may deſerve the Praiſes and Approbations which the World beſtow upon us; whether the Actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy Motives; and how far we are really poſſeſſed of the Virtues which gain us Applauſe among thoſe with whom we converſe. Such a Reflexion is abſolutely neceſſary, if we conſider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourſelves by the Opinions of others, and to ſacrifice the Report of our own Hearts to the Judgment of the World.

In the next Place, that we may not deceive ourſelves in a Point of ſo much Importance, we ſhould not lay too great a Streſs on any ſuppoſed Virtues we poſſeſs that

are

are of a doubtful Nature: And ſuch we may eſteem all thoſe in which Multitudes of Men diſſent from us, who are as good and wiſe as ourſelves. We ſhould always act with great Cautiouſneſs and Circumſpection in Points, where it is not impoſſible that we may be deceived. Intemperate Zeal, Bigotry and Perſecution for any Party or Opinion, how praiſe-worthy ſoever they may appear to weak Men of our own Principles, produce infinite Calamities among Mankind, and are highly criminal in their own Nature; and yet how many Perſons, eminent for Piety, ſuffer ſuch monſtrous and abſurd Principles of Action to take Root in their Minds under the Colour of Virtues? For my Part I muſt own, I never knew any Party ſo juſt and reaſonable, that a Man could follow it in its Height and Violence, and at the ſame time be innocent.

We ſhould likewiſe be very apprehenſive of thoſe Actions which proceed from natural Conſtitution, favourite Paſſions, particular Education, or whatever promotes our worldly Intereſt or Advantage. In theſe and the like Caſes, a Man's Judgment is eaſily perverted, and a wrong Bias hung upon his Mind. Theſe are the Inlets of Prejudice, the unguarded Avennes of the Mind, by which a thouſand Errors and ſecret Faults find Admiſſion, without being obſerved or taken notice of. A wiſe Man will ſuſpect thoſe Actions to which he is directed by ſomething beſides Reaſon, and always apprehend ſome concealed Evil in every Reſolution that is of a diſputable Nature, when it is conformable to his particular Temper, his Age, or Way of Life, or when it favours his Pleaſure or his Profit.

There is nothing of greater Importance to us than thus diligently to ſift out Thoughts, and examine all theſe dark Receſſes of the Mind, if we would eſtabliſh our Souls in ſuch a ſolid and ſubſtantial Virtue as will turn to Account in that great Day, when it muſt ſtand the Teſt of infinite Wiſdom and Juſtice.

I ſhall conclude this Eſſay with obſerving, that the two kinds of Hypocriſy I have here ſpoken of, namely, that of deceiving the World, and that of impoſing on ourſelves, are touched with wonderful Beauty in the hundred thirty ninth Pſalm. The Folly of the firſt kind of Hypocriſy is there ſet forth by Reflections on God's

God's Omniſcience and Omnipreſence, which are celebrated in as noble Strains of Poetry as any other I ever met with, either Sacred or Profane. The other kind of Hyprocriſy, whereby a Man deceives himſelf, is intimated in the two laſt Verſes, where the Pſalmiſt addreſſes himſelf to the great Searcher of Hearts in that emphatical Petition; *Try me, O God, and ſeek the ground of my Heart; prove me, and examine my Thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedneſs in me, and lead me in the way everlaſting.* L

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 399.

LETTERS *on various Occaſions.*

SIR,

'I AM one of thoſe unhappy Men that are plagued 'with a Goſpel-Goſſip, ſo common among Diſſen-'ers (eſpecially Friends). Lectures in the Morning, 'Church-Meetings at Noon, and Preparation-Sermons 'at Night, take up ſo much of her Time, 'tis very rare 'ſhe knows what we have for Dinner, unleſs when 'the Preacher is to be at it. With him come a Tribe, 'all Brothers and Siſters it ſeems; while others, 'really ſuch, are deemed no Relations. If at any 'time I have her Company alone, ſhe is a meer Ser-'mon Pop gun, repeating and diſcharging Texts, Proofs, 'and Applications ſo perpetually, that however weary 'I may go to Bed, the Noiſe in my Head will not let 'me ſleep 'till towards Morning. The Miſery of my 'Caſe, and great Numbers of ſuch Sufferers plead your 'Pity and ſpeedy Relief, otherwiſe muſt expect, in a 'little time, to be lectured, preached and prayed into 'Want, unleſs the Happineſs of being ſooner talked 'to Death prevent it.

I am, &c. R. G.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 46.

To Colonel R———s *in* Spain.

'BEFORE this can reach the beſt of Husbands 'and the fondeſt Lover, thoſe tender Names will 'be no more of Concern to me. The Indiſpoſition in which

'which you, to obey the Dictates of your Honour and
'Duty, left me, has increaſed upon me; and I am ac-
'quainted by my Phyſicians I cannot live a Week lon-
'ger. At this time my Spirits fail me; and it is the
'ardent Love I have for you that carries me beyond
'my Strength, and enables me to tell you, the moſt
'painful Thing in the Proſpect of Death, is, that I muſt
'part with you. But let it be a Comfort to you,
'that I have no Guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented
'Folly that retards me; but I paſs away my laſt
'Hours in Reflexion upon the Happineſs we have lived
'in together, and in Sorrow that it is ſo ſoon to have
'an End. This is a Frailty which I hope is ſo far
'from criminal, that methinks there is a kind of Pie-
'ty in being ſo unwilling to be ſeparated from a State
'which is the Inſtitution of Heaven, and in which we
'have lived according to its Laws. As we know no
'more of the next Life, but that it will be an happy
'one to the Good, and miſerable to the Wicked, why
'may we not pleaſe ourſelves at leaſt, to alleviate the
'Difficulty of reſigning this Being, in imagining that
'we ſhall have a Senſe of what paſſes below, and may
'poſſibly be employed in guiding the Steps of thoſe
'with whom we walked with Innocence when mortal?
'Why may not I hope to go on in my uſual Work,
'and tho' unknown to you, be aſſiſtant in all the Con-
'flicts of your Mind: Give me leave to ſay to you, O
'beſt of Men, that I cannot figure to myſelf a greater
'Happineſs than in ſuch an Employment: To be pre-
'ſent at all the Adventures to which human Life is ex-
'poſed, to adminiſter Slumber to thy Eyelids in the
'Agonies of a Fever, to cover thy beloved Face in the
'Day of Battle, to go with thee a Guardian Angel,
'incapable of Wound or Pain, where I have longed
'to attend thee when a weak, a fearful Woman:
'Theſe, my Dear, are the Thoughts with which I
'warm my poor languid Heart; but indeed I am not
'capable under my preſent Weakneſs of bearing the
'ſtrong Agonies of Mind I fall into, when I form to
'myſelf the Grief you will be in upon your firſt hearing
'of my Departure. I will not dwell upon this, becauſe
'your kind and generous Heart will be but the more

'afflicted,

'afflicted, the more the Perſon for whom you lament 'offers you Conſolation. My laſt Breath will, if I am 'myſelf, expire in a Prayer for you. I ſhall never 'ſee thy Face again. Farewell for ever. T

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 204.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'YOUR having done conſiderable Services in this great City, by rectifying the Diſorders of Families, and ſeveral Wives having preferred your Advice and Directions to thoſe of their Husbands, emboldens me to apply to you at this time. I am a Shop-keeper, and tho' but a young Man, I find by Experience that nothing but the utmoſt Diligence both of Husband and Wife (among trading People) can keep Affairs in any tolerable Order. My Wife at the Beginning of our Eſtabliſhment ſhewed herſelf very aſſiſting to me in my Buſineſs, as much as could lie in her Way, and I have Reaſon to believe 'twas with her Inclination; but of late ſhe has got acquainted with a Schoolman, who values himſelf for his great Knowledge in the *Greek* Tongue. He entertains her frequently in the Shop with Diſcourſes of the Beauties and Excellencies of that Language; and repeats to her ſeveral Paſſages out of the *Greek* Poets, wherein he tells her there is unſpeakable Harmony and agreeable Sounds, that all other Languages are wholly unacquainted with. He has ſo infatuated her with his Jargon, that inſtead of uſing her former Diligence in the Shop, ſhe now neglects the Affairs of the Houſe, and is wholly taken up with her Tutor in learning by heart Scraps of *Greek* which ſhe vents upon all Occaſions. She told me ſome Days ago, that whereas I uſe ſome *Latin* Inſcriptions in my Shop, ſhe adviſed me, with a great deal of Concern, to have them changed into *Greek*; it being a Language leſs underſtood, would be more conformable to the Myſtery of my Profeſſion; that our good Friend would be aſſiſting to us in this 'Work; and that a certain Faculty of Gentlemen

'would

'would find themſelves ſo much obliged to me, that 'they would infallibly make my Fortune: In ſhort, 'her frequent Importunities upon this and other Im-'pertinencies of the like nature make me very un-'eaſy; and if your Remonſtrances have no more Effect 'upon her than mine, I am afraid I ſhall be obliged 'to ruin myſelf to procure her a Settlement at *Ox-'ford* with her Tutor, for ſhe's already too mad for '*Bedlam*. Now, Sir, you ſee the Danger my Family 'is expoſed to, and the Likelihood of my Wife's be-'coming both troubleſome and uſeleſs, unleſs her read-'ing herſelf in your Paper may make her reflect. She 'is ſo very learned that I cannot pretend by Word of 'Mouth to argue with her. She laugh'd out at your 'ending a Paper in *Greek*, and ſaid 'twas a Hint to 'Women of Literature, and very civil not to tranſlate 'it to expoſe them to the Vulgar. You ſee how it is 'with,

SIR, Your humble Servant.

SPECTATOR Vol. IV, No. 278.

When I conſi'er the falſe Impreſſions which are received by the Generality of the World, I am troubled at none more than a certain Levity of Thought, which many young Women of Quality have entertained, to the Hazard of their Characters, and the certain Misfortune of their Lives. The firſt of the following Letters may beſt repreſent the Faults I would now point at, and the Anſwer to it the Temper of Mind in a contrary Character.

My dear Harriot,

'IF thou art ſhe, but oh! how fallen, how changed, 'what an Apoſtate! how loſt to all that's gay and 'agreeable! To be married I find is to be buried alive; 'I can't conceive it more diſmal to be ſhut up in a 'Vault to converſe with the Shades of my Anceſtors, 'than to be carried down to an old Manor-Houſe in the 'Country, and confined to the Converſation of a ſober 'Huſband and an aukward Chamber-Maid. For Va-'riety I ſuppoſe you may entertain yourſelf with Ma-

'dam

'dam in her Grogram Gown, the Spouſe of your Pariſh 'Vicar, who has by this time I am ſure well furniſhed 'you with Receipts for making Salves and Poſſets, di-'ſtilling Cordial Waters, making Syrups, and applying 'Poultices.

'Bleſt Solitude! I wiſh thee Joy, my Dear, of thy 'loved Retirement, which indeed you would perſuade 'me is very agreeable, and different enough from what 'I have here deſcribed: But, Child, I am afraid thy 'Brains are a little diſordered with Romances and No-'vels: After ſix Months Marriage to hear thee talk of 'Love, and paint the Country Scenes ſo ſoftly, is a little 'extravagant; one would think you lived the Lives of '*Sylvan* Deities, or roved among the Walks of Paradiſe, 'like the firſt happy Pair. But pr'ythee leave theſe 'Whimſies, and come to Town in order to live and 'talk like other Mortals. However, as I am extremely 'intereſted in your Reputation, I would willingly give 'you a little good Advice at your firſt Appearance un-'der the Character of a married Woman: 'Tis a little 'Inſolence in me perhaps, to adviſe a Matron; but I 'am ſo afraid you'll make ſo ſilly a Figure as a fond 'Wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear 'in any publick Places with your Huſband, and never 'to ſanter about St. *James*'s *Park* together: If you 'preſume to enter the Ring at *Hide Park* together, you 'are ruined for ever; nor muſt you take the leaſt notice 'of one another at the Play-houſe or Opera, unleſs you 'would be laughed at for a very loving Couple moſt 'happily paired in the Yoke of Wedlock. I would 'recommend the Example of an Acquaintance of ours 'to your Imitation; ſhe is the moſt regligent and fa-'ſhionable Wife in the World; ſhe is hardly ever ſeen 'in the ſame Place with her Huſband, and if they hap-'pen to meet, you would think them perfect Strangers: 'She never was heard to name him in his Abſence, and 'takes care he ſhall rever be the Subject of any Diſ-'courſe that ſhe has a Share in. I hope you'll propoſe 'this Lady as a Pattern, tho' I am very much afraid 'you'll be ſo ſilly to think *Portia*, &c. *Sabine* and *Ro-'man* Wives, much brighter Examples. I wiſh it may 'never come into your Head to imitate thoſe antiquated

'Crea-

'Creatures ſo far, as to come into Publick in the Habit 'as well as Air of a *Roman* Matron. You make already 'the Entertainment at Mrs. *Modiſh*'s Tea-Table; ſhe 'ſays, ſhe always thought you a diſcreet Perſon, and 'qualified to manage a Family with admirable Pru-'dence; ſhe dies to ſee what demure and ſerious Airs 'Wedlock has given you, but ſhe ſays ſhe ſhall never 'forgive your Choice of ſo gallant a Man as *Bellamour* 'to transform him to a mere ſober Huſband; 'twas un-'pardonable: You ſee, my Dear, we all envy your Happ-'pineſs, and no Perſon more than

Your humble Servant,

Lydia.

'BE not in Pain, good Madam, for my Appearance in 'Town; I ſhall frequent no publick Places, or make 'any Viſits where the Character of a modeſt Wife is 'ridiculous. As for your wild Rallery on Matrimony, 'tis all Hypocriſy; you, and all the handſome young 'Women of your Acquaintance, ſhew yourſelves to no 'other Purpoſe than to gain a Conqueſt over ſome Man 'of Worth, in order to beſtow your Charms and For-'tune on him. There's no Indecency in the Confeſſion, 'the Deſign is modeſt and honourable, and all your 'Affectation can't diſguiſe it.

'I am married, and have no other Concern but to 'pleaſe the Man I Love; he's the End of every Care I 'have; if I dreſs 'tis for him; if I read a Poem or a 'Play, 'tis to qualify myſelf for a Converſation agree-'able to his Taſte: He's almoſt the End of my Devo-'tions; half my Prayers are for his Happineſs — I love 'to talk of him, and never hear him named but with 'Pleaſure and Emotion. I am your Friend, and wiſh 'you Happineſs, but am ſorry to ſee by the Air of your 'Letter that there are a Set of Women who are got in-'to the Common-Place Rallery of every thing that is 'ſober, decent, and proper: Matrimony and the Clergy 'are the Topicks of People of little Wit and no Under-'ſtanding. I own to you, I have learned of the Vicar's 'Wife all you tax me with: She is a diſcreet, ingenious,

'plea-

'pleaſant, pious Woman; I wiſh ſhe had the handling 'of you and Mrs. *Modiſh*; you would find, if you were 'too free with her, ſhe would ſoon make you as charm-'ing as ever you were, ſhe would make you bluſh as 'much as if you never had been fine Ladies. The 'Vicar, Madam, is ſo kind as to viſit my Huſband, 'and his agreeable Converſation has brought him to 'enjoy many ſober happy Hours when even I am 'ſhut out, and my dear Maſter is entertained only with 'his own Thoughts. Theſe Things, dear Madam, 'will be laſting Satisfactions, when the fine Ladies, 'and the Coxcombs by whom they form themſelves, 'are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous in old Age. I 'am,

Madam, your moſt humble Servant,

Mary Home.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 254.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM the happy Father of a very towardly Son, in 'whom I do not only ſee my Life, but alſo my 'Manner of Life, renewed. It would be extremely 'beneficial to Society, if you would frequently reſume 'Subjects which ſerve to bind theſe ſort of Relations 'faſter, and endear the Ties of Blood with thoſe of 'Good-will, Protection, Obſervance, Indulgence and 'Veneration. I would, methinks, have this done af-'ter an uncommon Method, and do not think any one, 'who is not capable of writing a good Play, fit to un-'dertake a Work wherein there will neceſſarily occur ſo 'many ſecret Inſtincts, and Biaſes of human Nature 'which would paſs unobſerved by common Eyes. I 'thank Heaven I have no outrageous Offence againſt 'my own excellent Parents to anſwer for; but when I 'am now and then alone, and look back upon my paſt 'Life, from my earlieſt Infancy to this Time there are 'many Faults which I committed that did not appear to 'me, even till I myſelf became a Father. I had not 'till then a Notion of the Earnings of Heart, which a 'Man has when he ſees his Child do a laudable Thing, 'or the ſudden Damp which ſeizes him when he fears

'he

'he will act ſomething unworthy. It is not to be imagin-
'ed, what a Remorſe touched me for a long Train of
'childiſh Negligences of my Mother, when I ſaw my
'Wife the other Day look out of the Window, and
'turn as pale as Aſhes upon ſeeing my younger Boy
'ſliding upon the Ice. Theſe ſlight Intimations will
'give you to underſtand, that there are numberleſs lit-
'tle Crimes which Children take no notice of while
'they are doing, which upon Reflexion, when they ſhall
'themſelves become Fathers, they will look upon with
'the utmoſt Sorrow and Contrition, that they did not
'regard, before thoſe whom they offended were to be
'no more ſeen. How many thouſand Things do I re-
'member, which would have highly pleaſed my Father,
'and I omitted for no other Reaſon, but that I thought
'what he propoſed the Effect of Humour and old Age,
'which I am now convinced had Reaſon and good Senſe
'in it. I cannot now go into the Parlour to him, and
'make his Heart glad with an Account of a Matter
'which was of no Conſequence, but that I told it, and
'acted in it. The good Man and Woman are long
'ſince in their Graves, who uſed to ſit and plot the
'Welfare of us their Children, while, perhaps, we
'were ſometimes laughing at the old Folks at another
'End of the Houſe. The Truth of it is, were we
'merely to follow Nature in theſe great Duties of Life,
'tho' we have a ſtrong Inſtinct towards the performing
'of them, we ſhould be on both Sides very deficient.
'Age is ſo unwelcome to the Generality of Mankind,
'and Growth towards Manhood ſo deſirable to all, that
'Reſignation to Decay is too difficult a Task in the Fa-
'ther; and Deference, amidſt the Impulſe of gay De-
'ſires, appears unreaſonable to the Son. There are ſo
'few who can grow old with a good Grace, and yet
'fewer who can come ſlow enough into the World,
'that a Father, were he to be actuated by his Deſires,
'and a Son, were he to conſult himſelf only, could nei-
'ther of them behave himſelf as he ought to the other.
'But when Reaſon interpoſes againſt Inſtinct, where it
'would carry either out of the Intereſts of the other,
'there ariſes that happieſt Intercourſe of good Offices
'between thoſe deareſt Relations of human Life. The

'Father,

'Father, according to the Opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down Bleſſings on the Son, 'and the Son endeavouring to appear the worthy Offſpring of ſuch a Father. It is after this manner that '*Camillus* and his Firſt-born dwell together. *Camillus* 'enjoys a pleaſing and indolent old Age, in which Paſſion is ſubdued, and Reaſon exalted. He waits the 'Day of his Diſſolution with a Reſignation mixed with 'Delight, and the Son fears the Acceſſion of his Father's 'Fortune with Diffidence, leſt he ſhould not enjoy or 'become it as well as his Predeceſſor. Add to this, 'that the Father knows he leaves a Friend to the Children of his Friends, an eaſy Landlord to his Tenants, 'and an agreeable Companion to his Acquaintance. 'He believes his Son's Behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This Commerce is ſo well cemented, that without the Pomp of 'ſaying, *Son, be a Friend to ſuch a one when I am gone*; '*Camillus* knows, being in his Favour, is Direction 'enough to the grateful Youth who is to ſucceed him, 'without the Admonition of his mentioning it. Theſe 'Gentlemen are honoured in all their Neighbourhood, 'and the ſame Effect which the Court has on the Manners of a Kingdom, their Characters have on all who 'live within the Influence of them.

'My Son and I are not of Fortune to communicate 'our good Actions or Intentions to ſo many as theſe 'Gentlemen do; but I will be bold to ſay, my Son 'has, by the Applauſe and Approbation which his Behaviour towards me has gained him, occaſioned that 'many an old Man, beſides myſelf, has rejoyced. Other Mens Children follow the Example of mine, and 'I have the inexpreſſible Happineſs of over-hearing 'our Neighbours, as we ride by, point to their Children, and ſay, with a Voice of Joy, There they go.

'You cannot, Mr. SPECTATOR, paſs your time better than in inſinuating the Delights which theſe 'Relations well regarded beſtow upon each other. Ordinary Paſſages are no longer ſuch, but mutual Love 'gives an Importance to the moſt indifferent things, 'and a Merit to Actions the moſt inſignificant. When we look round the World, and obſerve the many Miſ-

'underſtandings

'understandings which are created by the Malice and Insinuation of the meaneſt Servants between People thus 'related, how neceſſary will it appear that it were inculcated that Men would be upon their Guard to ſupport a Conſtancy of Affection, and that grounded upon the Principles of Reaſon, not the Impulſes of Inſtinct.

'It is from the common Prejudices which Men receive from their Parents, that Hatreds are kept alive 'from one Generation to another; and when Men act 'by Inſtinct, Hatreds will deſcend when good Offices 'are forgotten. For the Degeneracy of human Life is 'ſuch that our Anger is more eaſily transferred to our 'Children than our Love. Love always gives ſomething to the Object it delights in, and Anger ſpoils 'the Perſon againſt whom it is moved of ſomething 'laudable in him: From this Degeneracy therefore, 'and a ſort of Self-Love, we are more prone to take 'up the Ill-will of our Parents, than to follow them in 'their Friendſhips.

'One would think there ſhould need no more to 'make Men keep up this ſort of Relation with the utmoſt Sanctity, than to examine their own Hearts. If 'every Father remembred his own Thoughts and Inclinations when he was a Son, and every Son remembered what he expected from his Father, when he himſelf was in a State of Dependence, this one Reflexion 'would preſerve Men from being diſſolute or rigid in 'theſe ſeveral Capacities. The Power and Subjection 'between them, when broken, make them more emphatically Tyrants and Rebels againſt each other, 'with greater Cruelty of Heart, than the Diſruption of States and Empires can poſſibly produce. I ſhall end 'this Application to you with two Letters which paſſed 'between a Mother and Son very lately, and are as follows.

Dear FRANK,

'IF the Pleaſures, which I have the Grief to hear you purſue in Town, do not take up all your Time, do 'not deny your Mother ſo much of it, as to read ſeriouſly this Letter. You ſaid before Mr. *Letacre*, that ar

'ol-

'old Woman might live very well in the Country upon 'half my Jointure, and that your Father was a fond 'Fool to give me a Rent-Charge of Eight Hundred a 'Year to the Prejudice of his Son. What *Letacre* ſaid 'to you upon that Occaſion, you ought to have borne 'with more Decency, as he was your Father's well-be-'loved Servant, than to have called him *Country put*. 'In the firſt place, *Frank*, I muſt tell you, I will have 'my Rent duly paid, for I will make up to your Siſters 'for the Partiality I was guilty of, in making your Fa-'ther do ſo much as he hath done for you. I may, it 'ſeems, live upon half my Jointure! I lived upon much 'leſs, *Frank*, when I carried you from place to place in 'theſe Arms, and could neither eat, dreſs, or mind any 'thing for feeding and tending you a weakly Child, 'and ſhedding Tears when the Convulſions you were 'then troubled with returned upon you. By my Care 'you outgrew them, to throw away the Vigour of your 'Youth in the Arms of Harlots, and deny your Mother 'what is not yours to detain. Both your Siſters are 'crying to ſee the Paſſion which I ſmother; but if you 'pleaſe to go on thus like a Gentleman of the Town, 'and forget all Regards to yourſelf and Family, I ſhall 'immediately enter upon your Eſtate for the Arrear due 'to me, and without one Tear more contemn you for 'forgetting the Fondneſs of your Mother, as much as 'you have the Example of your Father. O *Frank*, do I 'live to omit writing myſelf,

Your Affectionate Mother,

A. T.

MADAM,

'I Will come down To-morrow and pay the Money 'on my Knees. Pray write ſo no more. I will 'take Care you never ſhall, for I will be for ever here-'after,

Your moſt dutiful Son,

F. T.

'I will bring down new Heads for my Siſters. Pray 'let all be forgotten. T

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 263.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR Correſpondent's Letter relating to Fortune-Hunters, and your ſubſequent Diſcourſe upon it, 'have given me Encouragement to ſend you a State of 'my Caſe, by which you will ſee, that the Matter 'complained of is a common Grievance both to City 'and Country.

'I am a Country Gentleman of between five and ſix 'thouſand a Year. It is my Misfortune to have a very 'fine Park and an only Daughter; upon which Account 'I have been ſo plagu'd with Deer-Stealers and Fops, 'that for theſe four Years paſt I have ſcarce enjoy'd a 'Moment's Reſt. I look upon myſelf to be in a State 'of War, and am forc'd to keep as conſtant Watch in 'my Seat, as a Governor would do that commanded a 'Town on the Frontier of an Enemy's Country. I 'have indeed pretty well ſecured my Park, having for 'this Purpoſe provided myſelf of four Keepers, who 'are left-handed, and handle a Quarter-ſtaff beyond any 'other Fellows in the Country. And for the Guard of 'my Houſe, beſides a Band of Penſioner-Matrons and 'an old Maiden Relation, whom I keep on conſtant 'Duty, I have Blunderbuſſes always charged, and Fox-'Gins planted in private Places about my Garden, of 'which I have given frequent Notice in the Neighbour-'hood; yet ſo it is, that in ſpite of all my Care, I ſhall 'every now and then have a ſaucy Raſcal ride by *re-'connoitring* (as I think you call it) under my Windows, 'as ſprucely dreſt as if he was going to a Ball. I am 'aware of this Way of attacking a Miſtreſs on Horſe-'back, having heard that it is a common Practice in '*Spain*; and have therefore taken Care to remove my 'Daughter from the Road-ſide of the Houſe, and to 'lodge her next the Garden. But to cut ſhort my Story; 'what can a Man do after all? I durſt not ſtand for 'Member of Parliament laſt Election, for fear of ſome 'ill Conſequences from my being off my Poſt. What I 'would therefore deſire of you, is, to promote a Project 'I have ſet on foot, and upon which I have writ to 'ſome of my Friends; and that is, that Care may be 'taken to ſecure our Daughters by Law, as well as our 'Deer; and that ſome honeſt Gentleman of a publick

'Spirit, would move for Leave to bring in a Bill *For the* 'better preſerving of the Female Game.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

The following Letters, written by two very conſiderate Correſpondents, both under twenty Years of Age, are very good Arguments of the Neceſſity of taking into Conſideration the many Incidents which affect the Education of Youth.

SIR,

'I Have long expected, that in the Courſe of your 'Obſervations upon the ſeveral Parts of Human Life, 'you would one time or other fall upon a Subject, 'which, ſince you have not, I take the liberty to re-'commend to you. What I mean, is the Patronage of 'young modeſt Men to ſuch as are able to countenance 'and introduce them into the World. For want of ſuch 'Aſſiſtances, a Youth of Merit languiſhes in Obſcurity 'or Poverty, when his Circumſtances are low, and runs 'into Riot and Exceſs when his Fortunes are plentiful. 'I cannot make myſelf better underſtood, than by ſend-'ing you an Hiſtory of myſelf, which I ſhall deſire you 'to inſert in your Paper, it being the only way I have 'of expreſſing my Gratitude for the higheſt Obligations 'imaginable.

'I am the Son of a Merchant of the City of *London*, 'who, by many Loſſes, was reduced from a very luxu-'riant Trade and Credit to very narrow Circumſtances, 'in compariſon to that of his former Abundance. This 'took away the Vigour of his Mind, and all manner of 'Attention to a Fortune which he now thought deſpe-'rate; inſ much that he died without a Will, having 'before buried my Mother in the midſt of his other 'Misfortunes. I was ſixteen Years of Age when I loſt 'my Father; and an Eſtate of 200*l.* a Year came into 'my Poſſeſſion, without Friend or Guardian to inſtruct 'me in the Management or Enjoyment of it. The na-'tural Conſequence of this was, (though I wanted no 'Director, and ſoon had Fellows who found me out for

'a

'a ſmart young Gentleman, and led me into all the 'Debaucheries of which I was capable) that my Com-'panions and I could not well be ſupplied without run-'ning in Debt, which I did very frankly, 'till I was ar-'reſted, and conveyed, with a Guard ſtrong enough for 'the moſt deſperate Aſſaſſin, to a Bailiff's Houſe, where 'I lay four Days ſurrounded with very merry but not 'very agreeable Company. As ſoon as I had extricated 'myſelf from that ſhameful Confinement, I reflected 'upon it with ſo much Horror, that I deſerted all my 'old Acquaintance, and took Chambers in an Inn of 'Court, with a Reſolution to ſtudy the Law with all 'poſſible Application. But I trifled away a whole Year 'in looking over a thouſand Intricacies, without Friend 'to apply to in any Caſe of Doubt; ſo that I only lived 'there among Men, as little Children are ſent to School 'before they are capable of Improvement, only to be 'out of harm's way. In the midſt of this State of ſuſ-'pence, not knowing how to diſpoſe of myſelf, I was 'ſought for by a Relation of mine, who, upon obſerving 'a good Inclination in me, uſed me with great Famili-'arity, and carried me to his Seat in the Country. 'When I came there, he introduced me to all the good 'Company in the County; and the great Obligations I 'have to him for this kind Notice, and Reſidence with 'him ever ſince, has made ſo ſtrong an Impreſſion upon 'me, that he has an Authority of a Father over me, 'founded upon the Love of a Brother. I have a good 'Study of Books, a good Stable of Horſes always at my 'command; and tho' I am not quite eighteen Years of 'Age, familiar Converſe on his part, and a ſtrong In-'clination to exert myſelf on mine, have had an Effect 'upon me that makes me acceptable wherever I go. 'Thus, Mr. SPECTATOR, by this Gentleman's Favour 'and Patronage, it is my own fault if I am not wiſer 'and richer every day I live. I ſpeak this as well by 'ſubſcribing the initial Letters of my Name to thank 'him, as to incite others to an Imitation of his Virtue. 'It would be a worthy Work to ſhew what great Cha-'rities are to be done without Expence, and how many 'noble Actions are loſt, out of Inadvertency in Perſons 'capable of performing them, if they were put in mind

'of it. If a Gentleman of Figure in a Country would 'make his Family a Pattern of Sobriety, good Senſe, 'and Breeding, and would kindly endeavour to influence 'the Education, and growing Proſpects of the younger 'Gentry about him, I am apt to believe it would ſave 'him a great deal of ſtale Beer on a publick Occaſion, 'and render him the Leader of his Country from their 'Gratitude to him, inſtead of being a Slave to their 'Riots and Tumults in order to be made their Repre-'ſentative. The ſame thing might be recommended 'to all who have made any Progreſs in any Parts of 'Knowledge, or arrived at any Degree in a Profeſſion; 'others may gain Preferments and Fortunes from their 'Patrons, but I have, I hope, received from mine good 'Habits and Virtues. I repeat to you, Sir, my Requeſt 'to print this, in return for all the Evil an helpleſs Or-'phan ſhall ever eſcape, and all the Good he ſhall re-'ceive in this Life; both which are wholly owing to 'this Gentleman's Favour to,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

S. P.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. N° 380.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a Lad of about fourteen. I find a mighty Plea-'ſure in Learning. I have been at the *Latin* School 'four Years. I don't know I ever play'd truant, or 'neglected any Taſk my Maſter ſet me in my Life. I 'think on what I read in School as I go home at night, 'and ſo intently, that I have often gone half a mile out 'of my way, not minding whither I went. Our Maid 'tells me, ſhe often hears me talk *Latin* in my ſleep. 'And I dream two or three Nights in a Week I am 'reading *Juvenal* and *Homer*. My Maſter ſeems as 'well pleaſed with my Performances as any Boy's in the 'ſame Claſs. I think, if I know my own Mind, I 'would chooſe rather to be a Scholar than a Prince 'without Learning. I have a very good affectionate 'Father; but tho' very rich, yet ſo mighty near, that 'he thinks much of the Charges of my Education. He

'often

'often tells me he believes my Schooling will ruin him; 'that I coſt him God knows what in Books. I tremble 'to tell him I want one. I am forced to keep my Pocket-Money and lay it out for a Book, now and then, 'that he don't know of. He has order'd my Maſter to 'buy no more Books for me, but ſays he will buy them 'himſelf. I aſked him for *Horace* t'other Day, and he 'told me in a Paſſion he did not believe I was fit for it, 'but only my Maſter had a mind to make him think I 'had got a great way in my Learning. I am ſometimes 'a Month behind other Boys in getting the Books my 'Maſter gives Orders for. All the Boys in the School, 'but I, have the Claſſick Authors *in uſum Delphini*, gilt 'and letter'd on the Back. My Father is often reckoning up how long I have been at School, and tells me 'he fears I do little good. My Father's Carriage ſo 'diſcourages me, that he makes me grow dull and melancholy. My Maſter wonders what is the matter with 'me; I am afraid to tell him; for he is a Man that 'loves to encourage Learning, and would be apt to chide 'my Father, and not knowing my Father's Temper, 'may make him worſe. Sir, if you have any Love for 'Learning, I beg you would give me ſome Inſtructions 'in this Caſe, and perſuade Parents to encourage their 'Children when they find them diligent and deſirous of 'Learning. I have heard ſome Parents ſay, they would 'do any thing for their Children, if they would but 'mind their Learning: I would be glad to be in their 'place. Dear Sir, pardon my Boldneſs. If you will 'but conſider and pity my Caſe, I will pray for your 'Proſperity as long as I live.'

Your humble Servant,

James Diſcipulus.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 330.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS you are the daily Endeavourer to promote 'Learning and good Senſe, I think myſelf obliged 'to ſuggeſt to your Conſideration whatever may promote or prejudice them. There is an Evil which has

'prevailed from Generation to Generation, which gray 'Hairs and tyrannical Cuſtom continue to ſupport; I 'hope your Spectatorial Authority will give a ſeaſona- 'ble Check to the Spread of the Infection; I mean 'old Mens overbearing the ſtrongeſt Senſe of their Ju- 'niors by the mere Force of Seniority; ſo that for a 'young Man in the Bloom of Life and Vigour of Age 'to give a ſeaſonable Contradiction to his Elders, is 'eſteem'd an unpardonable Inſolence, and regarded as 'a reverſing the Decrees of Nature. I am a young 'Man, I confeſs, yet I honour the gray Head as much 'as any one; however, when, in Company with old 'Men, I hear them ſpeak obſcurely, or reaſon pre- 'poſterouſly (into which Abſurdities, Prejudice, Pride, 'or Intereſt, will ſometimes throw the wiſeſt) I count 'it no Crime to rectify their Reaſonings, unleſs Con- 'ſcience muſt truckle to Ceremony, and Truth fall a 'Sacrifice to Complaiſance. The ſtrongeſt Arguments 'are enervated, and the brighteſt Evidence diſappears, 'before thoſe tremendous Reaſonings and dazzling 'Diſcoveries of venerable old Age: You are young 'giddy-headed Fellows, you have not yet had Expe- 'rience of the World. Thus we young Folks find 'our Ambition cramp'd, and our Lazineſs indulg'd, 'ſince, while young, we have little room to diſplay 'ourſelves; and, when old, the Weakneſs of Nature 'muſt paſs for Strength of Senſe, and we hope that 'hoary Heads will raiſe us above the Attacks of Con- 'tradiction. Now, Sir, as you would enliven our 'Activity in the purſuit of Learning, take our Caſe 'into Conſideration; and, with a Gloſs on brave '*Elihu*'s Sentiments, aſſert the Rights of Youth, and 'prevent the pernicious Incroachments of Age. The 'generous Reaſonings of that gallant Youth would 'adorn your Paper; and I beg you would inſert them, 'not doubting but that they will give good Entertain- 'ment to the moſt intelligent of your Readers.

'*So theſe three Men ceaſed to anſwer* Job, *becauſe he* 'was righteous in his own Eyes. *Then was kindled the* 'Wrath *of* Elihu *the Son of* Barachel *the* Buzite, *of the* 'Kindred *of* Ram: *Againſt* Job *was his Wrath kind-*

'led,

' *led, becauſe he juſtified himſelf rather than God. Alſo*
' *againſt his three Friends was his Wrath kindled, be-*
' *cauſe they had found no Anſwer, and yet had condemned*
' Job. *Now* Elihu *had waited till* Job *had ſpoken,*
' *becauſe they were elder than he. When* Elihu *ſaw*
' *there was no Anſwer in the Mouth of theſe three Men,*
' *then his Wrath was kindled. And* Elihu *the Son of* Ba-
' rachel *the* Buzite *anſwer'd and ſaid, I am young and*
' *ye are very old, wherefore I was afraid, and durſt not*
' *ſhew you my Opinion. I ſaid, Days ſhould ſpeak and*
' *Multitude of Years ſhould teach Wiſdom. But there is*
' *a Spirit in Man; and the Inſpiration of the Almighty*
' *giveth them Underſtanding. Great Men are not always*
' *wiſe: Neither do the aged underſtand Judgment. There-*
' *fore I ſaid, hearken to me, I alſo will ſhew mine Opi-*
' *nion. Behold I waited for your Words; I gave ear to*
' *your Reaſons, whilſt you ſearched out what to ſay. Yea,*
' *I attended unto you: And behold there was none of you*
' *that convinced* Job, *or that anſwer'd his Words; leſt ye*
' *ſhould ſay, we have found out Wiſdom: God thruſteth*
' *him down, not Man. Now he hath not directed his*
' *Words againſt me: Neither will I anſwer him with*
' *your Speeches. They were amazed, they anſwered no*
' *more: They left off ſpeaking. When I had waited,*
' *(for they ſpake not, but ſtood ſtill and anſwer'd no more)*
' *I ſaid, I will anſwer alſo my Part, I alſo will ſhew*
' *mine Opinion. For I am full of Matter, the Spirit within*
' *me conſtraineth me. Behold, my Belly is as Wine which*
' *hath no Vent, it is ready to burſt like new Bottles. I*
' *will ſpeak that I may be refreſhed: I will open my Lips*
' *and anſwer. Let me not, I pray you, accept any Man's*
' *Perſon, neither let me give flattering Titles unto Man.*
' *For I know not to give flattering Titles; in ſo doing my*
' *Maker would ſoon take me away.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 336.

Queen Ann Boleyn's *laſt Letter to King* Henry.

SIR,

Cotton Lib. ' YOUR Grace's Diſpleaſure, and my
Otho C. 10. ' Impriſonment, are things ſo ſtrange
' unto me, as what to write, or what to excuſe, I am

'altogether ignorant. Whereas you ſend unto me (willing me to confeſs a Truth, and ſo obtain your Favour) 'by ſuch an one, whom you know to be mine ancient 'profeſſed Enemy, I no ſooner received this Meſſage by 'him, than I rightly conceived your Meaning; and if, 'as you ſay, confeſſing a Truth indeed may procure my 'Safety, I ſhall with all Willingneſs and Duty perform 'your Command.

'But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your 'poor Wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a 'Fault, where not ſo much as a Thought thereof pre-'ceded. And to ſpeak a Truth, never Prince had 'Wife more Loyal in all Duty, and in all true Affection, 'than you have ever found in *Ann Boleyn*; with which 'Name and Place I could willingly have contented my-'ſelf, if God and your Grace's Pleaſure had been ſo 'pleaſed. Neither did I at any time ſo far forget my-'ſelf in my Exaltation or received Queenſhip, but that 'I always looked for ſuch an Alteration as I now find; 'for the Ground of my Perferment being on no ſurer 'Foundation than your Grace's Fancy, the leaſt Altera-'tion I knew was fit and ſufficient to draw that Fancy 'to ſome other Object. You have choſen me, from a 'low Eſtate, to be your Queen and Companion, far be-'yond my Deſert or Deſire. If then you found me 'worthy of ſuch Honour, good your Grace let not any 'light Fancy, or bad Counſel of mine Enemies, with-'draw your Princely Favour from me; neither let that 'Stain, that unworthy Stain, of a Diſloyal Heart to-'wards your good Grace, ever caſt ſo foul a Blot on 'your moſt Dutiful Wife, and the Infant-Princeſs your 'Daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a 'lawful Trial, and let not my ſworn Enemies ſit as my 'Accuſers and Judges: Yea, let me receive an open 'Trial, for my Truth ſhall fear no open Shame; then 'ſhall you ſee either mine Innocence cleared, your Suſ-'picion and Conſcience ſatisfied, the Ignominy and 'Slander of the World ſtopped, or my Guilt openly 'declared. So that whatſoever God or you may deter-'mine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open 'Cenſure, and mine Offence being ſo lawfully proved, 'your Grace is at liberty, both before God and 'Man,

'Man, not only to execute worthy Puniſhment to 'me as an unlawful Wife, but to follow your Affection 'already ſettled on that Party, for whoſe ſake I am now 'as I am, whoſe Name I could ſome good while ſince 'have pointed unto, your Grace not being ignorant of 'my Suſpicion therein.

'But if you have already determined of me, and that 'not only my Death, but an infamous Slander muſt 'bring you the enjoying of your deſired Happineſs; 'then I deſire of God, that he will pardon your great 'Sin therein, and likewiſe mine Enemies, the Inſtru-'ments thereof, and that he will not call you to a 'ſtrict Account for your unprincely and cruel Uſage of 'me, at his general Judgment-Seat, where both you 'and myſelf muſt ſhortly appear, and in whoſe Judg-'ment I doubt not (whatſoever the World may think 'of me) mine Innocence ſhall be openly known, and 'ſufficiently cleared.

'My laſt and only Requeſt ſhall be, that myſelf may 'only bear the Burden of your Grace's Diſpleaſure, 'and that it may not touch the innocent Souls of thoſe 'poor Gentlemen, who (as I underſtand) are likewiſe 'in ſtrait Impriſonment for my ſake. If ever I have 'found Favour in your Sight, if ever the Name of *Ann* '*Boleyn* hath been pleaſing in your Ears, then let me 'obtain this Requeſt, and I will ſo leave to trouble 'your Grace any farther, with mine earneſt Prayers to 'the Trinity to have your Grace in his good Keeping, 'and to direct you in all your Actions. From my 'doleful Priſon in the *Tower*, this ſixth of *May*.

Your moſt Loyal
and ever Faithful Wife,
Ann Boleyn.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 397.

SIR,

UPON reading your *Eſſay* concerning the Pleaſures of the Imagination, I find among the three Sources of thoſe Pleaſures which you have diſcovered, that *Great-neſs* is one. This has ſuggeſted to me the reaſon why, of all Objects that I have ever ſeen, there is none which

affects my Imagination ſo much as the Sea or Ocean. I cannot ſee the Heavings of this prodigious Bulk of Water, even in a Calm, without a very pleaſing Aſtoniſhment; but when it is worked up in a Tempeſt, ſo that the Horizon on every ſide is nothing but foaming Billows and floating Mountains, it is impoſſible to deſcribe the agreeable Horror that riſes from ſuch a Proſpect. A troubled Ocean, to a Man who ſails upon it, is, I think, the biggeſt Object that he can ſee in motion, and conſequently gives his Imagination one of the higheſt kinds of Pleaſure that can ariſe from Greatneſs. I muſt confeſs, it is impoſſible for me to ſurvey this World of fluid Matter, without thinking on the Hand that firſt poured it out, and made a proper Channel for its Reception. Such an Object naturally riſes in my Thoughts the Idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his Exiſtence as much as a metaphyſical Demonſtration. The Imagination prompts the Underſtanding, and, by the Greatneſs of the ſenſible Object, produces in it the Idea of a Being who is neither circumſcribed by Time nor Space.

As I have made ſeveral Voyages upon the Sea, I have often been toſſed in Storms, and on that occaſion have frequently reflected on the Deſcriptions of them in ancient Poets. I remember *Longinus* highly recommends one in *Homer*, becauſe the Poet has not amuſed himſelf with little Fancies upon the occaſion, as Authors of an inferior Genius, whom he mentions, had done, but becauſe he has gathered together thoſe Circumſtances which are the moſt apt to terrify the Imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a Tempeſt. It is for the ſame Reaſon, that I prefer the following Deſcription of a Ship in a Storm, which the Pſalmiſt has made, before any other I have ever met with. *They that go down to the Sea in Ships, that do Buſineſs in great Waters: Theſe ſee the Works of the Lord, and his Wonders in the Deep. For he commandeth and raiſeth the ſtormy Wind, which lifteth up the Waters thereof: They mount up to the Heaven, they go down again to the Depths, their Soul is melted becauſe of Trouble. They reel to and fro, and ſtagger like a drunken Man, and are at their Wits End. Then they cry unto the Lord in their Trouble,*

and

and he bringeth them out of their Diſtreſſes. He maketh the Storm a Calm, ſo that the Waves thereof are ſtill. Then they are glad, becauſe they be quiet, ſo he bringeth them unto their deſired Haven.

By the way, how much more comfortable as well as rational, is this Syſtem of the Pſalmiſt, than the Pagan Scheme in *Virgil*, and other Poets, where one Deity is repreſented as raiſing a Storm, and another as laying it? Were we only to conſider the Sublime in this Piece of Poetry, what can be nobler than the Idea it gives us of the Supreme Being thus raiſing a Tumult among the Elements, and recovering them out of their Confuſion, thus troubling and becalming Nature?

Great Painters do not only give us Landskips of Gardens, Groves, and Meadows, but very often employ their Pencils upon Sea-Pieces: I could wiſh you would follow their Example. If this ſmall Sketch may deſerve a Place among your Works, I ſhall accompany it with a divine Ode, made by a Gentleman upon the Concluſion of his Travels.

I.

HOW are thy Servants bleſt, O Lord!
How ſure is their Defence!
Eternal Wiſdom is their Guide,
Their Help, Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign Realms and Lands remote,
Supported by thy Care,
Thro' burning Climes I paſs'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted Air.

III.

Thy Mercy ſweeten'd ev'ry Soil,
Made ev'ry Region pleaſe:
The hoary Alpine *Hills it warm'd,*
And ſmooth'd the Tyrrhene *Seas.*

IV.

Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted Eyes,
Thou ſaw'ſt the wide extended Deep
In all its Horrors riſe!

V.

Confuſion dwelt in ev'ry Face,
And Fear in ev'ry Heart;
When Waves on Waves, and Gulphs on Gulphs,
O'ercame the Pilot's Art.

VI.

Yet then from all my Griefs, O Lord,
Thy Mercy ſet me free,
Whilſt in the Confidence of Pray'r
My Soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For tho' in dreadful Whirls we hung
High on the broken Wave,
I knew thou wert not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

VIII.

The Storm was laid, the winds retir'd
Obedient to thy Will;
The Sea that roar'd at thy Command,
At thy Command was ſtill.

IX.

In midſt of Dangers, Fears, and Death,
Thy Goodneſs I'll adore,
And praiſe thee for thy Mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My Life, if thou preſerv'ſt my Life,
Thy Sacrifice ſhall be;
And Death, if Death muſt be my Doom,
Shall join my Soul to thee.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 489.

SIR,

'YOU who are ſo well acquainted with the Story of *Socrates*, muſt have read how, upon his making a Diſcourſe concerning Love, he preſſed his Point with ſo much Succeſs, that all the Batchelors in his Audience took a Reſolution to marry by the firſt Opportunity, and that all the married Men immediately took Horſe and galloped home to their Wives. I am apt to think your

'your Diſcourſes, in which you have drawn ſo many 'agreeable Pictures of Marriage, have had a very good 'Effect this way in *England*. We are obliged to you, 'at leaſt for having taken off that ſenſeleſs Ridicule, 'which for many Years the Witlings of the Town have 'turned upon their Fathers and Mothers. For my own 'part, I was born in Wedlock, and I don't care who 'knows it: For which Reaſon, among many others, I 'ſhall look upon myſelf as a moſt inſufferable Coxcomb, 'did I endeavour to maintain that Cuckoldom was in-'ſeparable from Marriage, or to make uſe of *Huſband* 'and *Wife* as Terms of Reproach. Nay, Sir, I will go 'one Step further, and declare to you before the whole 'World, that I am a married man, and at the ſame 'time I have ſo much Aſſurance as not to be aſham'd 'of what I have done.

'Among the ſeveral Pleaſures that accompany this 'State of Life, and which you have deſcribed in your 'former Papers, there are two you have not taken no-'tice of, and which are ſeldom caſt into the Account, 'by thoſe who write on this Subject. You muſt have 'obſerved, in your Speculations on human Nature, that 'nothing is more gratifying to the Mind of Man than 'Power or Dominion; and this I think myſelf amply 'poſſeſſed of, as I am the Father of a Family. I am 'perpetually taken up in giving out Orders, in preſcrib-'ing Duties, in hearing Parties, in adminiſtring Juſtice, 'and in diſtributing Rewards and Puniſhments. To 'ſpeak in the Language of the Centurion, *I ſay unto 'one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he 'cometh; and to my Servant, Do This, and he doth it.* 'In ſhort, Sir, I look upon my Family as a Patriarchal 'Sovereignty, in which I am myſelf both King and 'Prieſt. All great Governments are nothing elſe but 'Cluſters of theſe little private Royalties, and therefore 'I conſider the Maſters of Families as ſmall Deputy-'Governors preſiding over the ſeveral little Parcels and 'Diviſions of their Fellow Subjects. As I take great 'Pleaſure in the Adminiſtration of my Government in 'particular, ſo I look upon myſelf not only as a more 'uſeful, but as a much greater and happier Man than 'any Batchelor in *England*, of my Rank and Condition

'There

'There is another accidental Advantage in Marriage, 'which has likewiſe fallen to my Share, I mean the 'having a multitude of Children. Theſe I cannot but 'regard as very great Bleſſings. When I ſee my little 'Troop before me, I rejoice in the Additions which I 'have made to my Species, to my Country, and to my 'Religion, in having produced ſuch a Number of rea-'ſonable Creatures, Citizens, and Chriſtians. I am 'pleaſed to ſee myſelf thus perpetuated; and as there is 'no Production comparable to that of a human Crea-'ture, I am more proud of having been the occaſion of 'ten ſuch glorious Productions, than if I had built a 'hundred Pyramids at my own Expence, or publiſhed 'as many Volumes of the fineſt Wit and Learning. In 'what a beautiful Light has the Holy Scripture repre-'ſented *Abdon*, one of the Judges of *Iſrael*, who had 'forty Sons and thirty Grandſons, that rode on three-'ſcore and ten Aſs-Colts, according to the Magnificence 'of the Eaſtern Countries? How muſt the Heart of the 'old Man rejoice, when he ſaw ſuch a beautiful Pro-'ceſſion of his own Deſcendants, ſuch a numerous Ca-'valcade of his own raiſing? For my own part, I can 'ſit in my Parlour with great Content, when I take a 'review of half a dozen of my little Boys mounting up-'on Hobby-Horſes, and of as many little Girls tutoring 'their Babies, each of them endeavouring to excel the 'reſt, and to do ſomething that may gain my Favour 'and Approbation. I cannot queſtion but he who has 'bleſſed me with ſo many Children, will aſſiſt my En-'deavours in providing for them. There is one thing 'I am able to give each of them, which is a virtuous 'Education. I think it is Sir *Francis Bacon*'s Obſerva-'tion, that in a numerous Family of Children, the eldeſt 'is often ſpoiled by the Proſpect of an Eſtate, and the 'youngeſt by being the Darling of the Parent; but that 'ſome one or other in the middle, who has not perhaps 'been regarded, has made his way in the World, and 'over-topped the reſt. It is my Buſineſs to implant in 'every one of my Children the ſame Seeds of Induſtry, 'and the ſame honeſt Principles. By this means I think 'I have a fair Chance, that one or other of them may 'grow conſiderable in ſome or other way of Life, whe-

'ther

'ther it be in the Army, or in the Fleet, in Trade, or 'any of the three learned Profeſſions; for you muſt 'know, Sir, that from long Experience and Obſervation, 'I am perſuaded of what ſeems a Paradox to moſt of 'thoſe with whom I converſe, namely, That a Man 'who has many Children, and gives them a good Edu-'cation, is more likely to raiſe a Family, than he who 'has but one, notwithſtanding he leaves him his whole 'Eſtate. For this reaſon I cannot forbear amuſing my-'ſelf with finding out a General, an Admiral, or an 'Alderman of *London*, a Divine, a Phyſician, or a Law-'yer among my little People who are now perhaps in 'Petticoats; and when I ſee the motherly Airs of my 'little Daughters when they are playing with their Pup-'pets, I cannot but flatter myſelf that their Huſbands 'and Children will be happy in the Poſſeſſion of ſuch 'Wives and Mothers.

'If you are a Father, you will not perhaps think this 'Letter impertinent; but if you are a ſingle Man, you 'will not know the Meaning of it, and probably throw 'it into the Fire: Whatever you determine of it, you 'may aſſure yourſelf that it comes from one who is

Your moſt humble Servant,

and Well-wiſher;

Philogamus.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 500.

The following Letter comes to me from that excel-lent Man in Holy Orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that Society who aſſiſts me in my Speculations. It is a *Thought in Sickneſs*, and of a very ſerious Nature, for which reaſon I give it a place in the Paper of this Day.

SIR,

'THE Indiſpoſition which has long hung upon me, 'is at laſt grown to ſuch a head, that it muſt 'quickly make an end of me, or of itſelf. You may 'imagine, that whilſt I am in this bad ſtate of Health, 'there are none of your Works which I read with

'greater

'greater Pleaſure than your *Saturday*'s Papers. I 'ſhould be glad if I could furniſh you with any Hints 'for that Day's Entertainment. Were I able to dreſs 'up ſeveral Thoughts of a ſerious Nature, which have 'made great Impreſſions on my Mind during a long Fit 'of Sickneſs, they might not be an improper Entertain-'ment for that Occaſion.

'Among all the Reflexions which uſually riſe in the 'Mind of a ſick Man, who has Time and Inclination 'to conſider his approaching End, there is none more 'natural than that of his going to appear naked and un-'bodied before Him who made him. When a Man 'conſiders, that as ſoon as the vital Union is diſſolved, 'he ſhall ſee that Supreme Being, whom he now con-'templates at a diſtance, and only in his Works; or, to 'ſpeak more philoſophically, when by ſome Faculty in 'the Soul he ſhall apprehend the Divine Being, and be 'more ſenſible of his Preſence, than we are now of the 'Preſence of any Object which the Eye beholds, a Man 'muſt be loſt in Careleſneſs and Stupidity who is not 'alarmed at ſuch a Thought. Dr. *Sherlock*, in his ex-'cellent Treatiſe upon Death, has repreſented, in very 'ſtrong and lively Colours, the State of the Soul in its 'firſt Separation from the Body, with regard to that 'inviſible World which every where ſurrounds us, tho' 'we are not able to diſcover it through this groſſer 'World of Matter, which is accommodated to our 'Senſes in this Life. His Words are as follow.

'*That Death, which is our leaving this World, is 'nothing elſe but our putting off theſe Bodies, teaches us, 'that it is only our Union to theſe Bodies, which intercepts 'the Sight of the other World: The other World is not 'at ſuch a diſtance from us, as we may imagine; the 'Throne of God indeed is at a great Remove from this 'Earth, above the third Heavens, where he diſplays his 'Glory to thoſe bleſſed Spirits which encompaſs his Throne; 'but as ſoon as we ſtep out of theſe Bodies, we ſtep into 'the other World; which is not ſo properly another World, '(for there is the ſame Heaven and Earth ſtill) as a new 'ſtate of Life. To live in theſe Bodies is to live in this 'World; to live out of them is to remove into the next: 'For while our Souls are confined to theſe Bodies, and can*

'look

'*look only thro' theſe material Caſements, nothing but what*
'*is material can affect us: nay, nothing but what is ſo*
'*groſs, that it can reflect Light, and convey the Shapes*
'*and Colours of Things with it to the Eye: So that*
'*though within this viſible World, there be a more glorious*
'*Scene of things than what appears to us, we perceive*
'*nothing at all of it: for this Veil of Fleſh parts this vi-*
'*ſible and inviſible World: But when we put off theſe*
'*Bodies, there are new and ſurpriſing Wonders preſent*
'*themſelves to our Views; when theſe material Spectacles*
'*are taken off, the Soul with its own naked Eyes, ſees*
'*what was inviſible before: And then we are in the other*
'*World, when we can ſee it, and converſe with it:*
'*Thus St.* Paul *tells us, That* when we are at home in
'the Body, we are abſent from the Lord; but when we
'are abſent from the Body, we are preſent with the
'Lord, 2 *Cor.* v. 6, 8. *And methinks this is enough to*
'*cure us of our Fondneſs for theſe Bodies, unleſs we think*
'*it more deſirable to be confined to a Priſon, and to look*
'*through a Grate all our Lives, which gives us but a very*
'*narrow Proſpect, and that none of the beſt neither, than*
'*to be ſet at liberty to view all the Glories of the World.*
'*What would we give now for the leaſt Glimpſe of that*
'*inviſible World, which the firſt Step we take out of theſe*
'*Bodies will preſent us with? There are ſuch things* as
'Eye hath not ſeen, nor Ear heard, neither hath it
'entered into the Heart of Man to conceive: *Death*
'*opens our Eyes, enlarges our Proſpect, preſents us with a*
'*new and more glorious World, which we can never ſee*
'*while we are ſhut up in Fleſh; which ſhould make us as*
'*willing to part with this Veil, as to take the Film off*
'*our Eyes, which hinders our Sight.*

'As a thinking Man cannot but be very much af-
'fected with the Idea of his appearing in the Preſence
'of that Being *whom none can ſee and live*; he muſt be
'much more affected when he conſiders that this Being
'whom he appears before, will examine all the Actions
'of his paſt Life, and reward or puniſh him accord-
'ingly. I muſt confeſs that I think there is no Scheme
'of Religion, beſides that of Chriſtianity, which can
'poſſibly ſupport the moſt virtuous Perſon under this
'Thought. Let a Man's Innocence be what it will,

'let

'let his Virtues riſe to the higheſt pitch of Perfection 'attainable in this Life, there will be ſtill in him ſo 'many ſecret Sins, ſo many human Frailties, ſo many 'Offences of Ignorance, Paſſion and Prejudice, ſo many 'unguarded Words and Thoughts, and in ſhort, ſo many 'Defects in his beſt Actions, that, without the Advan-'tages of ſuch an Expiation and Atonement as Chriſti-'anity has revealed to us, it is impoſſible that he ſhould 'be cleared before his Sovereign Judge, or that he ſhould 'be able to *ſtand in his Sight*. Our Holy Religion 'ſuggeſts to us the only means whereby our Guilt may 'be taken away, and our imperfect Obedience accepted.

'It is this Series of Thought that I have endeavoured 'to expreſs in the following Hymn, which I have com-'poſed during this my Sickneſs.

I.

WHEN riſing from the Bed of Death,
O'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear
I ſee my Maker, Face to Face,
O how ſhall I appear!

II.

If yet, while Pardon may be found,
And Mercy may be ſought,
My Heart with inward Horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the Thought;

III.

When thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd
In Majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in Judgment on my Soul,
O how ſhall I appear?

IV.

But thou haſt told the troubled Mind,
Who does her Sins lament,
The timely Tribute of her Tears
Shall endleſs Woe prevent.

V.

Then ſee the Sorrow of my Heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans,
To give thoſe Sorrows Weight.

VI. *For*

VI.

For never ſhall my Soul deſpair
Her Pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd
To make her Pardon ſure.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 513.

MADAM,

I Writ to you on Saturday *by Mrs.* Lucy, *and give you this Trouble to urge the ſame Requeſt I made then, which was, that I may be admitted to wait upon you. I ſhould be very far from deſiring this, if it were a Tranſgreſſion of the moſt ſevere Rules to allow it: I know you are very much above the little Arts which are frequent in your Sex, of giving unneceſſary Torments to their Admirers; therefore hope you'll do ſo much Juſtice to the generous Paſſion I have for you, as to let me have an Opportunity of acquainting you upon what Motives I pretend to your good Opinion. I ſhall not trouble you with my Sentiments, till I know how they will be received; and as I know no Reaſon why Difference of Sex ſhould make our Language to each other differ from the ordinary Rules of right Reaſon, I ſhall affect Plainneſs and Sincerity in my Diſcourſe to you, as much as other Lovers do Perplexity and Rapture. Inſtead of ſaying, I ſhall die for you, I profeſs I ſhould be glad to lead my Life with you: You are as beautiful, as witty, as prudent, and as good-humoured, as any Woman breathing; but I muſt confeſs to you, I regard all theſe Excellencies as you will pleaſe to direct them, for my Happineſs or Miſery. With me, Madam, the only laſting Motive to Love is the Hope of its becoming mutual. I beg of you to let Mrs.* Lucy *ſend me Word when I may attend you. I promiſe you, I'll talk of nothing but indifferent Things; though at the ſame Time I know not how I ſhall approach you in the tender Moment of firſt ſeeing you, after this Declaration of,*

MADAM,

Your moſt Obedient,
and moſt Faithful
Humble Servant, *&c.*

TATLER, Vol. I. No. 35.

SIR,

SIR, ——*shire, July*, 1713.

'THE other day I went into the House of one of 'my Tenants, whose Wife was formerly a Servant 'in our Family, and (by my Grandmother's Kindness) 'had her Education with my Mother from her Infancy; 'so that she is of a Spirit and Understanding greatly 'superior to those of her own Rank. I found the poor 'Woman in the utmost Disorder of Mind and Attire, 'drowned in Tears, and reduced to a Condition that 'looked rather like a Stupidity than Grief. She leaned 'upon her Arm over a Table, on which lay a Letter 'folded up and directed to a certain Nobleman very 'famous in our Parts for Low-Intrigue, or (in plainer 'Words) for debauching Country Girls; in which Num-'ber is the unfortunate Daughter of my poor Tenant, 'as I learn from the following Letter written by her 'Mother. I have sent you here a Copy of it, which, 'made publick in your Paper, may perhaps furnish use-'ful Reflexions to many Men of Figure and Quality, 'who indulge themselves in a Passion which they posses 'but in common with the vilest part of Mankind.

My Lord,

'LAST Night I discovered the Injury you have done 'to my Daughter. Heaven knows how long and 'piercing a Torment that short-lived shameful Pleasure 'of yours must bring upon me; upon me, from whom 'you never received any Offence. This Consideration 'alone should have deterred a Noble Mind from so base 'and ungenerous an Act. But, alas! what is all the 'Grief that must be my Share, in comparison of that, 'with which you have requited her by whom you have 'been obliged? Loss of good Name, Anguish of Heart, 'Shame and Infamy, are what must inevitably fall up-'on her, unless she gets over them by what is much 'worse, open Impudence, professed Lewdness, and aban-'doned Prostitution. These are the Returns you have 'made to her, for putting in your Power all her Live-'lihood and Dependence, her Virtue and Reputation. 'O, my Lord, should my Son have practis'd the like 'on one of your Daughters? ——I know you swell

'with

'with Indignation at the very mention of it, and would 'think he deſerved a thouſand Deaths, ſhould he make 'ſuch an Attempt upon the Honour of your Daughter, 'whom ſtill, tho' it had been violated, you might have 'maintained in Plenty, and even Luxury, of greater 'Moment to her, than to my Daughter hers, whoſe 'only Suſtenance it was? And muſt my Son, void of 'all the Advantages of a generous Education, muſt he, 'I ſay, conſider: And may your Lordſhip be excuſed 'from all Reflexion? Eternal Contumely attend that 'guilty Title which claims Exemption from Thought, 'and arrogates to its Wearers the Prerogative of Brutes. 'Ever curſed be its falſe Luſtre, which could dazzle 'my poor Daughter to her Undoing. Was it for this 'that the exalted Merits and godlike Virtues of your 'great Anceſtor were honoured with a Coronet, that it 'might be a Parder to his Poſterity, and confer a Pri-'vilege of Diſhonouring the Innocent and Defenceleſs? 'At this rate the Laws of Rewards ſhould be inverted, 'and he who is Generous and Good ſhould be made a 'Beggar and a Slave; that Induſtry and honeſt Dili-'gence may keep his Poſterity unſpotted, and preſerve 'them from ruining Virgins, and making whole Fami-'lies unhappy. Wretchedneſs is now become my Ever-'laſting Portion! Your Crime, my Lord, will draw Per-'dition even upon my Head. I may not ſue for For-'giveneſs of my own Failings and Miſdeeds, for I never 'can forgive yours; but ſhall curſe you with my dying 'Breath, and at the laſt tremendous Day ſhall hold forth 'in my Arms my much-wrong'd Child, and call aloud 'for Vengeance on her Defiler. Under theſe preſent 'Horrors of Mind I could be content to be your chief 'Tormentor, ever paying you Mock-reverence, and 'ſounding in your Ears, to your unutterable lothing, 'the empty Title which inſpir'd you with Preſumption 'to tempt, and over-awed my Daughter to comply.

'Thus have I given ſome Vent to my Sorrow, nor 'fear I to awaken you to Repentance, ſo that your Sin 'may be forgiven: The Divine Laws have been broken, 'but much Injury, irreparable Injury, has been alſo

'done

'done to me, and the juſt Judge will not pardon that 'till I do.

My Lord,

Your Conſcience will help you to my Name.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 123.

To the GUARDIAN.

Old NESTOR,

'I Believe you diſtance me not ſo much in Years as in 'Wiſdom, and therefore ſince you have gained ſo 'deſerved a Reputation, I beg your Aſſiſtance in cor-'recting the Manners of an untoward Lad, who perhaps 'may liſten to your Admonitions, ſooner than to all 'the ſevere Checks, and grave Reproofs of a Father. 'Without any longer Preamble, you muſt know, Sir, 'that about two Year's ago, *Jack* my eldeſt Son and 'Heir was ſent up to *London*, to be admitted of the '*Temple*, not ſo much with a View of his ſtudying the 'Law, as a Deſire to improve his Breeding. This was 'done out of a Complaiſance to a Couſin of his, an Airy 'Lady, who was continually teizing me, that the Boy 'would ſhoot up into a mere Country Booby, if he did 'not ſee a little of the World. She herſelf was bred 'chiefly in Town, and ſince ſhe was married into the 'Country, neither looks, nor talks, nor dreſſes like any 'of her Neighbours, and is grown the Admiration of 'every one but her Huſband. The latter End of laſt 'Month ſome important Buſineſs called me up to Town, 'and the firſt thing I did, the next Morning about ten, 'was to pay a Viſit to my Son at his Chambers; but as I 'began to knock at the Door, I was interrupted by the 'Bed-maker in the Stair caſe, who told me her Maſter 'ſeldom roſe till about twelve, and about one I might 'be ſure to find him drinking Tea. I bid her ſome-'what haſtily hold her prating, and open the Door, 'which accordingly ſhe did. The firſt thing I obſerved 'upon the Table was the ſecret Amours of ——— 'and by it ſtood a Box of Pills; on a Chair lay a Snuff-'Box with a Fan half broke, and on the Floor a Pair 'of Foils. Having ſeen this Furniture I enter'd his 'Bed-chamber, not without ſome Noiſe, whereupon he

'began

'began to ſwear at his Bed-maker (as he thought) for 'diſturbing him ſo ſoon, and was turning about for the 'other Nap, when he diſcover'd ſuch a thin, pale, ſick-'ly Viſage, that had I not heard his Voice, I ſhould ne-'ver have gueſſed him to have been my Son. How di-'ferent was this Countenance from that ruddy, hale 'Complexion, which he had at parting with me from 'home! After I had wak'd him, he gave me to under-'ſtand, that he was but lately recover'd out of a violent 'Fever, and the Reaſon why he did not acquaint me 'with it, was, leſt the melancholy News might occa-'ſion too many Tears among his Relations, and be an 'unſupportable Grief to his Mother. To be ſhort with 'you, old NESTOR, I hurried my young Spark down 'into the Country along with me, and there am endea-'vouring to plump him up, ſo as to be no Diſgrace to 'his Pedigree; for I aſſure you it was never known in 'the Memory of Man, that any one of the Family of the '*Ringwoods* ever fell into a Conſumption, except Mrs. '*Dorothy Ringwood*, who died a Maid at 45. In order 'to bring him to himſelf, and to be one of us again, I 'make him go to Bed at ten, and riſe half an Hour paſt 'five; and when he is puling for Bohea Tea and Cream, 'I place upon a Table a jolly Piece of Cold Roaſt Beef, 'or well-powder'd Ham, and bid him eat and live; then 'take him into the Fields to obſerve the Reapers, how 'the Harveſt goes forward. There is no Body pleaſed 'with his preſent Conſtitution but his gay Couſin, who 'ſpirits him up, and tells him, he looks fair, and is grown 'well-ſhaped; but the honeſt Tenants ſhake their Heads 'and cry, Lack-a day, how thin is poor young Maſter 'fallen! The other Day, when I told him of it, he had 'the Impudence to reply, I hope, Sir, you would not 'have me as fat as Mr.——Alas! what would then 'become of me? How would the Ladies piſh at ſuch 'a monſtrous thing?——If you are truly, what your 'Title imports, a *Guardian*, pray Sir be pleaſed to con-'ſider what a noble Generation muſt in all probability 'enſue from the Lives which the Town-bred Gentle-'men too often lead. A Friend of mine not long ago, 'as we were complaining of the Times, repeated two

'Stanzas

'Stanzas out of my Lord *Roſcommon*, which I think 'may here be applicable.

'Twas not the Spawn of ſuch as theſe,
That dy'd with Punick *Blood the conquer'd Seas,*
And quaſh'd the ſtern Æacides:
Made the proud Aſian *Monarch feel,*
How weak his Gold was againſt Europe's *Steel,*
Forc'd e'en dire Hannibal *to yield,*
And won the long-diſputed World at Zama's fatal Field.
But Soldiers of a ruſtick Mould,
Rough, hardy, ſeaſon'd, manly, bold;
Either they dug the ſtubborn Ground,
Or thro' hewn Woods their weighty Strokes did ſound.
And after the declining Sun
Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Task was done,
Home with their weary Team, they took their Way,
And drown'd in friendly Bowls the Labour of the Day.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

Jonathan Ringwood.

P. S. 'I forgot to tell you, that while I waited in 'my Son's Anti-chamber, I found upon the Table the 'following Bill.

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
'Sold to Mr. *Jonathan Ringwood*, a plain Muſlin Head and Ruffles, with Colbertine Lace.	1	13	6
'Six Pair of white Kid Gloves for Madam *Salley*	0	14	0
'Three Handkerchiefs for Madam *Salley*.	0	15	0
'In his Chamber-Window I ſaw his Shoe-'Maker's Bill, with this remarkable Article, 'For Mr *Ringwood* three pair of Laced Shoes.	3	00	0

'And in the Drawer of the Table was the following 'Billet.

Mr.

Mr. *Ringwood*,

'I deſire, that becauſe you are ſuch a Country Booby, 'that you forget the Uſe and Care of your Snuff-Box, 'you would not call me a Thief. Pray ſee my Face no 'more.

Your abuſed Friend,

Sarah Gallopp.

'Under theſe Words my hopeful Heir had writ, *Me-'morandum*, to ſend her Word I have found my Box, 'tho' I know ſhe has it.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. N°. 151.

LABOUR.

BODILY Labour is of two Kinds, either that which a Man ſubmits to for his Livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his Pleaſure. The latter of them generally changes the Name of Labour for that of Exerciſe, but differs only from ordinary Labour as it riſes from another Motive.

A Country Life abounds in both theſe kinds of Labour, and for that Reaſon gives a Man a greater Stock of Health, and conſequently a more perfect Enjoyment of himſelf, than any other Way of Life. I conſider the Body as a Syſtem of Tubes and Glands, or to uſe a more Ruſtick Phraſe, a Bundle of Pipes and Strainers, fitted to one another after ſo wonderful a manner as to make a proper Engine for the Soul to work with. This Deſcription does not only comprehend the Bowels, Bones, Tendons, Veins, Nerves and Arteries, but every Muſcle and every Ligature, which is a Compoſition of Fibres, that are ſo many imperceptible Tubes or Pipes interwoven on all ſides with inviſible Glands or Strainers.

This general Idea of a human Body, without conſidering it in its Niceties of Anatomy, lets us ſee how abſolutely neceſſary Labour is for the right Preſervation of it. There muſt be frequent Motions and Agitations, to mix, digeſt, and ſeparate the Juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanſe that Infinitude of Pipes

and Strainers of which it is compoſed, and to give their ſolid Parts a more firm and laſting Tone. Labour or Exerciſe ferments the Humours, caſts them into their proper Channels, throws off Redundancies, and helps Nature in thoſe ſecret Diſtributions, without which the Body cannot ſubſiſt in its Vigour, nor the Soul act with Chearfulneſs.

I might here mention the Effects which this has upon all the Faculties of the Mind, by keeping the Underſtanding clear, the Imagination untroubled, and refining thoſe Spirits that are neceſſary for the proper Exertion of our intellectual Faculties, during the preſent Laws of Union between Soul and Body. It is to a Neglect in this Particular that we muſt aſcribe the Spleen, which is ſo frequent in Men of ſtudious and ſedentary Tempers, as well as the Vapours to which thoſe of the other Sex are ſo often ſubject.

Had not Exerciſe been abſolutely neceſſary for our Well-being, Nature would not have made the Body ſo proper for it, by giving ſuch an Activity to the Limbs, and ſuch a Pliancy to every Part as neceſſarily produce thoſe Compreſſions, Extenſions, Contortions, Dilatations, and all other Kinds of Motions that are neceſſary for the Preſervation of ſuch a Syſtem of Tubes and Glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want Inducements to engage us in ſuch an Exerciſe of the Body as is proper for its Welfare, it is ſo ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention Riches and Honour, even Food and Raiment are not to be come at without the Toil of the Hands and Sweat of the Brows. Providence furniſhes Materials, but expects that we ſhould work them up ourſelves. The Earth muſt be laboured before it gives its Increaſe, and when it is forced into its ſeveral Products, how many Hands muſt they paſs through before they are fit for Uſe? Manufactures, Trade, and Agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen Parts of the Species in twenty; and as for thoſe who are not obliged to labour, by the Condition in which they are born, they are more miſerable than the reſt of Mankind, unleſs they indulge themſelves in that voluntary Labour which goes by the Name of Exerciſe.

My

My Friend Sir ROGER has been an indefatigable Man in Buſineſs of this kind, and has hung ſeveral Parts of his Houſe with the Trophies of his former Labours. The Walls of his great Hall are covered with the Horns of ſeveral kinds of Deer that he has killed in the Chace, which he thinks the moſt valuable Furniture of his Houſe, as they afford him frequent Topicks of Diſcourſe, and ſhew that he has not been idle. At the lower End of the Hall, is a large Otter's Skin ſtuffed with Hay, which his Mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the Knights looks upon with great Satisfaction, becauſe it ſeems he was but nine Years old when his Dog killed him. A little Room adjoining to the Hall is a kind of Arſenal filled with Guns of ſeveral Sizes and Inventions, with which the Knight has made great Havock in the Woods, and deſtroyed many thouſands of Pheaſants, Partridges and Woodcocks. His Stable-doors are patched with Noſes that belonged to Foxes of the Knight's own hunting down. Sir ROGER ſhewed me one of them for Diſtinction ſake has a Braſs Nail ſtruck through it, which coſt him about fifteen Hours riding, carried him through half a dozen Counties, killed him a Brace of Geldings, and loſt above half his Dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greateſt Exploits of his Life. The perverſe Widow, whom I have given ſome Account of, was the Death of ſeveral Foxes; for Sir ROGER has told me that in the Courſe of his Amours he patched the Weſtern Door of his Stable. Whenever the Widow was cruel, the Foxes were ſure to pay for it. In Proportion as his Paſſion for the Widow abated and old Age came on, he left off Fox-hunting; but a Hare is not yet ſafe that ſits within ten Miles of his Houſe.

There is no kind of Exerciſe which I would ſo recommend to my Readers of both Sexes as this of Riding, as there is none which ſo much conduces to Health, and is every way accommodated to the Body, according to the *Idea* which I have given of it. Doctor *Sydenham* is very laviſh in its Praiſes; and if the *Engliſh* Reader will ſee the Mechanical Effects of it deſcrib'd at length, he may find them in a Book publiſhed not

many Years ſince, under the Title of *Medicina Gymnaſtica*. For my own part, when I am in Town, for want of theſe Opportunities, I exerciſe myſelf an Hour every Morning upon a dumb Bell that is placed in a Corner of my Room, and pleaſes me the more becauſe it does every thing I require of it in the moſt profound Silence. My Landlady and her Daughters are ſo well acquainted with my Hours of Exerciſe, that they never come into my Room to diſturb me whilſt I am ringing.

When I was ſome Years younger than I am at preſent, I uſed to employ myſelf in a more laborious Diverſion, which I learned from a *Latin* Treatiſe of Exerciſes that is written with great Erudition: It is there called the σκιομαχια, or the fighting with a Man's own Shadow, and conſiſts in the brandiſhing of two ſhort Sticks graſped in each Hand, and loaden with Plugs of Lead at either End. This opens the Cheſt, exerciſes the Limbs, and gives a Man all the Pleaſure of Boxing, without the Blows. I could wiſh the ſeveral learned Men would lay out that Time which they employ in Controverſies and Diſputes about nothing, in this Method of fighting with their own Shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the Spleen, which makes them uneaſy to the Publick as well as to themſelves.

To conclude, As I am a Compound of Soul and Body, I conſider myſelf as obliged to a double Scheme of Duties; and think I have not fulfilled the Buſineſs of the Day when I do not thus employ the one in Labour and Exerciſe, as well as the other in Study and Contemplation.

SPECTATOR Vol. II. No. 115.

LIBERALITY.

AS no one can be ſaid to enjoy Health, who is only not ſick, without he feel within himſelf a lightſom and invigorating Principle, which will not ſuffer him to remain idle, but ſtill ſpurs him on to Action; ſo in the Practice of every Virtue, there is ſome additional Grace required, to give a Claim of excelling in this or that

that particular Action. A Diamond may want poliſhing, though the Value be ſtill intrinſically the ſame; and the ſame good may be done with different Degrees of Luſtre. No Man ſhould be contented with himſelf that he barely does well, but he ſhould perform every thing in the beſt and moſt becoming Manner that he is able.

Tully tells us he wrote his Book of *Offices*, becauſe there was no Time of Life in which ſome correſpondent Duty might not be practiſed; nor is there a Duty without a certain Decency accompanying it, by which every Virtue 'tis joined to will ſeem to be doubled. Another may do the ſame thing, and yet the Action want that Air and Beauty which diſtinguiſh it from others; like that inimitable Sunſhine *Titian* is ſaid to have diffuſed over his Landſkips; which denotes them his, and has been always unequalled by any other Perſon.

There is no one Action in which this Quality I am ſpeaking of will be more ſenſibly perceived, than in granting a Requeſt or doing an Office of Kindneſs. *Mummius*, by his Way of conſenting to a Benefaction, ſhall make it loſe its Name; while *Carus* doubles the Kindneſs and the Obligation: From the firſt the deſired Requeſt drops indeed at laſt, but from ſo doubtful a Brow, that the Obliged has almoſt as much Reaſon to reſent the Manner of beſtowing it, as to be thankful for the Favour itſelf. *Carus* invites with a pleaſing Air, to give him an Opportunity of doing an Act of Humanity, meets the Petition half Way, and conſents to a Requeſt with a Countenance which proclaims the Satisfaction of his Mind in aſſiſting the Diſtreſſed.

The Decency then that is to be obſerved in Liberality ſeems to conſiſt in its being performed with ſuch Chearfulneſs, as may expreſs the Godlike Pleaſure is to be met with in obliging one's Fellow-Creatures; that may ſhew Good-nature and Benevolence over-flowed, and do not, as in ſome Men, run upon the Tilt, and taſte of the Sediments of a grudging uncommunicative Diſpoſition.

Since I have intimated that the greateſt Decorum is to be preſerved in the beſtowing our good Offices, I will illuſtrate it a little by an Example drawn from private Life, which carries with it ſuch a Profuſion of Liberality,

that it can be exceeded by nothing but the Humanity and Good-nature which accompanies it. It is a Letter of *Pliny*'s, which I ſhall here tranſlate, becauſe the Action will beſt appear in its firſt Dreſs of Thought, without any foreign or ambitious Ornaments.

PLINY to *QUINTILIAN.*

'THO' I am fully acquainted with the Contentment and juſt Moderation of your Mind, and the Conformity the Education you have given your Daughters 'bears to your own Character; yet ſince ſhe is ſuddenly 'to be married to a Perſon of Diſtinction, whoſe Figure 'in the World makes it neceſſary for her to be at a 'more than ordinary Expence in Clothes and Equipage 'ſuitable to her Huſband's Quality; by which, tho' her 'intrinſick Worth be not augmented, yet will it receive 'both Ornament and Luſtre: And knowing your Eſtate 'to be as moderate as the Riches of your Mind are 'abundant, I muſt challenge to myſelf ſome part of the 'Burden; and as a Parent of your Child, I preſent her 'with Twelve hundred and fifty Crowns towards theſe 'Expences; which Sum had been much larger, had I 'not feared the Smallneſs of it would be the greateſt 'Inducement with you to accept of it. Farewel.

Thus ſhou'd a Benefaction be done with a good Grace, and ſhine in the ſtrongeſt Point of Light; it ſhould not only anſwer all the Hopes and Exigencies of the Receiver, but even out-run his Wiſhes: 'Tis this happy Manner of Behaviour which adds new Charms to it, and ſoftens thoſe Gifts of Art and Nature, which otherwiſe would be rather diſtaſteful than agreeable. Without it, Valour would degenerate into Brutality, Learning into Pedantry, and the genteeleſt Demeanour into Affectation. Even Religion itſelf, unleſs Decency be the Handmaid which waits upon her, is apt to make People appear guilty of Sourneſs and ill Humour; but this ſhews Virtue in her firſt original Form, adds a Comelineſs to Religion, and gives its Profeſſors the juſteſt Title to the Beauty of Holineſs. A Man fully inſtructed in this Art, may aſſume a thouſand Shapes, and please in all: He may do a thouſand Actions ſhall become

come none other but himſelf; not that the Things themſelves are different, but the Manner of doing them.

If you examine each Feature by itſelf, *Aglaura* and *Callidea* are equally handſome; but take them in the Whole, and you cannot ſuffer the Compariſon: The one is full of numberleſs nameleſs Graces, the other of as many nameleſs Faults.

The Comelineſs of Perſon, and the Decency of Behaviour, add infinite Weight to what is pronounced by any one. 'Tis the want of this that often makes the Rebukes and Advice of old rigid Perſons of no Effect, and leave a Diſpleaſure in the Minds of thoſe they are directed to: But Youth and Beauty, if accompanied with a graceful and becoming Severity, is of mighty Force to raiſe, even in the moſt Profligate, a Senſe of Shame. In *Milton*, the Devil is never deſcribed aſhamed but once, and that at the Rebuke of a beauteous Angel.

So ſpake the Cherub, and his grave Rebuke,
Severe in youthful Beauty, added Grace
Invincible: Abaſh'd the Devil ſtood,
And felt how awful Goodneſs is, and ſaw
Virtue in her own Shape how lovely! ſaw and pin'd
His Loſs.

The Care of doing nothing unbecoming has accompanied the greateſt Minds to their laſt Moments. They avoided even an indecent Poſture in the very Article of Death. Thus *Cæſar* gathered his Robe about him, that he might not fall in a manner unbecoming of himſelf; and the greateſt Concern that appeared in the Behaviour of *Lucretia*, when ſhe ſtabbed herſelf, was, that her Body ſhould lie in an Attitude worthy the Mind which had inhabited it.

—— *Ne non procumbat honeſtè,*
Extrema hæc etiam cura cadentis erat.
Ovid. Faſt. l. 3. v. 833.

'Twas her laſt Thought, How decently to fall.
SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 292.

LIFE.

AUGUSTUS, a few Moments before his Death, asked his Friends who ſtood about him, if they thought he had acted his Part well; and upon receiving ſuch an Anſwer as was due to his extraordinary Merit, *Let me then*, ſays he, *go off the Stage with your Applauſe*; uſing the Expreſſion with which the *Roman* Actors made their *Exit* at the Concluſion of a Dramatick Piece. I could wiſh that Men, while they are in Health, would conſider well the Nature of the Part they are engaged in, and what Figure it will make in the Minds of thoſe they leave behind them: Whether it was worth coming into the World for; whether it be ſuitable to a reaſonable Being; in ſhort, whether it appears Graceful in this Life, or will turn to an Advantage in the next. Let the Sycophant, or Buffoon, the Satiriſt, or the Good Companion, conſider with himſelf, when his Body ſhall be laid in the Grave, and his Soul paſs into another State of Exiſtence, how much it would redound to his praiſe to have it ſaid of him, that no Man in *England* eat better, that he had an admirable Talent at turning his Friends into Ridicule, that no Body out-did him at an Ill-natured Jeſt, or that he never went to Bed before he had diſpatched his third Bottle. Theſe are, however, very common Funeral Orations, and Elogiums on deceaſed Perſons who have acted among Mankind with ſome Figure and Reputation.

But if we look into the Bulk of our Species, they are ſuch as are not likely to be remembred a Moment after their Diſappearance. They leave behind them no Traces of their Exiſtence, but are forgotten as tho' they had never been. They are neither wanted by the Poor, regretted by the Rich, nor celebrated by the Learned. They are neither miſſed in the Commonwealth, nor lamented by private Perſons. Their Actions are of no Significancy to Mankind, and might have been performed by Creatures of much leſs Dignity than thoſe who are diſtinguiſhed by the Faculty of Reaſon. An eminent *French* Author ſpeaks ſomewhere to the following Purpoſe; I have often ſeen from my Chamber-window

window two noble Creatures, both of them of an erect Countenance and endowed with Reaſon. Theſe two intellectual Beings are employed from Morning to Night, in rubbing two ſmooth Stones one upon another; that is, as the Vulgar phraſe it, in poliſhing Marble.

My Friend, Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, as we were ſitting in the Club laſt Night, gave us an Account of a ſober Citizen, who died a few Days ſince. This honeſt Man being of greater Conſequence in his own Thoughts, than in the Eye of the World, had for ſome Years paſt kept a Journal of his Life. Sir ANDREW ſhewed us one Week of it. Since the Occurrences ſet down in it mark out ſuch a Road of Action as that I have been ſpeaking of, I ſhall preſent my Reader with a faithful Copy of it; after having firſt inform'd him, that the Deceaſed Perſon had in his Youth been bred to Trade, but finding himſelf not ſo well turned for Buſineſs, he had for ſeveral Years laſt paſt lived altogether upon a moderate Annuity.

MONDAY, *Eight o' clock.* I put on my Clothes, and walked into the Parlour.

Nine o' clock ditto. Tied my Knee-ſtrings, and waſhed my Hands.

Hours Ten, Eleven, and Twelve. Smoked three Pipes of *Virginia*. Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant*. Things go ill in the North. Mr. *Nſby*'s Opinion thereupon.

One o' clock in the Afternoon. Chid *Ralph* for miſlaying my Tobacco-Box.

Two o'clock. Sit down to Dinner. *Mem.* Too many Plumbs, and no Sewet.

From Three to Four. Took my Afternoon's Nap.

From Four to Six. Walked into the Fields. Wind, S. S. E.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. *Nisby*'s Opinion about the Peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to Bed, ſlept ſound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, *Eight o'clock.* Roſe as uſual.

Nine o'clock. Waſhed Hands and Face, ſhaved, put on my double-ſoaled Shoes.

Ten, Eleven, Twelve. Took a walk to *Iſlington*.

One. Took a Pot of Mother *Cob*'s Mild.

Between Two and Three. Return'd, dined on a Knuckle of Veal and Bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as uſual.

From Four to Six. Coffee-houſe. Read the News, A Diſh of Twiſt. Grand Viſier ſtrangled.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. *Nisby*'s Account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Viſier. Broken Sleep.

WEDNESDAY, *Eight o'clock.* Tongue of my Shoe-Buckle broke. Hands but not Face.

Nine. Paid off the Butcher's Bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for the laſt Leg of Mutton.

Ten, Eleven. At the Coffee-houſe. More Work in the North. Stranger in a Black Wig aſk'd me how Stocks went.

From Twelve to One. Walked in the Fields. Wind to the South.

From One to Two. Smoked a Pipe and an half.

Two. Dined as uſual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a Pewter Diſh. *Mem.* Cook-maid in Love, and grown careleſs.

From Four to Six. At the Coffee-houſe. Advice from *Smyrna*, that the Grand Viſier was firſt of all ſtrangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the Evening. Was half an Hour in the Club before any Body elſe came. Mr. *Nisby* of opinion that the Grand Viſier was not ſtrangled the Sixth Inſtant.

Ten at Night. Went to Bed. Slept without waking 'til Nine next Morning.

THURSDAY, *Nine o'clock,* Staid within 'till Two o' clock for Sir *Timothy*; who did not bring me my Annuity according to his Promiſe.

Two in the Afternoon. Sat down to Dinner. Loſs of Appetite. Small Beer ſour. Beef over-corned.

Three. Could not take my Nap.

Four and Five. Gave *Ralph* a Box on the Ear. Turned off my Cook-maid. Sent a Meſſenger to Sir *Timothy*. *Mem.* I did not go to the Club to-night. Went to Bed at Nine o'clock.

FRIDAY.

FRIDAY. Paſſed the Morning in Meditation upon Sir *Timothy*, who was with me a Quarter before Twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new Head to my Cane, and a Tongue to my Buckle. Drank a Glaſs of Purl to recover Appetite.

Two and Three. Dined and Slept well.

From Four to Six. Went to the Coffee-houſe. Met Mr. *Nisby* there. Smoked ſeveral Pipes. Mr. *Nisby* of opinion that laced Coffee is bad for the Head.

Six o'clock. At the Club as Steward. Sate late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to Bed, dreamt that I drank Small Beer with the Grand Viſier.

SATURDAY. Waked at Eleven, walked in the Fields. Wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a Shower.

One in the Afternoon. Returned home, and dried myſelf.

Two. Mr. *Nisby* dined with me. Firſt Courſe, Marrow-bones; Second, Ox-cheek, with a Bottle of *Brooks* and *Hellier*.

Three o'clock. Overſlept myſelf.

Six. Went to the Club. Like to have fall'n into a Gutter. Grand Viſier certainly Dead. *&c.*

I queſtion not but the Reader will be ſurpriſed to find the above-mentioned Journaliſt taking ſo much care of a Life that was filled with ſuch inconſiderable Actions, and received ſo very ſmall Improvements; and yet, if we look into the Behaviour of many whom we daily converſe with, we ſhall find that moſt of our Hours are taken up in thoſe three Important Articles of Eating, Drinking, and Sleeping. I do not ſuppoſe that a Man loſes his Time, who is not engaged in publick Affairs, or in an Illuſtrious Courſe of Action. On the contrary, I believe our Hours may very often be more profitably laid out in ſuch Tranſactions as make no Figure in the World, than in ſuch as are apt to draw upon them the Attention of Mankind. One may become wiſer and better by ſeveral Methods of Employing one's Self in Secreſy and Silence, and do what is laudable without Noiſe or Oſtentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my Readers, the

keeping a Journal of their Lives for one Week, and ſetting down punctually their whole Series of Employments during that Space of Time. This Kind of Self-Examination would give them a true State of themſelves, and incline them to conſider ſeriouſly what they are about. One Day would rectify the Omiſſions of another, and make a Man weigh all thoſe indifferent Actions, which, though they are eaſily forgotten, muſt certainly be accounted for.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No 317.

MAN.

MAN, conſidered in himſelf, is a very helpleſs and a very wretched Being. He is ſubject every Moment to the greateſt Calamities and Misfortunes. He is beſet with Dangers on all ſides, and may become unhappy by numberleſs Caſualties, which he could not foreſee, nor have prevented had he foreſeen them.

It is our Comfort, while we are obnoxious to ſo many Accidents, that we are under the Care of one who directs Contingencies, and has in his Hands the Managment of every Thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the Aſſiſtance we ſtand in need of, and is always ready to beſtow it on thoſe who ask it of him.

The natural Homage, which ſuch a Creature bears to ſo infinitely Wiſe and Good a Being, is a firm Reliance on him for the Bleſſings and Conveniencies of Life, and an habitual Truſt in him for Deliverance out of all ſuch Dangers and Difficulties as may befal us.

The Man who always lives in this Diſpoſition of Mind, has not the ſame dark and melancholy Views of Human Nature, as he who conſiders himſelf abſtractedly from this Relation to the Supreme Being. At the ſame time that he reflects upon his own Weakneſs and Imperfection, he comforts himſelf with the Contemplation of thoſe Divine Attributes, which are employed for his Safety and his Welfare. He finds his want of Foreſight made up by the Omniſcience of him who is his Support. He is not ſenſible of his own want

of

of Strength, when he knows that his Helper is Almighty. In ſhort, the Perſon who has a firm Truſt on the Supreme Being is Powerful in *his* Power, Wiſe by *his* Wiſdom, Happy by *his* Happineſs. He reaps the Benefit of every Divine Attribute, and loſes his own Inſufficiency in the Fulneſs of infinite Perfection.

To make our Lives more eaſy to us, we are commanded to put our Truſt in him, who is thus able to relieve and ſuccour us; the Divine Goodneſs having made ſuch a Reliance a Duty, notwithſtanding we ſhould have been miſerable had it been forbidden us.

Among ſeveral Motives, which might be made uſe of to recommend this Duty to us, I ſhall only take notice of thoſe that follow.

The firſt and ſtrongeſt is, that we are promiſed, He will not fail thoſe who put their Truſt in him.

But without conſidering the Supernatural Bleſſing which accompanies this Duty, we may obſerve that it has a natural Tendency to its own Reward, or, in other Words, that this firm Truſt and Confidence in the great Diſpoſer of all Things, contributes very much to the getting clear of any Affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A Perſon who believes he has his Succour at hand, and that he acts in the ſight of his Friend, often exerts himſelf beyond his Abilities, and does Wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with ſuch a Confidence of Succeſs. I could produce Inſtances, from Hiſtory, of Generals, who, out of a Belief that they were under the Protection of ſome inviſible Aſſiſtant, did not only encourage their Soldiers to do their utmoſt, but have acted themſelves beyond what they would have done, had they not been inſpired by ſuch a Belief. I might in the ſame manner ſhew how ſuch a Truſt in the Aſſiſtance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces Patience, Hope, Chearfulneſs, and all other Diſpoſitions of Mind that alleviate thoſe Calamities which we are not able to remove.

The Practice of this Virtue adminiſters great Comfort to the Mind of Man in Times of Poverty and Affliction, but moſt of all in the Hour of Death. When the Soul is hovering in the laſt Moments of its Separation, when it is juſt entring on another State of Exiſtence,

Exiſtence, to converſe with Scenes, and Objects, and Companions that are altogether new, what can ſupport her under ſuch Tremblings of Thought, ſuch Fear, ſuch Anxiety, ſuch Apprehenſions, but the caſting of all her Cares upon him who firſt gave her Being, who has conducted her through one Stage of it, and will be always with her to Guide and Comfort her in her Progreſs through Eternity?

David has very beautifully repreſented this ſteady Reliance on God Almighty in his twenty-third Pſalm, which is a kind of *Paſtoral* Hymn, and filled with thoſe Alluſions which are uſual in that kind of Writing. As the Poetry is very exquiſite, I ſhall preſent my Reader with the following Tranſlation of it.

I.

The Lord my Paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care:
His Preſence ſhall my Wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye;
My Noon-day Walks he ſhall attend,
And all my Midnight Hours defend.

II.

When in the ſultry Glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty Mountain pant;
To fertile Vales and dewy Meads
My weary wand'ring Steps he leads;
Where peaceful Rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant Landskip flow.

III.

Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors overſpread,
My ſteadfaſt Heart ſhall fear no Ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly Crook ſhall give me Aid,
And guide me through the dreadful Shade.

IV.

Tho' in the bare and rugged Way,
Through devious lonely Wilds I ſtray,

Thy

Thy Bounty ſhall my Pains beguile:
The barren Wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams ſhall murmur all around.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 441.

MARRIAGE.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM the young Widow of a Country Gentleman who has left me intire Miſtreſs of a large Fortune, which he agreed to as an Equivalent for the Difference of our Years. In theſe Circumſtances it is not extraordinary to have a Crowd of Admirers; which I have abridged in my own Thoughts, and reduced to a couple of Candidates only, both young, and neither of them diſagreeable in their Perſons; according to the common way of computing, in one the Eſtate more than deſerves my Fortune, in the other my Fortune more than deſerves the Eſtate. When I conſider the firſt, I own I am ſo far a Woman I cannot avoid being delighted with the Thoughts of living great; but then he ſeems to receive ſuch a Degree of Courage from the Knowledge of what he has, he looks as if he was going to confer an Obligation on me; and the Readineſs he accoſts me with, makes me jealous I am only hearing a Repetition of the ſame things he has ſaid to a hundred Women before. When I conſider the other, I ſee my ſelf approached with ſo much Modeſty and Reſpect, and ſuch a Doubt of himſelf, as betrays methinks an Affection within, and a Belief at the ſame time that he himſelf would be the only Gainer by my Conſent. What an unexceptionable Huſband could I make out of both! but ſince that's impoſſible, I beg to be concluded by your Opinion; it is abſolutely in your Power to diſpoſe for

Your moſt Obedient Servant,

Sylvia.

Madam,

YOU do me great Honour in your Application to me on this important Occaſion; I ſhall therefore talk to you with the Tenderneſs of a Father, in Gratitude for

for your giving me the Authority of one. You do not ſeem to make any great Diſtinction between theſe Gentlemen as to their Perſons; the whole Queſtion lies upon their Circumſtances and Behaviour: If the one is leſs reſpectful becauſe he is rich, and the other more obſequious becauſe he is not ſo, they are in that Point moved by the ſame Principle, the Conſideration of Fortune, and you muſt place them in each others Circumſtances, before you can judge of their Inclination. To avoid Confuſion in diſcuſſing this Point, I will call the richer Man *Strephon*, and the other *Florio*. If you believe *Florio* with *Strephon*'s Eſtate would behave himſelf as he does now, *Florio* is certainly your Man; but if you think *Strephon*, were he in *Florio*'s Condition, would be as obſequious as *Florio* is now, you ought for your own ſake to chooſe *Strephon*; for where the Men are equal, there is no doubt Riches ought to be a Reaſon for Preference. After this manner, my dear Child, I would have you abſtract from their Circumſtances; for you are to take it for granted, that he who is very humble only becauſe he is poor, is the very ſame Man in Nature with him who is haughty becauſe he is rich.

When you have gone thus far, as to conſider the Figure they make towards you; you will pleaſe, my Dear, next to conſider the Appearance you make towards them. If they are Men of diſcerning, they can obſerve the Motives of your Heart; and *Florio* can ſee when he is diſregarded only upon Account of Fortune, which makes you to him a mercenary Creature; and you are ſtill the ſame thing to *Strephon*, in taking him for his Wealth only: You are therefore to conſider whether you had rather oblige, than receive an Obligation.

The Marriage-Life is always an inſipid, a vexatious, or an happy Condition. The firſt is, when two People of no Genius or Taſte for themſelves meet together, upon ſuch a Settlement as has been thought reaſonable by Parents and Conveyancers, from an exact Valuation of the Land and Caſh of both Parties: In this Caſe the young Lady's Perſon is no more regarded, than the Houſe and Improvements in Purchaſe of an Eſtate; but ſhe goes with her Fortune, rather than her Fortune with her. Theſe make up the Crowd or Vulgar of the Rich, and

and fill up the Lumber of human Race, without Beneficence towards thoſe below them, or Reſpect towards thoſe above them; and lead a deſpicable, independent and uſeleſs Life, without Senſe of the Laws of Kindneſs, Good-nature, mutual Offices, and the elegant Satisfactions which flow from Reaſon and Virtue.

The vexatious Life ariſes from a Conjunction of two People of quick Taſte and Reſentment, put together for Reaſons well known to their Friends, in which eſpecial Care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of Evils) Poverty, and inſure to them Riches, with every Evil beſides. Theſe good People live in a conſtant Conſtraint before Company, and too great Familiarity alone; when they are within Obſervation they fret at each other's Carriage and Behaviour; when alone they revile each other's Perſon and Conduct: In Company they are in a Purgatory, when only together in an Hell.

The happy Marriage is, where two Perſons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the Circumſtances of Fortune or Beauty. Theſe may ſtill love in ſpite of Adverſity or Sickneſs: The former we may in ſome meaſure defend ourſelves from, the other is the Portion of our very Make. When you have a true Notion of this ſort of Paſſion, your Humour of living great will vaniſh out of your Imagination, and you will find Love has nothing to do with State. Solitude, with the Perſon beloved, has a Pleaſure, even in a Woman's Mind, beyond Show or Pomp. You are therefore to conſider which of our Lovers will like you beſt undreſs'd, which will bear with you moſt when out of Humour; and your Way to this is to aſk of yourſelf, which of them you value moſt for his own ſake? and by that judge which gives the greater Inſtances of his valuing you for yourſelf only.

After you have expreſſed ſome Senſe of the humble Approach of *Florio*, and a little Diſdain at *Strephon*'s Aſſurance in his Addreſs, you cry out, *What an unexceptionable Husband could I make out of both!* It wou'd therefore methinks be a good Way to determine yourſelf: Take him in whom what you like is not tranſferable to another; for if you chooſe otherwiſe, there is no Hopes

your

your Husband will ever have what you liked in his Rival; but intrinsick Qualities in one Man may very probably purchase every thing that is adventitious in another. In plainer Terms; he whom you take for his personal Perfections will sooner arrive at the Gifts of Fortune, than he whom you take for the sake of his Fortune attain to Personal Perfections. If *Strephon* is not as accomplished and agreeable as *Florio*, Marriage to you will never make him so; but Marriage to you may may *Florio* as rich as *Strephon*: Therefore to make a sure Purchase, employ Fortune upon Certainties, but do not sacrifice Certainties to Fortune.

I am,

Your most Obedient, Humble Servant.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. N°. 149.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Your Discourse on Love and Marriage is of so useful a Kind, that I cannot forbear adding my Thoughts to yours on that Subject. Methinks it is a Misfortune, that the Marriage State, which in its own Nature is adapted to give us the completest Happiness this Life is capable of, should be so uncomfortable a one to so many as it daily proves. But the Mischief generally proceeds from the unwise Choice People make for themselves, and an Expectation of Happiness from Things not capable of giving it. Nothing but the good Qualities of the Person beloved can be a Foundation for a Love of Judgment and Discretion; and whoever expect Happiness from any Thing but Virtue, Wisdom, Good-humour, and a Similitude of Manners, will find themselves widely mistaken. But how few are there who seek after these Things, and do not rather make Riches their chief if not their only Aim? How rare is it for a Man, when he engages himself in the Thoughts of Marriage, to place his hopes of having in such a Woman a constant, agreeable Companion? One who will divide his Cares and double his Joys? Who will manage that Share of his Estate he intrusts to her Conduct with Prudence and Frugality, govern his House with Oeconomy and Discretion.

cretion, and be an Ornament to himſelf and Family? Where ſhall we find the Man who looks out for one who places her chief Happineſs in the Practice of Virtue, and makes her Duty her continual Pleaſure? No: Men rather ſeek for Money as the Complement of all their Deſires; and regardleſs of what kind of Wives they take, they think Riches will be a Miniſter to all kind of Pleaſures, and enable them to keep Miſtreſſes, Horſes, Hounds, to drink, feaſt, and game with their Companions, pay their Debts contracted by former Extravagancies, or ſome ſuch vile and unworthy End; and indulge themſelves in Pleaſures which are a Shame and Scandal to human Nature. Now as for the Women; how few of them are there who place the Happineſs of their Marriage in the having a wiſe and virtuous Friend? One who will be faithful and juſt to all, and conſtant and loving to them? Who with Care and Diligence will look after and improve the Eſtate, and without grudging allow whatever is prudent and convenient? Rather, how few are there who do not place their Happineſs in outſhining others in Pomp and Show? and that do not think within themſelves when they have married ſuch a rich Perſon, that none of their Acquaintance ſhall appear ſo fine in their Equipage, ſo adorned in their Perſons, or ſo magnificent in their Furniture as themſelves? Thus their Heads are filled with vain Ideas; and I heartily wiſh I could ſay that Equipage and Show were not the Chief Good of ſo many Women as I fear it is.

After this manner do both Sexes deceive themſelves, and bring Reflexions and Diſgrace upon the moſt happy and moſt honourable State of Life; whereas if they would but correct their depraved Taſte, moderate their Ambition, and place their Happineſs upon proper Objects, we ſhould not find Felicity in the Marriage State ſuch a Wonder in the World as it now is.

Sir, if you think theſe Thoughts worth inſerting among your own, be pleaſed to give them a better Dreſs, and let them paſs abroad; and you will oblige,

Your Admirer,

A. B.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 268.

Mary

Many are the Epiſtles I every Day receive from Husbands, who complain of Vanity, Pride, but above all Ill-nature in their Wives. I cannot tell how it is, but I think I ſee in all their Letters that the Cauſe of their Uneaſineſs is in themſelves; and indeed I have hardly ever obſerved the married Condition unhappy, but for want of Judgment or Temper in the Man. The Truth is, we generally make Love in a Stile, and with Sentiments very unfit for ordinary Life: They are half Theatrical, half Romantick. By this means we raiſe our Imaginations to what is not to be expected in human Life; and becauſe we did not beforehand think of the Creature we are enamoured of, as ſubject to Diſhumour, Age, Sickneſs, Impatience or Sullenneſs, but altogether conſidered her as the Object of Joy, human Nature itſelf is often imputed to her as her particular Imperfection or Defect.

I take it to be a Rule proper to be obſerved in all Occurrences of Life, but more eſpecially in the domeſtick or matrimonial Part of it, to preſerve always a Diſpoſition to be pleaſed. This cannot be ſupported but by conſidering things in their right Light, and as Nature has form'd them, and not as our own Fancies and Appetites wou'd have them. He then who took a young Lady to his Bed, with no other Conſideration than the Expectation of Scenes of Dalliance, and thought of her (as I ſaid before) only as ſhe was to adminiſter to the Gratification of Deſire; as that Deſire flags, will, without her Fault, think her Charms and her Merit abated: From hence muſt follow Indifference, Diſlike, Peeviſhneſs, and Rage. But the Man who brings his Reaſon to ſupport his Paſſion, and beholds what he loves as liable to all the Calamities of human Life both in Body and Mind, and even at the beſt what muſt bring upon him new Cares and new Relations; ſuch a Lover, I ſay, will form himſelf accordingly, and adapt his Mind to the Nature of his Circumſtance. This latter Perſon will be prepared to be a Father, a Friend, an Advocate, a Steward for People yet unborn, and has proper Affections ready for every Incident in the Marriage State. Such a Man can hear the Cries of Children with Pity inſtead of Anger; and when they

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run over his Head, he is not diſturb'd at their Noiſe, but is glad of their Mirth and Health. *Tom Truſty* has told me, that he thinks it doubles his Attention to the moſt intricate Affair he is about, to hear his Children, for whom all his Cares are applied, make a Noiſe in the next Room: On the other ſide *Will Sparkiſh* cannot put on his Perriwig, ar adjuſt his Cravat at the Glaſs, for the Noiſe of thoſe damned Nurſes and ſqualling Brats; and then ends with a gallant Reflexion upon the Comforts of Matrimony, runs out of the Hearing, and drives to the Chocolate-Houſe.

According as the Husband is diſpos'd in himſelf, every Circumſtance of his Life is to give him Torment or Pleaſure. When the Affection is well placed, and ſupported by the Conſiderations of Duty, Honour, and Friendſhip, which are in the higheſt Degree engaged in this Alliance, there can nothing riſe in the common Courſe of Life, or from the Blows or Favours of Fortune, in which a Man will not find Matters of ſome Delight unknown to a ſingle Condition.

He who ſincerely loves his Wife and Family, and ſtudies to improve that Affection in himſelf, conceives Pleaſure from the moſt indifferent things; while the married Man, who has not bid adieu to the Faſhions and falſe Gallantries of the Town, is perplexed with every thing around him. In both theſe Caſes Men cannot, indeed, make a ſillier Figure, than in repeating ſuch Pleaſures and Pains to the reſt of the World; but I ſpeak of them only, as they ſit upon thoſe who are involved in them. As I viſit all ſorts of People, I cannot indeed but ſmile, when the good Lady tells her Husband what extraordinary things the Child ſpoke ſince he went out. No longer than yeſterday I was prevail'd with to go with a fond Husband; and his Wife told him, that his Son, of his own head, when the Clock in the Parlour ſtruck two, ſaid, Papa would come home to dinner preſently. While the Father has him in a rapture in his Arms and is drowning him with Kiſſes, the Wife tells me he is but juſt four Years old. Then they both ſtruggle for him, and bring him up to me, and repeat his Obſervation of two o'Clock. I was called upon, by Looks upon

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the Child, and then at me, to say something; and I told the Father, that this Remark of the Infant of his coming home, and joining the Time with it, was a certain Indication that he would be a great Historian and Chronologer. They are neither of them Fools, yet received my Compliment with great acknowledgment of my Prescience. I fared very well at Dinner, and heard many other notable Sayings of their Heir, which would have given very little Entertainment to one less turned to Reflexion than I was; but is was a pleasing Speculation to remark on the Happiness of a Life, in which things of no moment give occasion of Hope, Self-Satisfaction, and Triumph. On the other hand, I have known an ill-natur'd Coxcomb, who has hardly improved in any thing but Bulk, for want of this Disposition, pierce the whole Family, as a Set of silly Women and Children, for recounting things which were really above his own Capacity.

When I say all this, I cannot deny but there are perverse Jades that fall to Mens lots, with whom it requires more than common Proficiency in Philosophy to be able to live. When these are joined to Men of warm Spirits, without Temper or Learning, they are frequently corrected with Stripes; but one of our famous Lawyers is of opinion, that this ought to be used sparingly; as I remember, these are his very Words: But as it is proper to draw some spiritual Use out of all Afflictions, I should rather recommend to those who are visited with Women of Spirit, to form themselves for the World by Patience at home. *Socrates*, who is by all Accounts the undoubted Head of the Sect of the Henpeck'd, own'd and acknowledged that he ow'd great part of his Virtue to the Exercise which his useful Wife constantly gave it. There are several good Instructions may be drawn from his wise Answers to People of less Fortitude than himself on her Subject. A Friend, with Indignation, asked how so good a Man could live with so violent a Creature? He observ'd to him, *That they who learn to keep a good Seat on horseback, mount the least manageable they can get, and when they have master'd them, they are sure never to be discompos'd on the Backs of Steeds less restive.* At several times, to different

ent Perſons, on the ſame Subject, he has ſaid, *My dear Friend, you are beholden to* Xantippe, *that I hear ſo well your ſlying out in a Diſpute.* To another, *My Hen clacks very much, but ſhe brings me Chickens. They that live in a trading Street, are not diſturbed at the Paſſage of Carts.* I would have, if poſſible, a wiſe Man be contented with his Lot, even with a Shrew; for tho' he cannot make her better, he may, you ſee, make himſelf better by her means.

But inſtead of purſuing my Deſign of diſplaying Conjugal Love in its natural Beauties and Attractions, I am got into Tales to the diſadvantage of that State of Life. I muſt ſay therefore, that I am verily perſuaded that whatever is delightful in human Life, is to be enjoy'd in greater Perfection in the marry'd, than in the ſingle Condition. He that has this Paſſion in Perfection, in Occaſions of Joy can ſay to himſelf, beſides his own Satisfaction, *How happy will this make my Wife and Children?* Upon Occurrences of Diſtreſs or Danger comfort himſelf, *But all this while my Wife and Children are ſafe.* There is ſomething in it that doubles Satisfactions becauſe others participate them; and diſpels Afflictions, becauſe others are exempt from them.

All who are marry'd, without this Reliſh of their Circumſtance, are in either a taſteleſs Indolence and Negligence, which is hardly to be attain'd, or elſe live in the hourly Repetition of ſharp Anſwers, eager Upbraidings, and diſtracting Reproaches. In a word, the married State, with and without the Affection ſuitable to it, is the completeſt Image of Heaven and Hell we are capable of receiving in this Life.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 479.

MODESTY.

MR. *Locke*, in his Treatiſe of Human Underſtanding, has ſpent two Chapters upon the Abuſe of Words. The firſt and moſt palpable Abuſe of Words, he ſays, is, when they are uſed without clear and diſtinct Ideas: The ſecond, when we are ſo inconſtant and unſteady

ſteady in the Application of them, that we ſometimes uſe to ſignify one Idea, ſometimes another. He adds, that the Reſult of our Contemplations and Reaſonings, while we have no preciſe Ideas fixed to our Words, muſt needs be very confuſed and abſurd. To avoid this Inconvenience, more eſpecially in moral Diſcourſes, where the ſame Word ſhould conſtantly be uſed in the ſame Senſe, he earneſtly recommends the uſe of Definitions. *A Definition*, ſays he, *is the only way whereby the preciſe Meaning of moral Words can be known.* He therefore accuſes thoſe of great Negligence, who diſcourſe of moral things with the leaſt Obſcurity in the Terms they make uſe of, ſince upon the forementioned Ground he does not ſcruple to ſay, that he thinks *Morality is capable of Demonſtration as well as the Mathematicks.*

I know no two Words that have been more abuſed by the different and wrong Interpretations which are put upon them, than thoſe two, *Modeſty* and *Aſſurance*. To ſay, ſuch a one is a *modeſt Man*, ſometimes indeed paſſes for a good Character; but at preſent is very often uſed to ſignify a ſheepiſh aukward Fellow, who has neither Good-breeding, Politeneſs, nor any Knowledge of the World.

Again, *A Man of Aſſurance*, tho' at firſt it only denoted a Perſon of a free and open Carriage, is now very uſually applied to a profligate Wretch, who can break through all the Rules of Decency and Morality without a Bluſh.

I ſhall endeavour therefore in this Eſſay to reſtore theſe Words to their true Meaning, to prevent the Idea of *Modeſty* from being confounded with that of *Sheepiſhneſs*, and to hinder *Impudence* from paſſing for *Aſſurance*.

If I was put to define *Modeſty*, I would call it, *The Reflexion of an Ingenuous Mind, either when a Man has committed an Action for which he cenſures himſelf, or fancies that he is expoſed to the Cenſure of others.*

For this reaſon a Man truly modeſt is as much ſo when he is alone as in Company, and as ſubject to a Bluſh in his Cloſet, as when the Eyes of Multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any Inſtance of Modeſty with which I am ſo well pleaſed, as that celebrated

brated one of the young Prince, whoſe Father, being a tributary King to the *Romans*, had ſeveral Complaints laid againſt him before the Senate, as a Tyrant and Oppreſſor of his Subjects. The Prince went to *Rome* to defend his Father, but coming into the Senate, and hearing a Multitude of Crimes prov'd upon him, was ſo oppreſſed when it came to his Turn to ſpeak, that he was unable to utter a Word. The Story tells us, that the Fathers were more moved at this Inſtance of Modeſty and Ingenuity, than they could have been by the moſt pathetick Oration; and, in ſhort, pardoned the guilty Father for this early Promiſe of Virtue in the Son.

I take *Aſſurance* to be *the Faculty of Poſſeſſing a Man's ſelf*, or *of ſaying and doing indifferent things without any Uneaſineſs or Emotion in the Mind.* That which generally gives a Man Aſſurance is a moderate Knowledge of the World, but above all a Mind fixed and determined in itſelf to do nothing againſt the Rules of Honour and Decency. An open and aſſured Behaviour is the natural Conſequence of ſuch a Reſolution. A Man thus armed, if his Words or Actions are at any time miſinterpreted, retires within himſelf, and from a Conſciouſneſs of his own Integrity, aſſumes Force enough to deſpiſe the little Cenſures of Ignorance or Malice.

Every one ought to cheriſh and encourage in himſelf the Modeſty and Aſſurance I have here mentioned.

A Man without Aſſurance is liable to be made uneaſy by the Folly or Ill-nature of every one he converſes with. A Man without Modeſty is loſt to all Senſe of Honour and Virtue.

It is more than probable, that the Prince above-mentioned poſſeſſed both theſe Qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without Aſſurance he would never have undertaken to ſpeak before the moſt auguſt Aſſembly in the World; without Modeſty he would have pleaded the Cauſe he had taken upon him, tho' it had appeared ever ſo ſcandalous.

From what has been ſaid, it is plain, that Modeſty and Aſſurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the ſame Perſon. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compoſe what we endeavour to expreſs when we ſay *a modeſt Aſſurance*; by which

we underſtand the juſt Mean between Baſhfulneſs and Impudence.

I ſhall conclude with obſerving, that as the ſame Man may be both modeſt and aſſured, ſo it is alſo poſſible for the ſame Perſon to be both impudent and baſhful.

We have frequent Inſtances of this odd kind of Mixture in People of depraved Minds and mean Education; who tho' they are not able to meet a Man's Eyes, or pronounce a Sentence without Confuſion, can voluntarily commit the greateſt Villanies, or moſt indecent Actions.

Such a Perſon ſeems to have made a Reſolution to do Ill even in ſpite of himſelf, and in defiance of all thoſe Checks and Reſtraints his Temper and Complexion ſeem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to eſtabliſh this Maxim, That the Practice of *Virtue* is the moſt proper Method to give a Man a becoming Aſſurance in his Words and Actions. *Guilt* always ſeeks to ſhelter itſelf in one of the Extremes, and is ſometimes attended with both. SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 373.

I had the Honour this Evening to viſit ſome Ladies, where the Subject of the Converſation was *Modeſty*, which they commended as becoming in Men as in Women. I took the Liberty to ſay, It might be as beautiful in our Behaviour as in theirs, yet it could not be ſaid, it was as ſucceſsful in Life; for as it was the only Recommendation in them, ſo it was the greateſt Obſtacle to us both in Love and Buſineſs. A Gentleman preſent was of my Mind, and ſaid, That we muſt deſcribe the Difference between the Modeſty of Women and that of Men, or we ſhould be confounded in our Reaſonings upon it; for this Virtue is to be regarded with Reſpect to our different Ways of Life. The Woman's Province is to be careful in her Oeconomy, and cha[illegible] in Affection: The Man's to be active in the Improvement of his Fortune, and ready to undertake whatever is conſiſtent with his Reputation for that End. Modeſty therefore in a Woman has a certain agreeable Fear in all ſhe enters upon; and in Men it is compoſed of a right Judgment of what is proper for them to attempt. From hence it is, that a diſcreet Man is always

ways a modeſt one. It is to be noted, That Modeſty in a Man is never to be allowed as a good Quality, but a Weakneſs, if it ſuppreſſes his Virtue, and hides it from the World, when he has at the ſame Time a Mind to exert himſelf. A *French* Author ſays very juſtly, That Modeſty is to the other Virtues in a Man what Shade in a Picture is to the Parts of the Thing repreſented. It makes all the other Beauties conſpicuous, which would otherwiſe be but a wild Heap of Colours. This Shade in our Actions muſt therefore be very juſtly applied; for if there be too much, it hides our good Qualities, inſtead of ſhewing them to Advantage.

Neſtor in *Athens* was an unhappy Inſtance of this Truth; for he was not only in his Profeſſion the greateſt Man of that Age, but had given more Proofs of it than any other Man ever did; yet for Want of that natural Freedom and Audacity which is neceſſary in Commerce with Men, his perſonal Modeſty overthrew all his publick Actions. *Neſtor* was in thoſe Days a ſkilful Architect, and in a Manner the Inventor of the Uſe of mechanick Powers, which he brought to ſo great Perfections, that he knew to an Atom what Foundation would bear ſuch a Superſtructure: And they record of him, that he was ſo prodigiouſly exact, that for the Experiment-ſake, he built an Edifice of great Beauty, and ſeeming Strength; but contrived ſo as to bear only its own Weight, and not to admit the Addition of the leaſt Particle. This Building was beheld with much Admiration by all the Virtuoſi of that Time; but fell down with no other Preſſure, but the ſettling of a *Wren* upon the Top of it. Yet *Neſtor*'s Modeſty was ſuch, that his Art and Skill were ſoon diſregarded, for Want of that Manner with which Men of the World ſupport and aſſert the Merit of their own Performances. Soon after this Inſtance of his Art, *Athens* was, by the Treachery of its Enemies, burnt to the Ground. This gave *Neſtor* the greateſt Occaſion that ever Builder had to render his Name immortal, and his Perſon venerable: For all the new City roſe according to his Diſpoſition, and all the Monuments of the Glories and Diſtreſſes of that People were erected by that ſole Artiſt: Nay, all their Temples, as well as Houſes, were the Effects of

his Study and Labour; inſomuch that it was ſaid by an old Sage, Sure, *Neſtor* will now be famous; for the Habitations of Gods as well as Men, are built by his Contrivance. But this baſhful Quality ſtill put a Damp upon his great Knowledge, which has as fatal an Effect upon Men's Reputations as Poverty; for as it was ſaid, The poor Man ſaved the City, and the poor Man's Labour was forgot; ſo here we find, The modeſt Man built the City, and the modeſt Man's Skill was unknown,

Thus we ſee every Man is the Maker of his own Fortune; and what is very odd to conſider, he muſt in ſome Meaſure be the Trumpet of his Fame: Not that Men are to be tolerated who directly praiſe themſelves, but they are to be endued with a Sort of defenſive Eloquence, by which they ſhall be always capable of expreſſing the Rules and Arts by which they govern themſelves.

Varillus was the Man of all I have read of the happieſt in the true Poſſeſſion of this Quality of Modeſty. My Author ſays of him, Modeſty in *Varillus* is really a Virtue; for it is a voluntary Quality, and the Effect of good Senſe. He is naturally bold and enterpriſing; but ſo juſtly diſcreet, that he never acts or ſpeaks any thing, but thoſe who behold him knew he has forborn much more than he has performed or uttered, out of Deference to the Perſons before whom he is. This makes *Varillus* truly amiable, and all his Attempts ſucceſsful; for as bad as the World is thought to be by thoſe who are unskilled in it, Want of Succeſs in our Actions is generally owing to the Want of Judgment in what we ought to attempt, or a ruſtic Modeſty which will not give us Leave to undertake what we ought. But how unfortunate this diffident Temper is to thoſe who are poſſeſſed with it, may be beſt ſeen in the Succeſs of ſuch as are wholly unacquainted with it.

We have one peculiar Elegance in our Language above all others, which is conſpicuous in the Term *Fellow*. This Word added to any of our Adjectives extremely varies, or quite alters the Senſe of that with which it is joined. Thus though a modeſt Man is the moſt

moſt unfortunate of all Men, yet a modeſt Fellow is as ſuperlatively happy. A modeſt Fellow is a ready Creature, who with great Humility, and as great Forwardneſs, viſits his Patrons at all Hours, and meets 'em in all Places, and has ſo moderate an Opinion of himſelf, that he makes his Court at large. If you won't give him a great Employment, he will be glad of a little one. He has ſo great a Deference for his Benefactor's Judgment, that as he thinks himſelf fit for any Thing he can get, ſo he is above nothing which is offered. He is like the young Batchelor of Arts, who came to Town recommended to a Chaplain's Place; but none being vacant, modeſtly accepted of that of a Poſtillion.

We have very many conſpicuous Perſons of this undertaking yet modeſt Turn: I have a Grandſon who is very happy in this Quality: I ſent him in the Time of the laſt Peace into *France*. As ſoon as he landed at *Calais*, he ſent me an exact Account of the Nature of the People, and the Policies of the King of *France*. I got him ſince choſen a Member of a Corporation: The modeſt Creature, as ſoon as he came into the Common Council, told a Senior Burgeſs, he was perfectly out of the Orders of their Houſe. In other Circumſtances, he is ſo thoroughly modeſt a Fellow, that he ſeems to pretend only to Things he underſtands. He is a Citizen only at Court, and in the City a Courtier. In a Word, to ſpeak the Characteriſtical Difference between a modeſt Man and a modeſt Fellow; the modeſt Man is in Doubt in all his Actions; a modeſt Fellow never has a Doubt from his Cradle to his Grave.

TATLER, Vol. II. No. 52.

NATURE.

NATURE does nothing in vain; the Creator of the Univerſe has appointed every thing to a certain Uſe and Purpoſe, and determined it to a ſettled Courſe and Sphere of Action, from which if it in the leaſt deviates, it becomes unfit to anſwer thoſe Ends for which it was deſigned. In like manner it is in the Diſpoſitions of Society, the civil Oeconomy is formed in a

Chain as well as the natural; and in either Caſe the Breach but of one Link puts the whole in ſome Diſorder. It is, I think, pretty plain, that moſt of the Abſurdity and Ridicule we meet with in the World, is generally owing to the impertinent Affectation of excelling in Characters Men are not fit for, and for which Nature never deſigned them.

Every Man has one or more Qualities which may make him uſeful both to himſelf and others: Nature never fails of pointing them out, and while the Infant continues under her Guardianſhip, ſhe brings him on in his Way, and then offers herſelf for a Guide in what remains of the Journey; if he proceeds in that Courſe, he can hardly miſcarry: Nature makes good her Engagements; for as ſhe never promiſes what ſhe is not able to perform, ſo ſhe never fails of performing what ſhe promiſes. But the Misfortune is, Men deſpiſe what they may be Maſters of, and affect what they are not fit for; they reckon themſelves already poſſeſſed of what their Genius inclined them to, and ſo bend all their Ambition to excel in what is out of their Reach. Thus they deſtroy the Uſe of their natural Talents, in the ſame manner as covetous Men do their Quiet and Repoſe; they can enjoy no Satisfaction in what they have, becauſe of the abſurd Inclination they are poſſeſſed with for what they have not.

Cleanthes had good Senſe, a great Memory, and a Conſtitution capable of the cloſeſt Application. In a Word, there was no Profeſſion in which *Cleanthes* might not have made a very good Figure; but this won't ſatisfy him, he takes up an unaccountable Fondneſs for the Character of a fine Gentleman; all his Thoughts are bent upon this; inſtead of attending a Diſſection, frequenting the Courts of Juſtice, or ſtudying the Fathers, *Cleanthes* reads Plays, dances, dreſſes and ſpends his Time in Drawing-rooms; inſtead of being a good Lawyer, Divine, or Phyſician, *Cleanthes* is a downright Coxcomb, and will remain to all that knew him a contemptible Example of Talents miſapplied. It is to this Affectation the World owes its whole Race of Coxcombs: Nature in her whole Drama never drew ſuch a Part; ſhe has ſometimes made a Fool, but a Coxcomb

is always of a Man's own making, by applying his Talents otherwiſe than Nature deſigned, who ever bears a high Reſentment for being put out of her Courſe, and never fails of taking her Revenge on thoſe that do ſo. Oppoſing her Tendency in the Application of a Man's Parts, has the ſame Succeſs as declining from her Courſe in the Production of Vegetables, by the Aſſiſtance of Art and an hot Bed: We may poſſibly extort an unwilling Plant, or an untimely Salad; but how weak, how taſteleſs and inſipid? Juſt as inſipid as the Poetry of *Valerio*: *Valerio* had an univerſal Character, was genteel, had Learning, thought juſtly, ſpoke correctly; 'twas believed there was nothing in which *Valerio* did not excel; and 'twas ſo far true, that there was but one; *Valerio* had no Genius for Poetry, yet he's reſolved to be a Poet; he writes Verſes, and takes great pains to convince the Town, that *Valerio* is not that extraordinary Perſon he was taken for.

If Men would be content to graft upon Nature, and aſſiſt her Operations, what mighty Effects might we expect? *Tully* would not ſtand ſo much alone in Oratory, *Virgil* in Poetry, or *Cæſar* in War. To build upon Nature, is laying the Foundation upon a Rock; every thing diſpoſes itſelf into Order as it were of Courſe, and the whole Work is half done as ſoon as undertaken. *Cicero*'s Genius inclined him to Oratory, *Virgil*'s to follow the Train of the Muſes; they pioufly obeyed the Admonition, and were rewarded. Had *Virgil* attended the Bar, his modeſt and ingenious Virtue would ſurely have made but a very indifferent Figure; and *Tully*'s declamatory Inclination would have been as uſeleſs in Poetry. Nature, if left to herſelf, leads us on in the beſt Courſe, but will do nothing by Compulſion and Conſtraint; and if we are not ſatisfied to go her Way, we are always the greateſt Sufferers by it.

Wherever Nature deſigns a Production, ſhe always diſpoſes Seeds proper for it, which are as abſolutely neceſſary to the Formation of any moral or intellectual Excellence, as they are to the Being and Growth of Plants; and I know not by what Fate and Folly it is, that Men are taught not to reckon him equally abſurd that will write Verſes in ſpite of Nature, with that Gar-

diner that ſhould undertake to raiſe a Junquil or Tulip without the Help of their reſpective Seeds.

As there is no good or bad Quality that does not affect both Sexes, ſo it is not to be imagined but the fair Sex muſt have ſuffered by an Affectation of this Nature, at leaſt as much as the other: The ill Effect of it is in none ſo conſpicuous as in the two oppoſite Characters of *Cælia* and *Iras*; *Cælia* has all the Charms of Perſon, together with an abundant Sweetneſs of Nature, but wants Wit, and has a very ill Voice; *Iras* is ugly and ungenteel, but has Wit and good Senſe: If *Cælia* would be ſilent, her Beholders would adore her; if *Iras* would talk, her Hearers would admire her; but *Cælia*'s Tongue runs inceſſantly, while *Iras* gives herſelf ſilent Airs and ſoft Languors; ſo that 'tis difficult to perſuade one's ſelf that *Cælia* has Beauty and *Iras* Wit: Each neglects her own Excellence, and is ambitious of the other's Character; *Iras* would be thought to have as much Beauty as *Cælia*, and *Cælia* as much Wit as *Iras*.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 404.

PASSION.

IT is a very common Expreſſion, That ſuch a one is very good-natur'd, but very paſſionate. The Expreſſion indeed is very good-natur'd, to allow paſſionate People ſo much Quarter: But I think a paſſionate Man deſerves the leaſt Indulgence imaginable. It is ſaid, it is ſoon over; that is, all the Miſchief he does is quickly diſpatch'd, which, I think, is no great Recommendation to Favour. I have known one of theſe good-natur'd paſſionate Men ſay in a mix'd Company, even to his own Wife or Child, ſuch Things as the moſt inveterate Enemy of his Family would not have ſpoke, even in Imagination. It is certain that quick Senſibility is inſeparable from a ready Underſtanding; but why ſhould not that good Underſtanding call to itſelf all its Force on ſuch Occaſions, to maſter that ſudden Inclination to Anger? One of the greateſt Souls now in the World is the moſt ſubject by Nature to Anger, and yet ſo famous for a Conqueſt of himſelf this Way, that he

is the known Example when you talk of Temper and Command of a Man's ſelf. To contain the Spirit of Anger, is the worthieſt Diſcipline we can put ourſelves to. When a Man has made any Progreſs this way, a frivolous Fellow in a Paſſion, is to him as contemptible as a froward Child. It ought to be the Study of every Man, for his own Quiet and Peace. When he ſtands combuſtible and ready to flame upon every thing that touches him, Life is as uneaſy to himſelf as it is to all about him. *Syncropius* leads, of all Men living, the moſt ridiculous Life; he is ever offending, and begging Pardon. If his Man enters the Room without what he ſent for, *That Block-head*, begins he—— *Gentlemen, I aſk your Pardon, but Servants now a-days* —— The wrong Plates are laid, they are thrown into the Middle of the Room; his Wife ſtands by in Pain for him, which he ſees in her Face, and anſwers, as if he had heard all ſhe was thinking; *Why, what the Devil! Why don't you take care to give Orders in theſe things?* His Friends ſit down to a taſteleſs Plenty of every thing, every Minute expecting new Inſults from his Impertinent Paſſions. In a Word, to eat with, or viſit *Syncropius*, is no other than going to ſee him exerciſe his Family, exerciſe their Patience, and his own Anger.

It is monſtrous that the Shame and Confuſion in which this good-natur'd angry Man muſt needs behold his Friends, while he thus lays about him, does not give him ſo much Reflexion as to create an Amendment. This is the moſt ſcandalous Diſuſe of Reaſon imaginable; all the harmleſs Part of him is no more than that of a Bull-Dog, they are tame no longer than they are not offended. One of theſe good-natur'd angry Men ſhall, in an Inſtant, aſſemble together ſo many Alluſions to ſecret Circumſtances, as are enough to diſſolve the Peace of all the Families and Friends he is acquainted with, in a Quarter of an Hour, and yet the next Moment be the beſt-natured Man in the whole World. If you would ſee Paſſion in its Purity, without Mixture of Reaſon, behold it repreſented in a mad Hero, drawn by a mad Poet. *Nat. Lee* make his *Alexander* ſay thus:

Away, begon, and give a Whirlwind Room,
Or I will blow you up like Duſt! Avant;
Madneſs but meanly repreſents my Toil.
Eternal Diſcord!
Fury! Revenge! Diſdain and Indignation!
Tear my ſwoln Breaſt, make way for Fire and Tempeſt.
My Brain is burſt, Debate and Reaſon quench'd;
The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
Splits with the Rack, while Paſſions, like the Wind,
Riſe up to Heav'n, and put out all the Stars.

Every paſſionate Fellow in the Town talks half the Day with as little Conſiſtency, and threatens things as much out of his Power.

The next diſagreeable Perſon to the outrageous Gentleman, is one of a much lower Order of Anger, and he is what we commonly call a peeviſh FeHow. A peeviſh Fellow is one who has ſome Reaſon in himſelf for being out of Humour, or has a natural Incapacity for Delight, and therefore diſturbs all who are happier than himſelf with Piſhes and Pſhaws, or other well-bred Interjections, at every thing that is ſaid or done in his Preſence. There ſhould be Phyſick mixed in the Food of all which theſe Fellows eat in good Company. This Degree of Anger paſſes, for-ſooth, for a Delicacy of Judgment, that won't admit of being eaſily pleas'd; but none above the Character of wearing a peeviſh Man's Livery, ought to bear with his ill Manners. All things among Men of Senſe and Condition ſhould paſs the Cenſure, and have the Protection of the Eye of Reaſon.

No Man ought to be tolerated in an habitual Humour, Whim, or Particularity of Behaviour, by any who do not wait upon him for Bread. Next to the peeviſh Fellow is the Snarler. This Gentleman deals mightily in what we call the Irony, and as thoſe ſort of People exert themſelves moſt againſt thoſe below them, you ſee their Humour beſt, in their Talk to their Servants. That is ſo like you, You are a fine Fellow, Thou art the quickeſt Head-piece, and the like. One would think the Hectoring, the Storming, the Sullen, and all the different Species and Subordinations of the

Angry

Angry ſhould be cured, by knowing they live only as pardoned Men; and how pitiful is the Condition of being only ſuffered? But I am interrupted by the pleaſanteſt Scene of Anger and the Diſappointment of it that I have ever known, which happened while I was yet writing, and I overheard as I ſat in the Back-room at a *French* Bookſeller's. There came into the Shop a very learned Man with an erect ſolemn Air, and tho' a Perſon of great Parts otherwiſe, ſlow in underſtanding any thing which makes againſt himſelf. The Compoſure of the faulty Man, and the whimſical Perplexity of him that was juſtly angry, is perfectly new: After turning over many Volumes, ſaid the Seller to the Buyer, *Sir, you know I have long aſked you to ſend me back the firſt Volume of French Sermons I formerly lent you*; *Sir*, ſaid the Chapman, I have often looked for it, but cannot find it; it is certainly loſt, and I know not to whom I lent it, it is ſo many Years ago; *then, Sir, here is the other Volume, I'll ſend you home that, and pleaſe to pay for both.* My Friend, reply'd he, can'ſt thou be ſo ſenſeleſs as not to know that one Volume is as imperfect in my Library as in your Shop? *Yes, Sir, but it is you have loſt the firſt Volume, and to be ſhort I will be paid.* Sir, anſwered the Chapman, you are a young Man, your Book is loſt, and learn by this little Loſs to bear much greater Adverſities, which you muſt expect to meet with. *Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I muſt, but I have not loſt now, for I ſay you have it and ſhall pay me.* Friend, you grow warm, I tell you the Book is loſt, and I foreſee in the Courſe even of a proſperous Life, that you will meet Afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this Triſle. *Sir, there is in this Caſe no need of bearing, for you have the Book.* I ſay, Sir, I have not the Book. But your Paſſion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn Reſignation of yourſelf to the Diſtreſſes of this Life: Nay, do not fret and fume, it is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient Spirit, and an impatient Spirit is never without Woe. *Was ever any thing like this?* Yes, Sir, there have been many things like it is. The Loſs is but a Triſle, but your Temper is wanton, and incapable of the leaſt Pain; therefore let

me adviſe you, be patient, the Book is loſt, but do not you for that Reaſon loſe yourſelf.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 438.

PLEASURE *and* PAIN.

FABLES were the firſt Pieces of Wit that made their Appearance in the World, and have been ſtill highly valued not only in Times of the greateſt Simplicity, but among the moſt polite Ages of Mankind. *Jotham*'s Fable of the Trees is the oldeſt that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made ſince that Time. *Nathan*'s Fable of the poor Man and his Lamb is likewiſe more ancient than any that is extant, beſides the above mentioned, and had ſo good an Effect, as to convey Inſtruction to the Ear of a King without offending it, and to bring the Man after God's own Heart to a right Senſe of his Guilt and his Duty. We find *Æſop* in the moſt diſtant Ages of *Greece*; and if we look into the very Beginnings of the Commonwealth of *Rome*, we ſee a Mutiny among the common People appeaſed by a Fable of the Belly and Limbs, which was indeed very proper to gain the Attention of an incenſed Rabble, at a time when perhaps they would have torn to pieces any Man who had preached the ſame Doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As Fables took their Birth in the very Infancy of Learning, they never flouriſhed more than when Learning was at its greateſt Height. To juſtify this Aſſertion, I ſhall put my Reader in mind of *Horace*, the greateſt Wit and Critick in the *Auguſtan* Age; and of *Boileau*, the moſt correct Poet among the Moderns: Not to mention *La Fontaine*, who by his Way of Writing is come more into vogue than any other Author of our Times.

The Fables I have here mentioned are raiſed altogether upon Brutes and Vegetables, with ſome of our own Species mixt among them, when the Moral hath ſo required. But beſides this kind of Fable, there is another in which the Actors are Paſſions, Virtues, Vices, and other imaginary Perſons of the like Nature. Some of the ancient Criticks will have it, that the Iliad and

Odyſſey

Odyſſey of *Homer* are Fables of this Nature; and that the ſeveral Names of Gods and Heroes are nothing elſe but the Affections of the Mind in a viſible Shape and Character. Thus they tell us, that *Achilles*, in the firſt Iliad, repreſents Anger, or the Iraſcible Part of Human Nature: That upon drawing his Sword againſt his Superior in a full Aſſembly, *Pallas* is only another Name for Reaſon, which checks and adviſes him upon that Occaſion; and at her appearance touches him upon the Head, that Part of the Man being looked upon as the Seat of Reaſon. And thus of the reſt of the Poem. As for the Odyſſey, I think it is plain that *Horace* conſidered it as one of theſe Allegorical Fables, by the Moral which he has given us of ſeveral Parts of it. The greateſt *Italian* Wits have applied themſelves to the Writing of this latter kind of Fables: As *Spencer's Fairy Queen* is one continued Series of them from the Beginning to the End of that admirable Work. If we look into the fineſt Proſe-Authors of Antiquity, ſuch as *Cicero*, *Plato*, *Xenophon*, and many others, we ſhall find that this was likewiſe their Favourite Kind of Fable. I ſhall only farther obſerve upon it, that the firſt of this Sort that made any conſiderable Figure in the World, was that of *Hercules* meeting with Pleaſure and Virtue; which was prevented by *Prodicus*, who lived before *Socrates*, and in the firſt Dawnings of Philoſophy. He uſed to travel through *Greece* by virtue of this Fable, which procured him a kind Reception in all the Market-towns, where he never failed telling it as ſoon as he had gathered an Audience about him.

After this ſhort Preface, which I have made up of ſuch Materials as my Memory does at preſent ſuggeſt to me, before I preſent my Reader with a Fable of this Kind, which I deſign as the Entertainment of the preſent Paper, I muſt in a few Words open the Occaſion of it.

In the Account which *Plato* gives us of the Converſation and Behaviour of *Socrates*, the Morning he was to die, he tells the following Circumſtance.

When *Socrates* his Fetters were knocked off (as was uſual to be done on the Day that the condemned Perſon was to be executed) being ſeated in the midſt of his Diſciples,

ciples, and laying one of his Legs over the other, in a very unconcerned Poſture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the Iron; and whether it was to ſhew the Indifference with which he entertained the Thoughts of his approaching Death, or (after his uſual manner) to take every Occaſion of Philoſophizing upon ſome uſeful Subject, he obſerved the Pleaſure of that Senſation which now aroſe in thoſe very Parts of his Leg, that juſt before had been ſo much pained by the Fetter. Upon this he reflected on the Nature of Pleaſure and Pain in general, and how conſtantly they ſucceed one another. To this he added, That if a Man of a good Genius for a Fable were to repreſent the Nature of Pleaſure and Pain in that Way of Writing, he would probably join them together after ſuch a manner, that it would be impoſſible for the one to come into any place without being followed by the other.

It is poſſible, that if *Plato* had thought it proper at ſuch a time to deſcribe *Socrates* launching out into a Diſcourſe which was not of a-piece with the Buſineſs of the Day, he would have enlarged upon this Hint, and have drawn it out into ſome beautiful Allegory or Fable. But ſince he has not done it, I ſhall attempt to write one myſelf in the Spirit of that divine Author.

There were two Families, which from the Beginning of the World were as oppoſite to each other as Light and Darkneſs. The one of them lived in Heaven, and the other in Hell. The youngeſt Deſcendant of the firſt Family was Pleaſure, who was the Daughter of Happineſs, who was the Child of Virtue, who was the Offspring of the Gods. Theſe, as I ſaid before, had their Habitation in Heaven. The youngeſt of the oppoſite Family was Pain, who was the Son of Miſery, who was the Child of Vice, who was the Offspring of the Furies. The Habitation of this Race of Beings was in Hell.

The middle Station of Nature between theſe two oppoſite Extremes was the Earth, which was inhabited by Creatures of a middle Kind, neither ſo virtuous as the one, nor ſo Vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad Qualities of theſe two oppoſite Families. Jupiter *conſidering that this Species commonly called Man, was too virtuous to be miſerable, and too vicious to be happy; that he*

he might make a Diſtinction between the Good and the Bad, ordered the two youngeſt of the above-mentioned Families, Pleaſure who was the Daughter of Happineſs, and Pain who was the Son of Miſery, to meet one another upon this Part of Nature which lay in the Half-way between them, having promiſed to ſettle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the Diviſion of it, ſo as to ſhare Mankind between them.

Pleaſure and Pain were no ſooner met in their new Habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this Point, that Pleaſure ſhould take poſſeſſion of the Virtuous, and Pain of the Vicious Part of that Species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any Individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had ſeen, in their old Places of Reſidence, there was no Perſon ſo Vicious who had not ſome Good in him, nor any Perſon ſo Virtuous who had not in him ſome Evil. The Truth of it is, they generally found upon Search, that in the moſt vicious Man Pleaſure might lay a Claim to an hundredth Part, and that in the moſt virtuous Man Pain might come in for at leaſt two Thirds. This they ſaw would occaſion endleſs Diſputes between them, unleſs they could come to ſome Accommodation. To this end there was a Marriage propoſed between them, and at length concluded: By this means it is that we find Pleaſure and Pain are ſuch conſtant Yoke fellows, and that they either make their Viſits together, or are never far aſunder. If Pain comes into an Heart, he is quickly followed by Pleaſure; and if Pleaſure enters, you may be ſure Pain is not afar off.

But notwithſtanding this Marriage was very convenient for the two Parties, it did not ſeem to anſwer the intention of Jupiter *in ſending them among Mankind. To remedy therefore this Inconvenience, it was ſtipulated between them by Article, and confirmed by the Conſent of each Family, that notwithſtanding they here poſſeſſed the Species indifferently, upon the Death of every ſingle Perſon, if he was found to have in him a certain Proportion of Evil, he ſhould be diſpatched into the infernal Regions by a Paſſport from Pain, there to dwell with Miſery, Vice, and the Furies. Or, on the contrary, if he had in him a certain Proportion of Good, he ſhould be diſpatched into Hea-*

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ven by a Paſſport from Pleaſure, there to dwell with Virtue, Happineſs and the Gods.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 183.

PROVERBS, *Chap.* VII. *in Verſe.*

MY Son, th' Inſtruction that my Words impart,
Grave on the living Tablet of thy Heart;
And all the wholſom Precepts that I give,
Obſerve with ſtricteſt Reverence, and live.
Let all thy Homage be to Wiſdom paid,
Seek her Protection and implore her Aid;
That ſhe may keep thy Soul from Harm ſecure,
And turn thy Footſteps from the Harlot's Door,
Who with curs'd Charms lures th' Unwary in,
And ſooths with Flattery their Souls to Sin.
Once from my Window as I caſt mine Eye,
On thoſe that paſs'd in giddy Numbers by,
A Youth among the fooliſh Youths I ſpy'd,
Who took not ſacred Wiſdom for his Guide.
Juſt as the Sun withdrew his cooler Light,
And Evening ſoft led on the Shades of Night,
He ſtole in covert Twilight to his Fate,
And paſs'd the Corner near the Harlot's Gate;
When lo, a Woman comes! ——
Looſe her Attire, and ſuch her glaring Dreſs,
As aptly did the Harlot's Mind expreſs:
Subtle ſhe is, and practis'd in the Arts,
By which the Wanton conquer heedleſs Hearts:
Stubborn and loud ſhe is, ſhe hates her Home,
Varying her Place and Form; ſhe loves to roam;
Now ſhe's within, now in the Street does ſtray,
Now at each Corner ſtands, and waits her Prey.
The Youth ſhe ſeiz'd; and laying now aſide
All Modeſty, the Female's juſteſt Pride,
She ſaid, with an Embrace, Here at my Houſe
Peace offerings are, this Day I paid my Vows.
I therefore came abroad to meet my Dear,
And lo, in happy Hour I find thee here.
My Chamber I've adorned, and o'er my Bed
Are Cov'rings of the richeſt Taſſtry ſpread,

With

With Linen it is deck'd from Egypt *brought,*
And Carvings by the Curious Artiſt wrought:
It wants no Glad Perfume Arabia *yields*
In al her Citron Groves, and ſpicy Fields;
Here all her Store of richeſt Odours meets,
I'll lay thee in a Wilderneſs of Sweets.
Whatever to the Senſe can grateful be
I have collected there——— I want but thee.
My Huſband's gone a Journey far away,
Much Gold he took abroad, and long will ſtay:
He nam'd for his Return a diſtant Day.
Upon her Tongue did ſuch ſmooth Miſchief dwell,
And from her Lips ſuch welcome Flatt'ry fell,
The unguarded Youth, in Silken Fetters ty'd,
Reſign'd his Reaſon, and with Eaſe comply'd.
Thus does the Ox to his own Slaughter go,
And thus is ſenſeleſs of th' impending Blow.
Thus flies the ſimple Bird into the Snare,
That ſkilful Fowlers for his Life prepare.
But let my Sons attend. Attend may they
Whom Youthful Vigour may to Sin betray;
Let them falſe Charmers fly, and guard their Hearts
Againſt the wily Wanton's pleaſing Arts;
With Care direct their Steps, nor turn aſtray
To tread the Paths of her deceitful Way;
Leſt they too late of her fell Power complain,
And fall, where many mightier have been Slain.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 410.

PROVIDENCE.

IT is very reaſonable to believe, that Part of the Pleaſure which happy Minds ſhall enjoy in a future State, will ariſe from an enlarged Contemplation of the Divine Wiſdom in the Government of the World, and a Diſcovery of the ſecret and amazing Steps of Providence, from the Beginning to the End of Time. Nothing ſeems to be an Entertainment more adapted to the Nature of Man, if we conſider that Curioſity is one of the ſtrongeſt and moſt laſting Appetites implanted in us, and that Admiration is one of our moſt pleaſing Paſſions; and

and what a perpetual Succeſſion of Enjoyments will be afforded to both theſe, in a Scene ſo large and various as ſhall then be laid open to our View in the Society of ſuperior Spirits, who perhaps will join with us in ſo delightful a Proſpect!

It is not impoſſible, on the contrary, that Part of the Puniſhment of ſuch as are excluded from Bliſs, may conſiſt not only in their being denied this Privilege, but in having their Appetites at the ſame time vainly increaſed, without any Satisfaction afforded to them. In theſe, the vain Purſuit of Knowledge ſhall, perhaps, add to their Infelicity, and bewilder them into Labyrinths of Error, Darkneſs, Diſtraction and Uncertainty of every thing but their own evil State. *Milton* has thus repreſented the fallen Angels reaſoning together in a kind of Reſpite from their Torments, and creating to themſelves a new Diſquiet amidſt their very Amuſements; he could not properly have deſcribed the Sports of condemned Spirits, without the Caſt of Horror and Melancholy he has ſo judiciouſly mingled with them.

Others apart ſat on a Hill retired,
In Thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixt Fate, Freewill, Foreknowledge abſolute,
And found no End in wandering Mazes loſt.

In our preſent Condition, which is a middle State, our Minds are, as it were, chequered with Truth and Falſhood; and as our Faculties are narrow, and our Views imperfect, it is impoſſible but our Curioſity muſt meet with many Repulſes. The Buſineſs of Mankind in this Life being rather to act than to know, their Portion of Knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

From hence it is, that the Reaſon of the Inquiſitive has ſo long been exerciſed with Difficulties, in accounting for the promiſcuous Diſtribution of Good and Evil to the Virtuous and the Wicked in this World. From hence comes all thoſe pathetick Complaints of ſo many tragical Events, which happen to the Wiſe and the Good; and of ſuch ſurpriſing Proſperity, which is often the Reward of the Guilty and the Fooliſh; that Reaſon

is

is ſometimes puzzled, and at a Loſs what to pronounce upon ſo myſterious a Diſpenſation.

Plato expreſſes his Abhorrence of ſome Fables of the Poets, which ſeem to reflect on the Gods as the Authors of Injuſtice; and lays it down as a Principle, That whatever is permitted to befal a juſt Man, whether Poverty, Sickneſs, or any of thoſe Things which ſeem to be Evils, ſhall either in Life or Death conduce to his Good. My Reader will obſerve how agreeable this Mxim is to what we find delivered by a greater Authority. *Seneca* has written a Diſcourſe purpoſely on this Subject, in which he takes Pains, after the Doctrine of the *Stoicks*, to ſhew that Adverſity is not in itſelf an Evil; and mentions a noble Saying of *Demetrius*, That *nothing would be more unhappy than a Man who had never known Affliction*. He compares Proſperity to the Indulgence of a fond Mother to a Child, which often proves his Ruin; but the Affection of the Divine Being to that of a wiſe Father, who would have his Sons exerciſed with Labour, Diſappointment, and Pain, that they may gather Strength and improve their Fortitude. On this Occaſion the Philoſopher riſes into that celebrated Sentiment, That there is not on Earth a Spectacle more worthy the Regard of a Creator intent on his Works than a brave Man ſuperior to his Sufferings; to which he adds, That it muſt be a Pleaſure to *Jupiter* himſelf to look down from Heaven, and ſee *Cato* amidſt the Ruins of his Country preſerving his Integrity.

This Thought will appear yet more reaſonable, if we conſider human Life as a State of Probation, and Adverſity as the Poſt of Honour in it, aſſigned often to the beſt and moſt ſelect Spirits.

But what I would chiefly inſiſt on here, is, that we are not at preſent in a proper Situation to judge of the Counſels by which Providence acts, ſince but little arrives at our Knowledge, and even that little we diſcern imperfectly; or, according to the elegant Figure in Holy Writ, *We ſee but in part, and as in a Glaſs darkly*. It is to be conſidered, that Providence in its Oeconomy regards the whole Syſtem of Time and Things together, ſo that we cannot diſcover the beautiful Connection between

between Incidents which lie widely ſeparate in Time, and by loſing ſo many Links of the Chain, our Reaſonings become broken and imperfect. Thus thoſe Parts of the moral World which have not an abſolute, may yet have a relative Beauty, in reſpect of ſome other Parts concealed from us, but open to his Eye before whom *Paſt*, *Preſent*, and *To come*, are ſet together in one Point of View; and thoſe Events, the Permiſſion of which ſeems now to accuſe his Goodneſs, may in the Conſummation of Things both magnify his Goodneſs, and exalt his Wiſdom. And this is enough to check our Preſumption, ſince it is in vain to apply our Meaſures of Regularity to Matters of which we know neither the Antecedents nor the Conſequents, the Beginning nor the End.

I ſhall relieve my Readers from this abſtracted Thought, by relating here a *Jewiſh* Tradition concerning *Moſes*, which ſeems to be a kind of Parable, illuſtrating what I have laſt mentioned. The great Prophet, it is ſaid, was called up by a Voice from Heaven to the Top of a Mountain; where, in a Conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propoſe to him ſome Queſtions concerning his Adminiſtration of the Univerſe. In the midſt of this Divine Colloquy he was commanded to look down on the Plain below. At the Foot of the Mountain there iſſued out a clear Spring of Water, at which a Soldier alighted from his Horſe to drink. He was no ſooner gone than a little Boy came to the ſame Place, and finding a Purſe of Gold which the Soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old Man, weary with Age and Travelling, and having quenched his Thirſt, ſat down to reſt himſelf by the Side of the Spring. The Soldier miſſing his Purſe returns to ſearch for it, and demands it of the old Man, who affirms he had not ſeen it, and appeals to Heaven in witneſs of his Innocence. The Soldier not believing his Proteſtations, kills him. *Moſes* fell on his Face with Horror and Amazement, when the Divine Voice thus prevented his Expoſtulation; 'Be not ſurpriſed, '*Moſes*, nor aſk why the Judge of the whole Earth 'has ſuffered this Thing to come to paſs: The Child

'is

' is the Occaſion that the Blood of the old Man is
' ſpilt; but know, that the old Man whom thou
' ſaw'ſt, was the Murderer of that Child's Father.

SPECTATOR Vol. III. No. 237.

RELIGION.

ABOUT an Age ago it was the Faſhion in *England*, for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much Sanctity as poſſible into his Face, and in particular to abſtain from all Appearances of Mirth and Pleaſantry, which were looked upon as the Marks of a carnal Mind. This Saint was of a ſorrowful Countenance, and generally eaten up with Spleen and Melancholy. A Gentleman, who was lately a great Ornament to the learned World, has diverted me more than once with an Account of the Reception which he met with from a very famous Independent Miniſter, who was Head of a College in thoſe times. This Gentleman was then a young Adventurer in the Republick of Letters, and juſt fitted out for the Univerſity with a good Cargo of *Latin* and *Greek*. His Friends were reſolved that he ſhould try his Fortune at an Election which was drawing near in the College, of which the Independent Miniſter whom I have before mentioned was Governor. The Youth, according to Cuſtom, waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the Door by a Servant, who was one of that gloomy Generation that were then in Faſhion. He conducted him, with great Silence and Serioufneſs, to a long Gallery which was darkned at Noon-day, and had only a ſingle Candle burning in it. After a ſhort ſtay in this melancholy Apartment, he was led into a Chamber hung with Black, where he entertained himſelf for ſome time by the glimmering of a Taper, 'till at length the Head of the College came out to him, from an inner Room, with half a dozen Night-caps upon his Head, and religious Horror in his Countenance. The young Man trembled; but his Fears increaſed, when, inſtead of being aſk'd what Progreſs he had made in Learning, he was examined how he abounded in Grace. His *Latin* and *Greek* ſtood him in little ſtead; he was

to

to give an Account only of the State of his Soul, whether he was of the Number of the Elect; what was the Occaſion of his Converſion; upon what Day of the Month, and Hour of the Day it happened; how it was carried on, and when compleated. The whole Examination was ſummed up with one ſhort Queſtion, namely, *Whether he was prepared for Death?* The Boy, who had been bred up by honeſt Parents, was frighted out of his Wits at the Solemnity of the Proceeding, and by the laſt dreadful Interrogatory; ſo that upon making his Eſcape out of the Houſe of Mourning, he could never be brought a ſecond time to the Examination, as not being able to go through the Terrors of it.

Notwithſtanding this general Form and Outſide of Religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many Perſons, who, by a natural Unchearfulneſs of Heart, miſtaken Notions of Piety, or Weakneſs of Underſtanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of Life, and give up themſelves a Prey to Grief and Melancholy. Superſtitious Fears and groundleſs Scruples cut them off from the Pleaſures of Converſation, and all thoſe ſocial Entertainments, which are not only innocent, but laudable; as if Mirth was made for Reprobates, and Chearfulneſs of Heart denied thoſe who are the only Perſons that have a proper Title to it.

Sombrius is one of theſe Sons of Sorrow. He thinks himſelf obliged in Duty to be ſad and diſconſolate. He looks on a ſudden Fit of Laughter as a Breach of his baptiſmal Vow. An innocent Jeſt ſtartles him like Blaſphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a Title of Honour, he liſts up his Hands and Eyes; deſcribe a publick Ceremony, he ſhakes his Head; ſhew him a gay Equipage, he bleſſes himſelf. All the little Ornaments of Life are Pomps and Vanities. Mirth is wanton, and Wit profane. He is ſcandalized at Youth for being lively, and at Childhood for being playful. He ſits at a Chriſtening, or a Marriage-Feaſt, as at a Funeral; ſighs at the Concluſion of a merry Story, and grows devout when the reſt of the Company grow pleaſant. After all, *Sombrius* is a religious Man, and would have behaved himſelf very properly, had he lived when Chriſtianity was under a general Perſecution.

I would by no means preſume to tax ſuch Characters with Hypocriſy, as is done too frequently; that being a Vice which I think none but he, who knows the Secrets of Mens Hearts, ſhould pretend to diſcover in another, where the Proofs of it do not amount to a Demonſtration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent Perſons, who are weighed down by this habitual Sorrow of Heart, they rather deſerve our Compaſſion than our Reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to conſider whether ſuch a Behaviour does not deter Men from a Religious Life, by repreſenting it as an unſociable State, that extinguiſhes all Joy and Gladneſs, darkens the Face of Nature, and deſtroys the Reliſh of Being itſelf.

I have, in former Papers, ſhewn how great a Tendency there is to Chearfulneſs in Religion, and how ſuch a Frame of Mind is not only the moſt lovely, but the moſt commendable in a virtuous Perſon. In ſhort, thoſe who repreſent Religion in ſo unamiable a Light, are like the Spies, ſent by *Moſes*, to make a Diſcovery of the Land of *Promiſe*, when by their Reports they diſcouraged the People from entring upon it. Thoſe who ſhew us the Joy, the Chearfulneſs, the Good-humour, that naturally ſpring up in this happy State, are like the Spies bringing along with them the Cluſters of Grapes, and delicious Fruits, that might invite their Companions into the pleaſant Country which produced them.

An eminent Pagan Writer has made a Diſcourſe, to ſhew that the Atheiſt, who denies a God, does him leſs Diſhonour than the Man who owns his Being, but at the ſame time believes him to be cruel, hard to pleaſe, and terrible to human Nature. For my own part, ſays he, I would rather it ſhould be ſaid of me, that there was never any ſuch Man as *Plutarch*, than that *Plutarch* was ill-natured, capricious, or inhumane.

If we may believe our Logicians, Man is diſtinguiſhed from other Creatures by the faculty of Laughter. He has an Heart capable of Mirth, and naturally diſpoſed to it. It is not the Buſineſs of Virtue to extirpate the Affections of the Mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and reſtrain, but was not deſigned to baniſh Gladneſs from the Heart of Man. Religion contracts the Circle of our Pleaſures, but leaves

leaves it wide enough for her Votaries to expatiate in. The Contemplation of the Divine Being, and the Exerciſe of Virtue, are in their own Nature ſo far from excluding all Gladneſs of Heart, that they are perpetual Sources of it. In a word, the true Spirit of Religion cheers, as well as compoſes the Soul; it baniſhes indeed all Levity of Behaviour, all vicious and diſſolute Mirth, but in exchange fills the Mind with a perpetual Serenity, uninterrupted Chearfulneſs, and an habitual Inclination to pleaſe others, as well as to be pleaſed in itſelf.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. N°. 494.

SCRIPTURES.

'TO perſuade Men to believe the Scriptures, I only 'offer this to Mens Conſideration. If there be 'a God, whoſe Providence governs the World, and all 'the Creatures in it, is it not reaſonable to think that he 'hath a particular Care of Men, the nobleſt Part of this 'viſible World? And ſeeing he hath made them capable 'of eternal Duration; that he hath provided for their eternal Happineſs, and ſufficiently revealed to them the way 'to it, and the Terms and Conditions of it! Now let any 'Man produce any Book in the World, that pretends to 'be from God, and to do this; that for the Matter of 'it is ſo worthy of God, the Doctrines whereof are ſo 'uſeful, and the Precepts ſo reaſonable, and the Arguments ſo powerful, the Truth of all which was confirmed by ſo many great and unqueſtionable Miracles, the 'relation of which has been tranſmitted to Poſterity in 'Publick and Authentick Records, written by thoſe who 'were Eye and Ear Witneſſes of what they wrote, and 'free from Suſpicion of any worldly Intereſt and Deſign; 'let any produce a Book like to this, in all theſe reſpects; and which, over and beſides, hath by the Power 'and Reaſonableneſs of the Doctrines contained in it, 'prevailed ſo miraculouſly in the World, by weak and 'inconſiderable Means, in Oppoſition to all the Wit and 'Power of the World, and under ſuch Diſcouragements 'as no other Religion was ever aſſaulted with; let any

'Man

'Man bring forth ſuch a Book, and he hath my leave to 'believe it as ſoon as the Bible. But if there be none 'ſuch, as I am well aſſured there is not, then every one 'that thinks God hath revealed himſelf to Men, ought 'to embrace and entertain the Doctrine of the Holy 'Scriptures, as revealed by God.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. N°. 75.

SELF-DENIAL.

THERE are none who deſerve Superiority over others in the Eſteem of Mankind, who do not make it their Endeavour to be beneficial to Society; and who upon all Occaſions which their Circumſtances of Life can adminiſter, do not take a certain unfeigned Pleaſure in conferring Benefits of one kind or other. Thoſe whoſe great Talents and high Birth have placed them in conſpicuous Stations of Life, are indiſpenſibly obliged to exert ſome noble Inclinations for the Service of the World, or elſe, ſuch Advantages become Misfortunes, and Shade and Privacy are a more eligible Portion. Where Opportunities and Inclinations are given to the ſame Perſon, we ſometimes ſee ſublime Inſtances of Virtue which ſo dazzle our Imaginations, that we look with Scorn on all which in lower Scenes of Life we may ourſelves be able to practiſe. But this is a vicious way of thinking; and it bears ſome Spice of romantick Madneſs, for a Man to imagine that he muſt grow ambitious, or ſeek Adventures to be able to do great Actions. It is in every Man's Power in the World, who is above mere Poverty, not only to do Things worthy but heroick. The great Foundation of civil Virtue is Self-denial; and there is no one above the Neceſſities of Life, but has Opportunities of exerciſing that noble Quality, and doing as much as his Circumſtances will bear for the Eaſe and Convenience of other Men; and he who does more than ordinary Men practiſe upon ſuch Occaſions as occur in his Life, deſerves the Value of his Friends as if he had done Enterpriſes which are uſually attended with the higheſt Glory. Men of publick Spirit differ rather in their Circumſtances than

their Virtue; and the Man who does all he can in a low Station, is more a Hero than he who omits any worthy Action he is able to accompliſh in a great one. It is not many Years ago ſince *Lapirius*, in Wrong of his elder Brother, came to a great Eſtate by Gift of his Father, by reaſon of the diſſolute Behaviour of the Firſt-born. Shame and Contrition reformed the Life of the diſinherited Youth, and he became as remarkable for his good Qualities as formerly for his Errors. *Lapirius*, who obſerved his Brother's Amendment, ſent him on a New-Year's-Day in the Morning the following Letter:

Honoured Brother,

'I Incloſe to you the Deeds whereby my Father gave me this Houſe and Land: Had he lived 'till now, he would not have beſtowed it in that manner; he took it from the Man you were, and I reſtore it to the Man you are. I am,

S. I R, your affectionate Brother,

and humble Servant, P. T.

People whoſe Hearts are wholly bent towards Pleaſure, or intent upon Gain, never hear of the noble Occurrences among Men of Induſtry and Humanity. It would look like a City Romance, to tell them of the generous Merchant, who the other Day ſent this Billet to an eminent Trader under Difficulties to ſupport himſelf, in whoſe Fall many hundreds beſides himſelf had periſhed; but becauſe I think there is more Spirit and true gallantry in it than in any Letter I have ever read from *Strephon* to *Phillis*, I ſhall inſert it even in the mercantile honeſt Stile in which it was ſent.

S I R,

'I Have heard of the Caſualties which have involved you in extreme Diſtreſs at this time; and knowing you to be a Man of great Good-nature, Induſtry and Probity, have reſolved to ſtand by you. Be of good cheer, the Bearer brings with him five thouſand Pounds, and has my Order to anſwer your drawing as much more on my Account. I did this in haſte, for

'fear

'fear I ſhould come too late for your Relief; but you 'may value yourſelf with me to the Sum of fifty thou-'ſand Pounds; for I can very chearfully run the Hazard 'of being ſo much leſs rich than I am now, to ſave an 'honeſt Man whom I love.

Your Friend and Servant, W. P.

I think there is ſomewhere in *Montaigne* mention made of a Family-book, wherein all the Occurrences that happened from one Generation of that Houſe to another were recorded. Were there ſuch a Method in the Families which are concerned in this Generoſity, it would be an hard Taſk for the greateſt in *Europe* to give, in their own, an Inſtance of a Benefit better placed, or conferred with a more graceful Air. It has been heretofore urged how barbarous and inhuman is any unjuſt Step made to the Diſadvantage of a Trader; and by how much ſuch an Act towards him is deteſtable, by ſo much an Act of Kindneſs towards him is laudable. I remember to have heard a Bencher of the *Temple* tell a Story of Tradition in their Houſe, where they had formerly a Cuſtom of chooſing Kings for ſuch a Seaſon, and allowing him his Expences at the Charge of the Society: One of our Kings, ſaid my Friend, carried his Royal Inclination a little too far, and there was a Committee ordered to look into the Management of his Treaſury. Among other Things it appeared, that his Majeſty walking *incog.* in the Cloiſter, had over heard a poor Man ſay to another, ſuch a ſmall Sum would make me the happieſt Man in the World. The King out of his Royal Compaſſion privately inquired into his Character, and finding him a proper Object of Charity, ſent him the Money. When the Committee read the Report, the Houſe paſſed his Accounts with a Plaudite without farther Examination, upon the Recital of this Article in them,

	l.	s.	d.
For making a Man happy.	10	: 00	: 00

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 249.

STORY-TELLING.

TOM *Lizard* told us a Story, the other Day, of ſome Perſons which our Family knew very well, with ſo much Humour and Life, that it cauſed a great deal of Mirth at the Tea-table. His Brother *Will*, the *Templar*, was highly delighted with it, and the next Day being with ſome of his Inns-of-Court Acquaintance, reſolved (whether out of the Benevolence, or the Pride of his Heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he called *a pleaſant Humour enough*. I was in great Pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all ſurpriſed to find the Company very little moved by it. *Will* bluſhed, looked round the Room, and with a forced Laugh, *Faith, Gentlemen*, ſaid he, *I do not know what makes you look ſo grave; it was an admirable Story when I heard it.*

When I came home I fell into a profound Contemplation upon Story-telling, and as I have nothing ſo much at Heart as the Good of my Country, I reſolved to lay down ſome Precautions upon this Subject.

I have often thought that a Story-teller is born, as well as a Poet. It is, I think, certain, that ſome Men have ſuch a peculiar Caſt of Mind, that they ſee things in another Light, than Men of grave Diſpoſitions. Men of a lively Imagination, and a mirthful Temper, will repreſent things to their Hearers in the ſame manner as they themſelves were affected with them; and whereas ſerious Spirits might perhaps have been diſguſted at the Sight of ſome odd Occurrences in Life; yet the very ſame Occurrences ſhall pleaſe them in a well-told Story, where the diſagreeable Parts of the Images are concealed, and thoſe only which are pleaſing exhibited to the Fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an Art, but what we call a *Knack*; it doth not ſo much ſubſiſt upon Wit as upon Humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper Geſticulations of the Body, which naturally attend ſuch merry Emotions of the Mind. I know very well, that a certain Gravity of Countenance ſets ſome Stories off to Advantage, where the Hearer is to be ſurpriſed in the End; but

this

this is by no means a general Rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and aſſiſt, by chearful Looks, and whimſical Agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the Succeſs of a Story very often depends upon the Make of the Body, and Formation of the Features, of him who relates it. I have been of this Opinion ever ſince I criticiſed upon the Chin of *Dick Dewlap*. I very often had the Weakneſs to repine at the Proſperity of his Conceits, which made him paſs for a Wit with the Widow at the Coffee-houſe, and the ordinary Mechanicks that frequent it; nor could I myſelf forbear laughing at them moſt heartily, tho' upon Examination I thought moſt of them very flat and inſipid. I found after ſome time, that the Merit of his Wit was founded upon the ſhaking of a fat Paunch, and the toſſing up of a Pair of Roſy Jowls. Poor *Dick* had a Fit of Sickneſs, which robbed him of his Fat and his Fame at once; and it was full three Months before he regained his Reputation, which roſe in Proportion to his Floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good Conſtitution for Wit.

Thoſe, who are thus adorned with the Gifts of Nature, are apt to ſhow their Parts with too much Oſtentation: I would therefore adviſe all the Profeſſors of this Art never to tell Stories, but as they ſeem to grow out of the Subject Matter of the Converſation, or as they ſerve to illuſtrate or enliven it. Stories, that are very common, are generally irkſome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of Alluſion. Thoſe, that are altogether new, ſhould never be uſhered in, without a ſhort and pertinent Character of the chief Perſons concerned; becauſe, by that means, you make the Company acquainted with them; and it is a certain Rule, that ſlight and trivial Accounts of thoſe who are familiar to us adminiſter more Mirth, than the brighteſt Points of Wit in unknown Characters. A little Circumſtance, in the Complexion or Dreſs of the Man you are talking of, ſets his Image before the Hearer, if it be choſen aptly for the Story. Thus, I remember *Tom Lizard*, after having made his Siſters merry with an Account of a formal old Man's way of Complimenting, owned very frankly, that his Story would not have been worth one Farthing, if he had

made the Hat of him whom he repreſented one Inch narrower. Beſides the marking diſtinct Characters, and ſelecting pertinent Circumſtances, it is likewiſe neceſſary to leave off in time, and end ſmartly. So that there is a kind of Drama in forming of a Story, and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the ſame as in an Epigram. It is a miſerable thing, after one hath raiſed the Expectation of the Company by humorous Characters, and a pretty Conceit, to purſue the Matter too far. There is no retreating, and how poor is it for a Story-teller to end his Relation by ſaying, *That's all!*

As the chooſing of pertinent Circumſtances is the Life of a Story, and that wherein Humour principally conſiſts; ſo the Collectors of impertinent Particulars are the very Bane and Opiates of Converſation. Old Men are great Tranſgreſſors this way. Poor *Ned Poppy* — he's gone! — was a very honeſt Man, but was ſo exceſſively tedious over his Pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew ſo exactly what they had for Dinner; when ſuch a thing happened; in what Ditch his bay Stone-horſe had his Sprain at that time, and how his Man *John*,—no! 'twas *William*, ſtarted a Hare in the Common Field; that he never got to the End of his Tale. Then he was extremely particular in Marriages and Intermarriages, and Couſins twice or thrice removed; and whether ſuch a thing happened at the latter End of *July* or the beginning of *Auguſt*. He had a marvellous Tendency likewiſe to Digreſſions; inſomuch that if a conſiderable Perſon was mentioned in his Story, he would ſtraightway launch out into an Epiſode of him; and again, if in that Perſon's Story he had occaſion to remember a third Man, he broke off, and gave us his Hiſtory, and ſo on. He always put me in mind of what Sir *William Temple* informs us of the Tale-tellers in the North of *Ireland*, who are hired to tell Stories of Giants and Inchanters to lull People aſleep. Theſe Hiſtorians are obliged, by their Bargain, to go on without ſtopping; ſo that after the Patient hath, by this Benefit, enjoy'd a long Nap, he is ſure to find the Operator proceeding in his Work. *Ned* procured the like Effect in me the laſt time I was with him. As he was in the third Hour of his Story, and very thankful that his Memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the Elbow-Chair.

Chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, *Old Friend, you have your Infirmity, and I have mine.*

But of all Evils in Story-telling, the Humour of telling Tales one after another, in great Numbers, is the leaſt ſupportable. Sir *Harry Panalf* and his Son give my Lady *Lizard* great Offence in this Particular. Sir *Harry* hath what they call a String of Stories, which he tells over every *Chriſtmas*. When our Family viſits there, we are conſtantly, after Supper, entertain'd with the *Glaſtenbury* Thorn. When we have wonder'd at that a little, *Ay, but Father*, ſaith the Son, *let us have the Spirit in the Wood.* After that hath been laughed at, *Ay, but Father*, cries the Booby again, *tell us how you ſerved the Robber. Alack-a-day*, ſaith Sir *Harry*, with a Smile, and rubbing his Forehead, *I have almoſt forgot that, but 'tis a pleaſant Conceit to be ſure.* Accordingly he tells that, and twenty more in the ſame independent Order; and without the leaſt Variation, at this Day, as he hath done, to my Knowledge, ever ſince the Revolution. I muſt not forget a very odd Compliment that Sir *Harry* always makes my Lady when he dines here. After Dinner he ſtrokes his Belly, and ſays with a feigned Concern in his Countenance, *Madam, I have loſt by you to-day. How ſo, Sir* Harry, replies my Lady. *Madam*, ſays he, *I have loſt an excellent Stomach.* At this, his Son and Heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. *Annabella*. This is the thirty-third time that Sir *Harry* hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of Stories is a great Help and Life to Converſation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent; in Oppoſition to thoſe gloomy Mortals, who diſdain every thing but Matter of Fact. Thoſe grave Fellows are my Averſion, who ſift every thing with the utmoſt Nicety, and find the Malignity of a Lye in a Piece of Humour, puſhed a little beyond exact Truth. I likewiſe have a poor Opinion of thoſe, who have got a Trick of keeping a ſteady Countenance, that cock their Hats, and look glum when a Pleaſant Thing is ſaid, and aſk, *Well! and what then?* Men of Wit and Parts ſhould treat one another with Benevolence; and I will lay it down as a Maxim, that if you

ſeem to have a good Opinion of another Man's Wit, he will allow you to have Judgment.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 1.

TIME.

I Was Yeſterday purſuing the Hint which I mentioned in my laſt Paper, and comparing together the Induſtry of Man with that of other Creatures; in which I could not but obſerve, that notwithſtanding we are obliged by Duty to keep ourſelves in conſtant Employ, after the ſame manner as inferior Animals are prompted to it by Inſtinct, we fall very ſhort of them in this Particular. We are here the more inexcuſable, becauſe there is a greater Variety of Buſineſs to which we may apply ourſelves. Reaſon opens to us a large Field of Affairs, which other Creatures are not capable of. Beaſts of Prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural State of Being, divide their time between Action and Reſt. They are always at work or aſleep. In ſhort their waking Hours are wholly taken up in ſeeking after their Food, or in conſuming it. The human Species only, to the great Reproach of our Natures, are filled with Complaints, that *the Day hangs heavy on 'em*, that *they do not know what to do with themſelves*, that *they are at a loſs how to paſs away their Time*, with many of the like ſhameful Murmurs, which we often find in the Mouth of thoſe who are ſtiled Reaſonable Beings. How monſtrous are ſuch Expreſſions among Creatures, who have the Labours of the Mind, as well as thoſe of the Body, to furniſh them with proper Employments; who, beſides the Buſineſs of their proper Callings and Profeſſions, can apply themſelves to the Duties of Religion, to Meditation, to the reading of uſeful Books, to Diſcourſe; in a Word, who may exerciſe themſelves in the unbounded Purſuits of Knowledge and Virtue, and every Hour of their Lives make themſelves wiſer or better than they were before.

After having been taken up for ſome time in this Courſe of Thought, I diverted myſelf with a Book, according to my uſual Cuſtom, in order to unbend my Mind

Mind before I went to Sleep. The Book I made uſe of on this occaſion was *Lucian*, where I amuſed my Thoughts for about an Hour among the Dialogues of the Dead, which in all Probability produced the following Dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the Entrance of the Infernal Regions, where I ſaw *Rhadamanthus*, one of the Judges of the Dead, ſeated in his Tribunal. On his Left-hand ſtood the Keeper of *Erebus*, on his Right the Keeper of *Elyſium*. I was told he ſat upon Women that Day, there being ſeveral of the Sex lately arrived, who had not yet their Manſions aſſigned them. I was ſurpriſed to hear him aſk every one of them the ſame Queſtion, namely, *What they had been doing?* Upon this Queſtion being propoſed to the whole Aſſembly they ſtared one upon another, as not knowing what to anſwer. He then interrogated each of them ſeparately. Madam, ſays he, to the firſt of them, you have been upon the Earth about fifty Years: What have you been doing all this while? Doing, ſays ſhe, really I don't know what I have been doing: I deſire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an Hour's Pauſe ſhe told him, that ſhe had been playing at Crimp; upon which *Rhadamanthus* beckoned to the Keeper on his Left-hand, to take her into Cuſtody. And you, Madam, ſays the Judge, that look with ſuch a ſoft and languiſhing Air; I think you ſet out for this Place in your nine and twentieth Year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of Buſineſs on my hands, ſays ſhe, being taken up the firſt twelve Years of my Life, in dreſſing a jointed Baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading Plays and Romances. Very well, ſays he, you have employed your Time to good Purpoſe. Away with her. The next was a plain Country-Woman; Well, Miſtreſs, ſays *Rhadamanthus*, and what have you been doing? An't pleaſe your Worſhip, ſays ſhe, I did not live quite forty Years; and in that time brought my Huſband ſeven Daughters, made him nine thouſand Cheeſes, and left my eldeſt Girl with him, to look after his Houſe in my Abſence, and who I may venture to ſay is as pretty a Houſewife as any in the Country. *Rhadamanthus* ſmiled at the Simplicity of the good Woman, and order'd the

Keeper of *Elyſium* to take her into his Care. And you, fair Lady, ſays he, what have you been doing theſe five and thirty Years? I have been doing no Hurt, I aſſure you, Sir, ſaid ſhe. That is well, ſays he, but what Good have you been doing? The Lady was in great Confuſion at this Queſtion, and not knowing what to anſwer, the two Keepers leaped out to ſeize her at the ſame time; the one took her by the Hand to convey her to *Elyſium*, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to *Erebus*. But *Rhadamanthus* obſerving an ingenious Modeſty in her Countenance and Behaviour, bid them both let her looſe, and ſet her aſide for a Re-examination when he was more at leiſure. An old Woman, of a proud and ſour Look, preſented herſelf next at the Bar, and being aſked what ſhe was doing? Truly, ſays ſhe, I lived threeſcore and ten Years in a very wicked World, and was ſo angry at the Behaviour of a parcel of young Flirts, that I paſt moſt of my laſt Years in condemning the Follies of the Times; I was every Day blaming the ſilly Conduct of People about me, in order to deter thoſe I converſed with from falling into the like Errors and Miſcarriages. Very well, ſays *Rhadamanthus*, but did you keep the ſame watchful Eye over your own Actions? Why truly, ſays ſhe, I was ſo taken up with publiſhing the Faults of others, that I had no time to conſider my own. Madam, ſays *Rhadamanthus*, be pleaſed to file off to the Left, and make room for the venerable Matron that ſtands behind you. Old Gentlewoman, ſays he, I think you are fourſcore? You have heard the Queſtion, what have you been doing ſo long in the World? Ah, Sir! ſays ſhe, I have been doing what I ſhould not have done, but I had made a firm Reſolution to have changed my Life, if I had not been ſnatched off by an untimely End. Madam, ſays he, you will pleaſe to follow your Leader; and ſpying another of the ſame Age, interrogated her in the ſame Form. To which the Matron reply'd, I have been the Wife of a Huſband who was as dear to me in his old Age as in his Youth. I have been a Mother, and very happy in my Children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldeſt Son is bleſt by the Poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within

within my own Family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. *Rhadamanthus*, who knew the Value of the old Lady, ſmiled upon her in ſuch a manner, that the Keeper of *Elyſium*, who knew his Office, reached out his Hand to her. He no ſooner touched her but her Wrinkles vaniſhed, her Eyes ſparkled, her Cheeks glow'd with Bluſhes, and ſhe appeared in full Bloom and Beauty. A young Woman obſerving that this Officer, who conducted the Happy to *Elyſium*, was ſo great a *Beautifier*, long'd to be in his Hands, ſo that preſſing through the Croud, ſhe was the next that appeared at the Bar. And being aſked what ſhe had been doing the five and twenty Years that ſhe had paſt in the World, I have endeavoured, ſays ſhe, ever ſince I came to Years of Diſcretion, to make myſelf Lovely and gain Admirers. In order to it I paſt my Time in bottling up *May*-dew, inventing White-waſhes, mixing Colours, cutting out Patches, conſulting my Glaſs, ſuiting my Complexion, tearing off my Tucker, ſinking my Stays — *Rhadamanthus*, without hearing her out, gave the Sign to take her off. Upon the Approach of the Keeper of *Erebus* her Colour faded, her Face was pucker'd up with Wrinkles, and her whole Perſon loſt in Deformity.

I was then ſurpriſed with a diſtant Sound of a whole Troop of Females that came forward laughing, ſinging and dancing. I was very deſirous to know the Reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehenſive, that *Rhadamanthus* would ſpoil their Mirth: But at their nearer Approach the Noiſe grew ſo very great that it awakened me.

I lay ſome time, reflecting in myſelf on the Oddneſs of this Dream, and could not forbear aſking my own Heart, what I was doing? I anſwered myſelf, that I was writing *Guardians*. If my Readers make as good a Uſe of this Work as I deſign they ſhould, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a Work that is vain and unprofitable.

I ſhall conclude with recommending to them the ſame ſhort Self-Examination. If every one of them frequently lays his Hand upon his Heart, and conſiders what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or what is worſe, the vicious Moments of Life, lift up his Mind when it

is running on in a Series of indifferent Actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in thoſe which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that Guilt which the beſt of Men have Reaſon to acknowledge in their daily Confeſſions, of *having undone thoſe things which they ought to have done, and doing thoſe things which they ought not to have done.*

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 158.

TRAVELLING.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

A LADY of my Acquaintance, for whom I have too much Reſpect to be eaſy while ſhe is doing an indiſcreet Action, has given occaſion to this Trouble: She is a Widow, to whom the Indulgence of a Tender Huſband has intruſted the Management of a very great Fortune, and a Son about ſixteen, both which ſhe is extremely fond of. The Boy has Parts of the middle ſize, neither ſhining nor deſpicable, and has paſſed the common Exerciſes of his Years with tolerable Advantage, but is withal what you would call a forward Youth: By the Help of this laſt Qualification, which ſerves as a Varniſh to all the reſt, he is enabled to make the beſt Uſe of his Learning, and diſplay it at full length upon all Occaſions. Laſt Summer he diſtinguiſhed himſelf two or three times very remarkably, by puzzling the Vicar before an Aſſembly of moſt of the Ladies in the Neighbourhood; and from ſuch weighty Conſiderations as theſe, as it too often unfortunately falls out, the Mother is become invincibly perſuaded that her Son is a Scholar; and that to chain him down to the ordinary Methods of Education with others of his Age, would be to cramp his Faculties, and do an irreparable Injury to his wonderful Capacity.

I happened to viſit at the Houſe laſt Week, and miſſing the young Gentleman at the Tea-Table, where he ſeldom fails to officiate, could not upon ſo extraordinary a Circumſtance avoid inquiring after him. My Lady told me, he was gone out with her Woman, in order to make ſome Preparations for their Equipage; for that

ſhe

ſhe intended very ſpeedily to carry him to travel. The Oddneſs of the Expreſſion ſhock'd me a little; however, I ſoon recovered myſelf enough to let her know, that all I was willing to underſtand by it was, that ſhe deſign'd this Summer to ſhew her Son his Eſtate in a diſtant County, in which he has never yet been. But ſhe ſoon took care to rob me of that agreeable Miſtake, and let me into the whole Affair. She enlarged upon young Maſter's prodigious Improvements, and his comprehenſive Knowledge of all Book-Learning; concluding, that it was now high time he ſhould be made acquainted with Men and Things; that ſhe had reſolved he ſhould make the Tour of *France* and *Italy*, but could not bear to have him out of her Sight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

I was going to rally her for ſo extravagant a Reſolution, but found myſelf not in a fit Humour to meddle with a Subject that demanded the moſt ſoft and delicate Touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping ſomething that might ſeem to bear hard either upon the Son's Abilities, or the Mother's Diſcretion; being ſenſible that in both theſe Caſes, tho' ſupported with all the Powers of Reaſon, I ſhould, inſtead of gaining her Ladyſhip over to my Opinion, only expoſe myſelf to her Diſeſteem; I therefore immediately determined to refer the whole Matter to the SPECTATOR.

When I came to reflect at Night, as my Cuſtom is, upon the Occurrences of the Day, I could not but believe that this Humour of carrying a Boy to travel in his Mother's Lap, and that upon pretence of learning Men and Things, is a Caſe of an extraodinary Nature, and carries on it a particular Stamp of Folly. I did not remember to have met with its parallel within the Compaſs of my Obſervation, tho' I could call to mind ſome not extremely unlike it: From hence my Thoughts took occaſion to ramble into the general Notion of travelling, as it is now made a Part of Education. Nothing is more frequent than to take a Lad from Grammar and Taw, and under the Tuition of ſome poor Scholar, who is willing to be baniſh'd for thirty Pounds a Year, and a little Victuals, ſend him crying and ſniveling into foreign Countries. Thus he ſpends his time as Children do at Puppet-Shows, and

and with much the ſame Advantage, in ſtaring and gaping at an amazing Variety of ſtrange things; ſtrange indeed to one who is not prepared to comprehend the Reaſons and Meaning of them; whilſt he ſhould be laying the ſolid Foundations of Knowledge in his Mind, and furniſhing it with juſt Rules to direct his future Progreſs in Life under ſome ſkilful Maſters of the Art of Inſtruction.

Can there be a more aſtoniſhing Thought in Nature, than to conſider how Men ſhould fall into ſo palpable a Miſtake? It is a large Field, and may very well exerciſe a ſprightly Genius; but I don't remember you have yet taken a Turn in it, I wiſh, Sir, you would make People underſtand, that *Travel* is really the laſt Step to be taken in the Inſtitution of Youth; and to ſet out with it, is to begin where they ſhould end,

Certainly the true End of viſiting Foreign Parts, is to look into their Cuſtoms and Policies, and obſerve in what Particulars they excel or come ſhort of our own; to unlearn ſome odd Peculiarities in our Manners, and wear off ſuch aukward Stiffneſſes and Affectations in our Behaviour, as poſſibly may have been contracted from conſtantly aſſociating with one Nation of Men, by a more free, general, and mixed Converſation. But how can any of theſe Advantages be attained by one who is a mere Stranger to the Cuſtoms and Policies of his native Country, and has not yet fixed in his Mind the firſt Principles of Manners and Behaviour? To endeavour it, is to build a gaudy Structure without any Foundation; or, if I may be allowed the Expreſſion, to work an Embroidery upon a Cob-web.

Another End of travelling, which deſerves to be conſider'd, is the improving our Taſte of the beſt Authors of Antiquity, by ſeeing the Places where they lived, and of which they wrote; to compare the natural Face of the Country with the Deſcriptions they have given us, and obſerve how well the Picture agrees with the Original. This muſt certainly be a moſt charming Exerciſe to the Mind that is rightly turn'd for it; beſides that it may in a good meaſure be made ſubſervient to Morality, if the Perſon is capable of drawing juſt Concluſions concerning the Uncertainty of human things, from the ruinous Alterations

terations Time and Barbarity have brought upon ſo many Palaces, Cities and whole Countries, which make the illuſtrious Figures in Hiſtory, And this Hint may be not a little improved by examining every little Spot of Ground that we find celebrated as the Scene of ſome famous Action, or retaining any Footſteps of a *Cato*, *Cicero*, or *Brutus*, or ſome ſuch virtuous Man. A nearer View of any ſuch Particular, tho' really little and trifling in itſelf, may ſerve the more powerfully to warm a generous Mind to an Emulation of their Virtues, and a greater Ardency of Ambition to imitate their bright Examples, if it comes duly temper'd and prepared for the Impreſſion. But this I believe you'll hardly think thoſe to be, who are ſo far from entring into the Senſe and Spirit of the Ancients, that they don't yet underſtand their Language with any Exactneſs.

But I have wander'd from my Purpoſe, which was only to deſire you to ſave, if poſſible, a fond *Engliſh* Mother, and Mother's *own* Son, from being ſhewn a ridiculous Spectacle thro' the moſt polite Parts of *Europe*. Pray tell them, that tho' to be Sea-ſick, or jumbled in an outlandiſh Stage-Coach, may perhaps be healthful for the Conſtitution of the Body, yet it is apt to cauſe ſuch a Dizzineſs in young empty Heads, as too often laſts their Life-time.

I am, SIR, your moſt humble Servant,

Philip Homebread.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 364.

VIRTUE.

THERE are but few Men, who are not ambitious of diſtinguiſhing themſelves in the Nation or Country where they live, and of growing conſiderable among thoſe with whom they converſe. There is a Kind of Grandeur and Reſpect, which the meaneſt and moſt inſignificant Part of Mankind endeavour to procure in the little Circle of their Friends and Acquaintance. The pooreſt Mechanick, nay the Man who lives upon common Alms, gets him his Set of Admirers, and delights in that Superiority which he enjoys over thoſe who are in ſome Reſpects beneath him. All

All Superiority and Preeminence that one Man can have over another, may be reduced to the Notion of *Quality*, which conſidered at large, is either that of Fortune, Body, or Mind. The firſt is that which conſiſts in Birth, Title, or Riches; and is the moſt foreign to our Natures, and what we can the leaſt call our own of any of the three Kinds of Quality. In relation to the Body, Quality ariſes from Health, Strength, or Beauty; which are nearer to us, and more a Part of ourſelves than the former. Quality as it regards the Mind, has its Riſe from Knowledge or Virtue; and is that which is more eſſential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

As Virtue is the moſt reaſonable and genuine Source of Honour, we generally find in Titles an Intimation of ſome particular Merit that ſhould recommend Men to the high Stations which they poſſeſs. Holineſs is aſcribed to the Pope; Majeſty to Kings; Serenity or Mildneſs of Temper to Princes; Excellence or Perfection to Ambaſſadors; Grace to Archbiſhops; Honour to Peers; Worſhip or Venerable Behaviour to Magiſtrates; and Reverence, which is of the ſame Import as the former, to the inferior Clergy.

The Death-bed ſhews the Emptineſs of Titles in a true Light. A poor diſpirited Sinner lies trembling under the Apprehenſions of the State he is entering on; and is aſked by a grave Attendant how his Holineſs does? Another hears himſelf addreſſed to under the Title of Highneſs or Excellency, who lies under ſuch mean Circumſtances of Mortality as are the Diſgrace of human Nature. Titles at ſuch a time look rather like Inſults and Mockery than Reſpect.

The Truth of it is, Honours are in this World under no Regulation; true Quality is neglected, Virtue is oppreſſed, and Vice triumphant. The laſt Day will rectify this Diſorder, and aſſign to every one a Station ſuitable to the Dignity of his Character; Ranks will be then adjuſted, and Precedency ſet right.

Men in Scripture are called *Strangers* and *Sojourners upon Earth*, and Life *a Pilgrimage*. Several Heathen, as well as Chriſtian Authors, under the ſame kind of Metaphor, have repreſented the World as an Inn, which

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was only deſigned to furniſh us with Accommodations in this our Paſſage. It is therefore very abſurd to think of ſetting up our Reſt before we come to our Journey's End, and not rather to take care of the Reception we ſhall there meet, than to fix our Thoughts on the little Conveniencies and Advantages which we enjoy one above another in the Way to it.

Epictetus makes uſe of another Kind of Alluſion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be ſatisfied with the Poſt in which Providence has placed us. We are here, ſays he, as in a Theatre, where every one has a Part allotted to him. The great Duty which lies upon a Man is to act his Part in Perfection. We may indeed ſay, that our Part does not ſuit us, and that we could act another better. But this (ſays the Philoſopher) is not our Buſineſs. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the Part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the Fault is not in us, but in him who has *caſt* our ſeveral Parts, and is the great Diſpoſer of the Drama.

The Part that was acted by this Philoſopher himſelf was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a Slave. His Motive to Contentment in this Particular, receives a very great Enforcement from the above-mentioned Conſideration, if we remember that our Parts in the other World will be *new caſt*, and that Mankind will be there ranged in different Stations of Superiority and Preeminence, in Proportion as they have here excelled one another in Virtue, and performed in their ſeveral Poſts of Life the Duties which belong to them.

There are many beautiful Paſſages in the little Apocryphal Book, entitled, *The Wiſdom of* Solomon, to ſet forth the Vanity of Honour, and the like temporal Bleſſings which are in ſo great Repute among Men, and to comfort thoſe who have not the Poſſeſſion of them. It repreſents in very warm and noble Terms this Advancement of a good Man in the other World, and the great Surpriſe which it will produce among thoſe who are his Superiors in this. *Then ſhall the righteous Man ſtand in great Boldneſs before the Face of ſuch as have afflicted him, and made no Account of his Labours. When they ſee it, they ſhall be troubled with terrible Fear, and*

ſhall

ſhall be amazed at the Strangeneſs of his Salvation, ſo far beyond all that they looked for. And they repenting and groaning for Anguiſh of Spirit, ſhall ſay within themſelves; This was he whom we had ſometime in Deriſion, and a Proverb of Reproach. We Fools accounted his Life Madneſs, and his End to be without Honour. How is he numbered among the Children of God, and his Lot is among the Saints!

If the Reader would ſee the Deſcription of a Life that is paſſed away in Vanity, and among the Shadows of Pomp and Greatneſs, he may ſee it very finely drawn in the ſame Place. In the mean time, ſince it is neceſſary in the preſent Conſtitution of Things, that Order and Diſtinction ſhould be kept in the World, we ſhould be happy, if thoſe who enjoy the upper Stations in it, would endeavour to ſurpaſs others in Virtue, as much as in Rank, and by their Humanity and Condeſcenſion make their Superiority eaſy and acceptable to thoſe who are beneath them; and if, on the contrary, thoſe who are in meaner Poſts of Life, would conſider how they may better their Condition hereafter, and by a juſt Deference and Submiſſion to their Superiors, make them happy in thoſe Bleſſings with which Providence has thought fit to diſtinguiſh them.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 219.

WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

WHEN I am in a ſerious Humour, I very often walk by myſelf in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*; where the Gloomineſs of the Place, and the Uſe to which it is applied, with the Solemnity of the Building, and the Condition of the People who lie in it, are apt to fill the Mind with a kind of Melancholy, or rather Thoughtfulneſs, that is not diſagreeable. I Yeſterday paſſed a whole Afternoon in the Church-yard, the Cloiſters, and the Church, amuſing myſelf with the Tombſtones and Inſcriptions that I met with in thoſe ſeveral Regions of the Dead. Moſt of them recorded nothing elſe of the buried Perſon, but that he was born upon one Day and died upon another: The whole Hiſtory of his Life being compre-

prehended in thoſe two Circumſtances, that are common to all Mankind. I could not but look upon theſe Regiſters of Exiſtence, whether of Braſs or Marble, as a kind of Satire upon the departed Perſons; who had left no other Memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died.

Upon my going into the Church, I entertained myſelf with the digging of a Grave; and ſaw in every Shovelfull of it that was thrown up, the Fragment of a Bone or Skull intermixt with a kind of freſh mouldering Earth, that ſome time or other had a Place in the Compoſition of an human Body. Upon this I began to conſider with myſelf what innumerable Multitudes of People lay confuſed together under the Pavement of that ancient Cathedral; how Men and Women, Friends and Enemies, Prieſts and Soldiers, Monks and Prebendaries, were crumbled amongſt one another, and blended together in the ſame common Maſs; how Beauty, Strength, and Youth, with Old Age, Weakneſs, and Deformity, lay undiſtinguiſhed in the ſame promiſcuous Heap of Matter.

After having thus ſurveyed this great Magazine of Mortality, as it were in the Lump; I examined it more particularly by the Accounts which I found on ſeveral of the Monuments which are raiſed in every Quarter of that ancient Fabrick. Some of them were covered with ſuch extravagant Epitaphs, that if it were poſſible for the dead Perſon to be acquainted with them, he would bluſh at the Praiſes which his Friends have beſtowed upon him. There are others ſo exceſſively Modeſt, that they deliver the Character of the Perſon departed in *Greek* or *Hebrew*, and by that means are not underſtood once in a Twelvemonth. In the Poetical Quarter, I found there were Poets who had no Monuments, and Monuments which had no Poets; I obſerved indeed that the preſent War had filled the Church with many of theſe uninhabited Monuments, which had been erected to the Memory of Perſons whoſe Bodies were perhaps buried in the Plains of *Blenheim*, or in the Boſom of the Ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with ſeveral modern Epitaphs, which are written with great Elegance of Expreſſion and Juſtneſs of Thought, and therefore do Honour to the Living as well as to the Dead. As a

Foreigner

Foreigner is very apt to conceive an Idea of the Ignorance or Politeneſs of a Nation from a Turn of their publick Monuments and Inſcriptions, they ſhould be ſubmitted to the Peruſal of Men of Learning and Genius before they are put in Execution. Sir *Cloudeſley Shovel*'s Monument has very often given me great Offence: Inſtead of the brave rough *Engliſh* Admiral, which was the diſtinguiſhing Character of that plain gallant Man, he is repreſented on his Tomb by the Figure of a Beau, dreſſed in a long Perriwig, and repoſing himſelf upon Velvet Cuſhions under a Canopy of State. The Inſcription is anſwerable to the Monument; for inſtead of celebrating the many remarkable Actions he had performed in the Service of his Country, it acquaints us only with the Manner of his Death, in which it was impoſſible for him to reap any Honour. The *Dutch*, whom we are apt to deſpiſe for want of Genius, ſhew an infinitely greater Taſte of Antiquity and Politeneſs in their Buildings and Works of this Nature, than what we meet with in thoſe of our own Country. The Monuments of their Admirals, which have been erected at the publick Expence, repreſent them like themſelves; and are adorned with roſtral Crowns and naval Ornaments, with beautiful Feſtoons of Sea-weed, Shells, and Corol.

But to return to our Subject, I have left the Repoſitory of our *Engliſh* Kings for the Contemplation of another Day, when I ſhall find my Mind diſpoſed for ſo ſerious an Amuſement. I know that Entertainments of this Nature are apt to raiſe dark and diſmal Thoughts in timorous Minds, and gloomy Imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always ſerious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a View of Nature in her deep and ſolemn Scenes, with the ſame Pleaſure as in her moſt gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myſelf with thoſe Objects, which others conſider with Terror. When I look upon the Tombs of the Great, every Emotion of Envy dies in me; when I read the Epitaphs of the Beautiful, every inordinate Deſire goes out; when I meet with the Grief of Parents upon a Tomb-ſtone, my Heart melts with Compaſſion; when I ſee the Tomb of the Parents themſelves, I conſider the Vanity of grieving

for

for thoſe whom we muſt quickly follow: When I ſee Kings lying by thoſe who depoſed them, when I conſider rival Wits placed Side by Side, or the holy Men that divided the World with their Conteſts and Diſputes, I reflect with Sorrow and Aſtoniſhment on the little Competitions, Factions, and Debates of Mankind. When I read the ſeveral Dates of the Tombs, of ſome that died Yeſterday, and ſome ſix hundred Years ago, I conſider that great Day when we ſhall all of us be Contemporaries, and make our Appearance together.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 26.

YARICO, *her Story.*

ARIETTA is viſited by all Perſons of both Sexes, who have any Pretence to Wit and Gallantry. She is in that time of Life which is neither affected with the Follies of Youth, or Infirmities of Age; and her Converſation is ſo mixed with Gaiety and Prudence, that ſhe is agreeable both to the Young and the Old. Her Behaviour is very frank, without being in the leaſt blameable; and as ſhe is out of the Track of any amorous or ambitious Purſuits of her own, her Viſitants entertain her with Accounts of themſelves very freely, whether they concern their Paſſions or their Intereſts. I made her a Viſit this Afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the Honour of her Acquaintance, by my Friend WILL HONEYCOMB, who has prevail'd upon her to admit me ſometimes into her Aſſembly, as a civil inoffenſive Man. I found her accompanied with one Perſon only, a Common-Place Talker, who, upon my Entrance, aroſe, and after a very ſlight Civility ſat down again; then turning to *Arietta*, purſued his Diſcourſe, which I found was upon the old Topick of Conſtancy in Love. He went on with great Facility in repeating what he talks every Day of his Life; and with the Ornaments of inſignificant Laughs and Geſtures enforced his Arguments by Quotations out of Plays and Songs, which allude to the Perjuries of the Fair, and the general Levity of Women. Methought he ſtrove to ſhine more than ordinarily in his Talkative Way, that he might inſult my Silence, and diſtinguiſh himſelf before a Woman

man of *Arietta*'s Taſte and Underſtanding. She had often an Inclination to interrupt him, but could find no Opportunity, till the Larum ceaſed of itſelf; which it did not till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated Story of the *Epheſian* Matron.

When ſhe had a little recovered herſelf from the ſerious Anger ſhe was in, ſhe replied in the following manner.

Sir, When I conſider how perfectly new all you have ſaid on this Subject is, and that the Story you have given us is not quite two Thouſand Years old, I cannot but think it a Piece of Preſumption to diſpute with you: But your Quotations put me in mind of the Fable of the Lion and the Man. The Man walking with that noble Animal, ſhewed him, in the Oſtentation of Human Superiority, a Sign of a Man killing a Lion. Upon which the Lion ſaid very juſtly, *We Lions are none of us Painters, elſe we could ſhew a hundred Men killed by Lions, for one Lion killed by a Man.* You Men are Writers, and can repreſent us Women as unbecoming as you pleaſe in your Works, while we are unable to return the Injury. Such a Writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated *Petronius*, who invented the pleaſant Aggravations of the Frailty of the *Epheſian* Lady; but when we conſider this Queſtion between the Sexes, which has been either a Point of Diſpute or Raillery ever ſince there were Men and Women, let us take Facts from plain People, and from ſuch as have not either Ambition or Capacity to embelliſh their Narrations with any Beauties of Imagination. I was the other Day amuſing myſelf with *Ligon*'s Account of *Barbadoes*; and, in Anſwer to your well-wrought Tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my Memory) out of that honeſt Traveller, in his fifty-fifth Page, the Hiſtory of *Inkle* and *Yarico*.

Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, of *London*, aged twenty Years, embarked in the *Downs* on the good Ship called the *Achilles*, bound for the *Weſt-Indies*, on the 16th of *June*, 1674, in order to improve his Fortune by Trade and Merchandiſe. Our Adventurer was the third Son of an eminent Citizen, who had taken particular Care to inſtil into his Mind an early Love of Gain, by making him a perfect Maſter of Numbers, and conſequently giving him a quick View of Loſs and Advantage, and pre-

preventing the natural Impulſes of his Paſſions, by Prepoſſeſſion towards his Intereſts. With a Mind thus turned, young *Inkle* had a Perſon every way agreeable, a ruddy Vigour in his Countenance, Strength in his Limbs, with Ringlets of fair Hair looſely flowing on his Shoulders. It happened, in the Courſe of the Voyage, that the *Achilles*, in ſome Diſtreſs, put into a Creek on the Main of *America*, in Search of Proviſions. The Youth, who is the Hero of my Story, among others went aſhore on this Occaſion. From their firſt Landing they were obſerved by a Party of *Indians*, who hid themſelves in the Woods for that Purpoſe. The *Engliſh* unadviſedly marched a great Diſtance from the Shore into the Country, and was intercepted by the Natives, who ſlew the greateſt Number of them. Our Adventurer eſcaped among others, by flying into a Foreſt. Upon his coming into a remote and pathleſs Part of the Wood, he threw himſelf, tired, and breathleſs, on a little Hillock, when an *Indian* Maid ruſhed from a Thicket behind him. After the firſt Surprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the *European* was highly charmed with the Limbs, Features, and wild Graces of the Naked *American*; the *American* was no leſs taken with the Dreſs, Complexion, and Shape of an *European*, covered from Head to Foot. The *Indian* grew immediately enamoured of him, and conſequently ſolicitous for his Preſervation. She therefore conveyed him to a Cave, where ſhe gave him a delicious Repaſt of Fruits, and led him to a Stream to ſlake his Thirſt. In the midſt of theſe good Offices, ſhe would ſometimes play with his Hair, and delight in the Oppoſition of its Colour to that of her Fingers: Then open his Boſom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it ſeems, a Perſon of Diſtinction, for ſhe every Day came to him in a different Dreſs, of the moſt beautiful Shells, Bugles, and Bredes. She likewiſe brought him a great many Spoils, which her other Lovers had preſented to her, ſo that his Cave was richly adorned with all the ſpotted Skins of Beaſts, and moſt Party-coloured Feathers of Fowls, which that World afforded. To make his Confinement more tolerable, ſhe would carry him in the Duſk of the Evening, or by the Favour of Moonlight,

to

to unfrequented Groves and Solitudes, and ſhew him where to lie down in ſafety, and ſleep amidſt the Falls of Waters, and Melody of Nightingales. Her Part was to watch and hold him awake in her Arms, for fear of her Countrymen, and awake him on Occaſions to conſult his Safety. In this manner did the Lovers paſs away their Time, till they had learned a Language of their own, in which the Voyager communicated to his Miſtreſs, how happy he ſhould be to have her in his Country, where ſhe ſhould be clothed in ſuch Silks as his Waiſtcoat was made of, and be carried in Houſes drawn by Horſes, without being expoſed to Wind or Weather. All this he promiſed her the Enjoyment of, without ſuch Fears and Alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender Correſpondence theſe Lovers lived for ſeveral Months, when *Yarico*, inſtructed by her Lover, diſcovered a Veſſel on the Coaſt to which ſhe made Signals; and in the Night, with the utmoſt Joy and Satisfaction, accompanied him to a Ship's Crew of his Countrymen, bound for *Barbadoes*. When a Veſſel from the Main arrives in that Iſland, it ſeems the Planters come to the Shore, where there is an immediate Market of the *Indians* and other Slaves, as with us of Horſes and Oxen.

To be ſhort, Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, now coming into *Engliſh* Territories, began ſeriouſly to reflect upon his loſs of Time, and to weigh with himſelf how many Days Intereſt of his Money he had loſt during his Stay with *Yarico*. This Thought made the young Man very penſive, and careful what Account he ſhould be able to give his Friends of his Voyage. Upon which Conſideration, the prudent and frugal young Man ſold *Yarico* to a *Barbadian* Merchant; notwithſtanding that the poor Girl, to incline him to commiſerate her Condition, told him that ſhe was with Child by him: But he only made uſe of that Information, to riſe in his Demands upon the Purchaſer.

I was ſo touch'd with this Story (which I think ſhou'd be always a Counterpart to the *Epheſian* Matron) that I left the Room with Tears in my Eyes; which a Woman of *Arietta*'s good Senſe, did, I am ſure, take for greater Applauſe, than any Compliments I could make her. SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 11.

FINIS.